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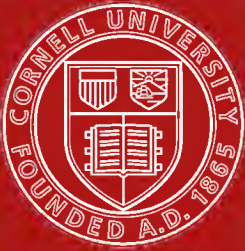
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*Mr. Jay Smith*







RECOLLECTIONS  
OF  
JOHN JAY SMITH

*WRITTEN BY HIMSELF*

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PRIVATELY PRINTED

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## PREFATORY.

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IN view of the active, vigorous, and long life of my father, I have thought it fitting that this journal, compiled by himself during intervals of leisure, should not be left in manuscript exposed to the risk of accident, but be privately printed, placed on record, and transmitted as a precious heirloom to his grandchildren.

My father's original mind, his literary tastes, his love of horticulture and landscape-gardening, his enterprise and constant intercourse with the more prominent men of his day, encourage me to think his grandchildren will value these reminiscences.

It is my hope that when all his contemporaries and immediate descendants shall have passed away, this volume may be produced and cherished. My father said that "a century hence his notes might be of some value," and I (his only daughter, the owner and custodian of the manuscript) have thought it right to edit them myself. Any passages omitted can be found by reference to the original volume.

During his life, which ended peacefully September twenty-third, 1881, he shed the light of hope on many a pathway, was gracious and faithful to his friends, and appreciated excellence of character in others.

His allegiance to his Master, when, very late in life, he took Him for his Saviour, was never shaken or equivocal. The struggle in the early years without Him, and the later restful, peaceful life in Him, make the story a complete one, rightly finished. There was no wavering in his faith, although, of course, much transpired to prove its reality.

A scientific young friend wrote me when he was gone: "Truly his was a well-spent life,—a life worthy the study and imitation of all our young men, who need daily to be taught that a man's riches do not consist of the temporal 'things which he possesseth,' but, as Dr. Watts justly says, 'in knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,' the noble qualities that became your dear father so well."

ELIZABETH P. SMITH.

8 EAST PENN STREET, August, 1892.

## In Memoriam.

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JOHN JAY SMITH.

(BORN JUNE 16, 1798. DIED SEPTEMBER 23, 1881.)

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NOTWITHSTANDING our nation is bowed under a crushing sorrow, it is still proper to notice others who have passed away, one of whom, John Jay Smith, was laid to rest on the same day as our President.

He had a large number of warm friends, and merits an especial remembrance.

His decease makes a new era in the lives of some, inasmuch as another of those who made this life rich and bright has been removed beyond its boundaries.

Very many who have been his friends and guests realize that they will never again benefit by his public or social services, or listen to his conversation, enriched by literary and various acquisitions,—conversation interspersed agreeably with sparkling anecdotes from ample stores, and shedding a refining and elevating influence.

His industry in founding and adorning different institutions has left an impress upon the community, which has in the past, and will in the future, benefit not only those who recognize the value of his zealous labors, but even those who may never know to whom they are indebted.

To some of his remaining family the stimulus to much of the activity of life is gone, but the blessing of such a parent will flow still, all down their pathway, and they have the satisfaction of humbly believing that he yet lives in Christ.

To the children of the family he "was the personification of unflagging energy, and the eldest of his grandchildren will ever recall him as the noble gentleman of the old school, whose influence and ease and kindness and social charms were felt by them personally."\*

They mourn the loss of an affectionate ancestor and relative, and feel the painful blank and the want of his cordial welcome to his heart and home. All their love was deserved, as few men could have more rare and varied attainments.

ELIZABETH P. SMITH.

September 29, 1881.

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\* Albanus L. Smith, writing from California.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE pages contained in the first part of this *Legacy to My Children* were written at intervals of leisure, upon such scraps of paper as were nearest at hand, without much method or arrangement, and with no intention of revising them. They were then thrown aside and forgotten. But after an obscurity of nearly twenty years, they came unexpectedly to light, and were read by my cousin Edmund Morris, of Burlington, New Jersey, who was struck with the variety of the family and other incidents I had recorded, and considered them worthy of preservation for my descendants. He insisted on the narrative being continued, offering, in that event, to collate and copy it into a volume, where it would be likely to be preserved.

Encouraged by his enthusiasm, his recommendation to continue was adopted, and he took the sheets to Burlington, where, as I progressed in writing, he continued to copy. His endeavors at continuity of narrative were frustrated by my disjointed mode of composition, say a little of each matter at a time, and not always in its proper place, just as memory brought up some portion of the many incidents of my life. Its value the writer cannot pretend to estimate, and he is even now doubtful whether the completed story is worth the trouble bestowed in fairly copying it out. This labor, from a dislike of such employment, I was entirely incompetent to undertake.

Those who are to come after us, and who read this manuscript when the mortal parts of my cousin and myself have long been resting in the grave, must judge between the propriety of his enthusiasm and the reasonableness of my doubts. Perhaps the coming generation will prove the only

trustworthy umpires. But some things ripen by keeping. If this should have a similar fate, it should be credited to my cousin, who, in the following note, which he insists shall accompany the manuscript, refers to his urgency in securing its completion. His has been a labor of love. It would never have been continued but for his encouragement.

“BURLINGTON, November 30, 1872.

“You know, my good cousin, my love of family history is not unlike your own; and when you indulged me with a reading of your manuscript, written so many years ago, you must remember how surprised I was at being made acquainted with many facts and incidents in the domestic history of our common ancestry such as were entirely new to me. It struck me as strictly a duty for some of us to perpetuate the record of so many honorable and virtuous progenitors. To do so properly was manifestly a laborious task. You were some seven years my senior; you knew more of the antecedents of our family; in fact no living member of it could so well as you perform this duty for those who are to come after us. To lighten this labor I offered to share it with you,—you recording, and I collating, arranging, and copying the facts and recollections I was anxious should be preserved.

“It continued a mystery to me that you, who justly revered our ancestors, doubted the propriety of such an undertaking, as you said the coming generation, even of your own lineage, might not be willing to even read what you were to write. Fortunately for them, my volunteering to somewhat assist in the arrangement, and to copy, has produced much more abundant results than I had ever anticipated. In fact, our joint conclusion, when talking over the termination of our labors, drew forth from both of us a confession of surprise as to the extent to which this autobiography had been carried.”

He subsequently says,—

“I now deliver you the last sheet of what is a portly folio. I beg you to bind it and preserve it. You have here gathered up a mass of family details, which to every one connected

with us by blood, especially to yours, are positively invaluable. It cannot be pronounced a dull story, as you have almost constantly enlivened it with anecdotes worth preserving, told, moreover, I must say, with a life and freshness which I have always said were peculiarly your own. The personal histories of some of the parties mentioned possess a really deep interest, at least to me. The variety of these personal sketches was a constant surprise as I copied. Of the multitudes you knew, how many of them were men of mark! Your citations set forth, in just terms, the rather remarkable literary ability displayed by so many members of the Smith family, in whom the vein gives no token of exhaustion.

“Now that the work is finished, I congratulate myself on having helped, in a humble way, in the collocation of its almost innumerable details. You may well say, with Washington Irving, that ‘I write of times long past, over which the shadows of uncertainty had already gathered, and the night of forgetfulness was about to descend forever.’

“My tenderest memories have been roused into activity as I followed your pictures of so many of our immediate ancestors, and I can testify to the fidelity with which you have preserved them. In other matters related, having been contemporaneous with most of the scenes and events described, I must be permitted to say that of the wonderful cavalcade of people you have recalled, I remember quite a multitude. The dead of nearly half a century ago, you have called up from their graves with an accuracy of description really life-like.

“You have asked me, how will all this read a century hence? Why, just as its like, written a century ago, would read, not only to you and me, but to hundreds of others who might be favored with a sight of it. You may yet live long enough to abandon the doubts you entertained at the beginning, and to more fully agree with me on the propriety of what you have done. Let me also hope that from the even yet overflowing stores of a memory and an experience capable of furnishing so copious a collection of facts and incidents as are here related, you will yet fill up the pages which my completion of the narra-

tive compels me to leave blank. I may also add that the composing of an agreeable personal history has always been considered *the* difficult literary task. But you have hit the *juste milieu*.

“As always, your attached cousin,

“E. M.”

Now that it has been copied and put into shape, I find some things which might have been wisely omitted, and others that may seem of trifling import. But it is *as* it is; and I leave it to speak its own unassuming language, believing it can interest but few, and those with partial eyes for the topics treated of or having gentle memories of the writer.

Written as it was, and subject to continual interruption, some repetitions must be expected, as under such circumstances a narrative like this cannot be made a continuous one. At best it must be regarded as a mere garrulous skipping from one subject to another, as in a conversation. It is not worth rewriting to make it intelligible in all particulars to uninterested parties, into whose hands it will not be likely to fall, as it pretends to be merely the off-hand chit-chat of a parent to his successors.



# RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN JAY SMITH.

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## PART I.

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### CHAPTER I.

My Motive in Writing—Birth and Parentage—Memoir of my Grandfather, his Noble Character, by the Historian, Samuel Smith—My Father and Mother—Impressions of Childhood—My Eldest Sister's Reminiscences of Our Early Life—Our Home at Green Hill, New Jersey—Farming my Original Destination—My Grandmother, Margaret Morris—Her Life of Piety and Trial—My School-Days in Burlington.

A man is happier for life for having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure.—SYDNEY SMITH.

*January, 1850.*—I have often contemplated a compliance with the wishes of my wife and children, who have so frequently urged me to jot down a few of the reminiscences which they have incidentally heard me relate. I have indeed lived through eventful times, and enjoyed the society and friendship of men and women who survived the stirring scenes of our great American Revolution. I have also witnessed vast changes in population, manners, science, literature, and mechanical development which have completely revolutionized the country, its social status, means of transit, and modes of thought.

Few, perhaps, have moved in a more varied society than myself. Probably no other member of my family has thought it wise, or been sufficiently industrious, to leave behind him

his impressions or his feelings in a record such as this. Whatever may be accomplished in the following pages will largely depend upon the condition of my failing health and industry. Intended solely for my family, the incidents related will be principally of a domestic and personal character. As for politics and politicians, I have always eschewed them; but "are they not written in the chronicles" of the times? The following records will, of necessity, be rambling and somewhat unconnected, as it is not my design to write "a book," but rather to gather, without pretension to methodical order, the half-forgotten memories of affection and of friendship as they perpetually present themselves to my mind.

#### BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

My earliest recollections are of the country. My father, John Smith, was the son of that John who married Hannah, the daughter of James Logan. My grandfather was a remarkable man. I have compiled, from his diary, and in my letter to Horace Binney, an ample memoir exhibiting to you the real excellence of his character. His manuscript journal, kept in a series of small books which he carried in a pocket, I have had copied in a large volume for preservation. His curious memoranda furnish a complete picture of his life, and of his social and business connections. They preserve the story of his courtship—even his love-letters are there. His habit of jotting down has served many purposes besides giving a picture of the Quaker-governing class, and supplying dates to the historian of Philadelphia. He mentions the formation of the first insurance company, and that he was the first person insured, and also the second. For years he kept the books of the company without charge. The original document of association is that still shown at each annual meeting of the company, and is in his handwriting. The company has such accumulations of means as scarcely to know how to dispose of them, and applies a generous portion of them to serving up luxurious annual and monthly dinners. It expended the fines against members for non-attendance in erecting mile-stones to

Trenton! John Smith thus founded, as I believe, the first insurance company in America. He also sailed the first line of packets to Europe, and greatly assisted in founding the Pennsylvania Hospital, of which he was the first secretary, and was otherwise a most useful member of society. He died at the early age of forty-eight. A more comprehensive summary of his many virtues has been left us by his brother, Samuel Smith, the historian, in the following :

CHARACTER OF JOHN SMITH, OF BURLINGTON.

“He was born in Burlington, educated to the business of a merchant, and followed it successfully in Philadelphia for many years. About the year 1762 he retired to finish his days in the place of his birth. He was an useful member in the commonwealth, in Philadelphia, served several years in the Assembly, and was closely and laboriously engaged in the business of the Society of Friends, to several of whom his memory is dear.

“After his removal to Burlington he was appointed, by mandamus from the king, one of his council for New Jersey, and continued his usefulness to the public by often giving up his time to it, in that and some other situations. As a member of the religious community to which he belonged, he exerted himself, with great sincerity, to maintain peace and good order, and was frequently made helpful therein. He was favored with strong conciliating abilities; resolutions, tenacious and formidable, have sometimes yielded to his reasoning and coolness. Accommodation seemed to be his talent, and experience proved its use. Though somewhat warm in his natural temper, he had the skill of managing it to that degree that few of his acquaintance have seen it ruffled. He kept the best part uppermost, and was always ready to use it for the benefit of others. He was frank and generous in his disposition. He abhorred a trick, in commerce or in conduct. A *little* action was apt to alarm his resentment, but not unlawfully to fix it to the hurt of any man. A wicked or a mean action found in him no quarter. To such, indeed, he had an uncommon aversion. Whenever I have seen his color rise it was, probably, for something of that

kind. He aimed to be strictly just to man, and to his Maker, honest. His recourse to public worship nearly kept pace with his health. On meetings for business his attendance seldom failed; he thought both were Christian duties. The first, a gratitude indispensable to the Author of all Good, for his life, his health, his everything required; and the benefits immediately derived from it, in regard to both his own spiritual advancement and temporal interest, were the frequent subjects of his contemplation and delight. He found that he seldom went to a meeting, and minded his proper business there, but he came away the better man, at least as to his own feelings, and the fitter to encounter the common concerns of life afterwards. As to meetings established for good order and regulation in the Society, he found them places of great usefulness to his fellow-creatures,—often to himself,—and that was a sufficient motive to excite his diligent attendance, if no apprehensions of duty had done it.

“Little competitions and jealousies, where men are much together, he knew would sometimes happen; that they were incidental, in the present disordered state of mortality, and even apt to intrude on the best occasions. But while, like malice in children, they were so far innocent and temporary, he thought, though always better prevented, yet where that could not be they might be dispensed with, and that there was generally something good and great in such a sacrifice. Still, in a more extensive view, he found it his place to carry benevolence, civility, and condescension into common transactions, even to such as others might have deemed his inferiors. He thought that to do business of any kind men must be treated with the regards of fellow-mortals, equal in original; that inequalities were local things, in themselves very uncertain (those in religion excepted), which were only to be defined with propriety by the growth of religion in the heart, and known only to men by its fruits; that the bad and the degenerate might alter, and, till then, though not Brethren in all respects (in which light stood the most desirable character), yet, where that could not be reputationally supported, to support the other with a Christian good

will and tenderness was often a great step towards gaining *the man*, and sometimes *the brother*; that in the common course of things no slights or strictures, in apprehension or reality, individually or in the community, however specious or gilded in themselves, or by inference, were sufficient to excuse him for absenting himself from opportunities of duty or usefulness. Such were his sentiments, and such was his practice.

“His attachment to the religion of his education was strong, but not blind. Having examined it as its importance required, it became the religion of his judgment, and he bore his testimony to it, in all its branches, with exemplary perseverance and fidelity. He knew the world was encroaching; that one conscientious scruple violated weakened the outguards of virtue, and was exceedingly hazardous; which gave him the watchword to be ever cautious of yielding in the first instance, or, indeed, of doing anything that might endanger his *best life*; for where that governed there was always safety.

“He was engaging, undesigning, open, and friendly in his address and conduct. His integrity and probity, in all stations, were unblemished. He was, in several relations, one of the best of neighbors, and of men.

“He had a turn to literature, and sometimes employed himself therein, as far as he found it not to interfere with his religious progress. He wrote several things, some of which have been, and others may probably, hereafter, be published.

“Opportunity to be useful was often, for him, a motive sufficient to embrace it, though it might be attended with present inconvenience to himself. He had a warm sympathy with the distresses of his fellow-creatures, and often relieved them. For his abilities, his charities were very extensive. He felt more than is commonly felt for others; and to do a good office for any man seemed the height of his pleasure. Compassionate in his nature, he even seemed to be benevolent by habit, and by inclination, for the reward he felt following it.

“He knew the insufficiency of any efforts of his own in religion, and, as he also knew the place of safety, with great reverence he waited for it. He had his eye, his views, fixed

beyond the limits of time to a city where virtue, securely registered, remains a habitation for the virtuous, when this world can no further disturb, nor the revolution of ages diminish; and, above all things, he desired to have a name placed there, as he once occasionally signified to me in a very serious moment. I mention this as a circumstance I just happened to recollect; for though to be strictly religious was, undoubtedly, the ruling principle of his life, yet he did not affect too much freedom with it in common conversation. He thought he had seen the subject rendered unlovely, and the profession rather discredited by bold pretensions; but he was encouragingly kind to appearances of *real* piety, however small. With regard to himself, what he *was*, he chose to *be* to Him who died for him; and to move in no part of *His* service without feeling *Him*, in some degree, to actuate and direct. Actions he thought the best interpreters to others of a man's religion. Yet when he found himself under proper qualifications, in any way, to render it service, few were more ready or more instructive.

"He was in every conjugal relation affectionately tender—a fond father, an indulgent master. He was more—but I must stop. He was—my Brother—my most intimate friend and companion! I lost all that could be lost in those relations. I loved him sincerely, and could not do less, with justice to my own feelings, than pay this small tribute of regard to his worth and memory, in which, however, I might not, perhaps, have ventured so fully without some degree of consciousness of the universal suffrage of his acquaintance.

"He had enjoyed a considerable degree of health till within a few years of his death, during which time he frequently complained. His sickness confined him the fall and winter. He told me it had given opportunity to look over his past life. About three days before his final change he found, from a sudden symptom, the alteration he had been rather desirous of for some time was soon likely to happen. On my coming into the room I found him sitting in calmness and resignation. With great composure and a most significant sensibility and ease he said to me, 'I believe I am going now—the Divine Mercy

is great.' After this he declined gradually, and went in great quiet.

"He left three children, a son-in-law, and a grandchild, to whose service this Memorial is affectionately dedicated."

MY FATHER AND MOTHER.

My father inherited what in that day was considered a handsome fortune, principally in real estate situated in New Jersey and Philadelphia. He was of a meek and humble spirit, and, like all my immediate ancestors, he belonged to the Society of Friends. Left in very early life an orphan, he grew up without much discipline of mind, or mercantile instruction, under the guidance of guardians who, probably no better than mine, utterly neglected him. He was brought up and cared for by an old English nurse, whose name was Grace (or Gracey) Buchanan, who, after having lived for years in my grandfather's family, after his death resumed the profession of a druggist, opposite my grandfather's house, in Burlington, New Jersey. She had been well instructed in the business in England, and long kept a celebrated shop, importing her medicines from London, then the universal custom, even up to the time of my apprenticeship. With her own hands she manipulated many articles previously compounded abroad. She was especially famous for salves and plaisters, some bits of the latter being still in my possession, and sound after the lapse of nearly half a century.

Gracey was much attached to my father, caring for him with the affection of a parent. Under her roof he obtained an English education, and was suffered to do much as he pleased. When his faithful friend became aged and infirm, he gratefully repaid her long-continued kindness and devotion, giving her a room at his own house, Old Green Hill, and promoting her to the post of teacher in spelling and reading to his young children. Of my father and Gracey I have but very indistinct reminiscences, both having died in my childhood, my father of consumption, during the rapid progress of which he indulged, as was his habit, in the luxury of good horses. One

of the last he rode had been trained to the easiest paces, and to kneel while he mounted.

My father had no vices, unless a fondness for horses should be considered one. My mother has told me that he often visited Philadelphia, sometimes returning with a new and valuable horse, for which he had bartered an unimproved Chestnut Street or other city lot, now become so valuable, but then, about 1790, from taxes, etc., only a costly possession. When he was married, he bartered the extensive lot at the corner of Chestnut and Seventh Streets, through to George Street,\* for a box of Irish linen. That whole square belonged to James Logan, and was inherited by his descendants. The Loganian Library was situate upon it near Sixth and Walnut Streets, a building since figured in the supplemental catalogue of that institution. The only interest in this square that descended to me was a fourth part of a ground-rent of two or three hundred dollars upon George Harrison's ground adjoining the aforesaid lot which had been bartered away for the linen. Pecuniary foresight as to the growth of Philadelphia and the future value of property therein was no part of the wisdom of my ancestors, whose maxim, and practice also, was that terrestrial things all perish in the using. Their aspirations were for a better land, where thieves do not break through and steal. And here I would remark to my children, that it is better to have virtuous ancestors than merely rich ones. I am more indebted for any position I may have held, or any merits I may possess, rather to ancestral virtues than to ancestral wealth.

Of my father, as previously mentioned, but very indistinct recollections are retained. I can remember him as once stooping to look into our cellar, and of his once taking me to Mount Holly to see a mill, and a dentist named Van Pelt, who gave me a cake for sitting quietly under his operations. At the time of his death, also, I remember my little brother Morris and myself were cautioned not to make a noise in our play, as "father was dead." The funeral made no further nor more last-

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\* Now Sansom Street.



ing impression than that I rode in the coach of my uncle, James Smith, Jr., having "glass windows," a luxury to which, with our plain Jersey habits, we had been quite unaccustomed. I was educated without a father's care.

This indistinct remembrance of an excellent father has always been painful to me. I can only give you the following additional particulars of him, culled incidentally from the charming letters of my eldest sister.\* Holding a facile and eloquent pen, her correspondence has long been one of the family pleasures. Her letters are greatly valued by me, and I beg you to note their contents. She says on one occasion,—

"George Dillwyn Parrish has sent me a photograph of the old house, Governor Jennings's, at Green Hill. How differently it affects me from my brother! To him it seems to tell of humble life, for it is now but the shadow of itself, with no hint of the mind and heart that make it very dear to me. To me it speaks of that mind and heart as withdrawn from a world that courted him with its blandishments of fortune, family, and position, and seeking, in the retirement and simplicity of country life, for those solid enjoyments without which he could not be satisfied.

"As I look upon my dear old home, I seem to see my father seated with his legs outstretched, upon the bench under the portico at the front door (which is not given in the picture—decayed and gone, I suppose), book in hand, enjoying the sunset that gilded the lovely green of the beautiful lane in front of him, shaded by a long double row of native walnut-trees, and then extended for a very long distance with another double set of very old cherries. Or perhaps I would find him, after the day's supervision of workmen, withdrawn to a quiet spot out of the way of interruption from the noise of the children, or the voices of men and boys on the farm—there, on a pile of stones that were thrown up round an old apple-tree, I would find him

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\* Now, 1872, at the age of eighty-four, she writes with the correctness, beauty, and distinctness of expression for which she was remarkable in youth. You should sometimes peruse her long correspondence with myself and your mother. To the latter she has always been a true and loving sister.

seated, with his favorite Milton. I think even old Gracey would hardly have thought of looking for him in that out-of-the-way place. But I believe he often resorted to it. It was near a nice new barn he had built. There was a delightful swing over the threshing-floor; and with perhaps some inherited love of such seclusion, his eldest daughter [herself] thought it one of her especial privileges to pass an uninterrupted hour or two, while her younger brother [myself] took his morning nap, with one hand supporting his little head, and, holding on to the left-hand rope, the other hand was free enough to hold an open book and turn its leaves. And many a delicious hour has she thus whiled away, reminded every little while of the parental love that watched over them, by a gentle opening of the door, and a peep in to see if we were safe.

"It was my dear father whom I was thus early taught to revere, as well as dearly to love! Oh, do not, my dear Johnny, despise my picture of the old home. It is very dear to me. I have it nicely framed and glazed, and think it does me good to look at it as it hangs in my own comfortable chamber at Wilmington. How many blessings does it recall,—the watchful Providence that I verily believe guarded our early years, and enabled our precious mother to fulfil her anxious responsibilities, and the unbounding goodness that led her to acknowledge in almost her last hours, 'I have found that which I have been so long seeking.'

"Another cause for thanksgiving I have many times had presented to me, is the belief that our precious father was made an instrument of good to his nephew, J. J. S., and perhaps, through him, to several others. My dear father's labor with *him* was, I hope, blessed. It was 'bread cast upon the waters;' and when a brand was plucked out of the burning, and felt that it was through our father's instrumentality, could I do other than own an admiring gratitude that eternity would be too short for the utterance of all I owed? Oh! my brother, do not despise the home of such parents, nor fail to be thankful that we had been so blessed."

Again I give a picture—though it seems almost too sacred

to exhibit to another's eye. However, it will serve the purpose of exhibiting the family after my father's death, when, surrounded with every earthly comfort, their souls were baptized into holy aspirations, and my eldest brother, Richard, was the subject of deep religious conviction. The scene is a few years later in date, after the school education of my brother had been completed, and might be more properly related on a future page were my jottings intended for any but partial eyes.

TO R. P. S. AND J. J. S.

“ . . Thy letter has carried me back, oh, how many times, to the scenes and anxieties experienced in our lovely home at Green Hill, when my precious mother's heart drank deep . . . of the cup thee speaks of . . . in her exercises about my beloved, and bright, and devoted eldest brother. . . . Ah! never to be forgotten were some of the scenes then enacted. One of them comes to me with a vividness of recollection I hope never to lose. I dare say I have repeated to you,—for what deep feeling of my heart is not known to you,—and yet how can I help speaking of it again to you?

“ It was the afternoon of (I think) our midweek meeting-day. I was in the hall, and knew not of the trouble my brother was in, till our dear mother called me, saying, ‘Thy brother is in trouble and wants us to come and sit down with him in silence.’ We assembled—the little boys, too young to share with us, they were not present, but my sister and self, Hannah Clark, and (I believe) cousin M. M. S.

“ I sat by our trembling mother on the sofa, under the south window, and our troubled dear one at my right hand, in the chair, with his back to the window. I only mention these items that my dear J. J. S. may the better imagine a scene he did not witness, but on a spot I think he must remember. We had sat quietly but a few minutes, when dear R. M. S. fell on his knees, and such a prayer I think I never heard on any other occasion. It was the pleading of a convicted soul for mercy, the struggle of a soul for life. As it progressed, I first learned that he

believed himself called to the ministry, but that he had been reluctant to yield, until he had that day been again disobedient, and he now felt the utter misery of a soul cut off from the love and communion with its Father and its God. One of the sentences that indicated this, and the horror which accompanied it, was the text, 'Oh, it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of Thee, the living God.'

"But this deep penitence seemed followed by a hope of forgiveness; and gradually the pleadings for mercy, and promises for more faithfulness in future to the pointings of duty, rose into thanksgiving and songs of joy, and triumphant rejoicings for pardon and forgiveness concluded the scene, in which we have reason to believe the inhabitants of heaven took part, since we are assured that 'the angels rejoice over one sinner that repenteth.'

"But why, you may well ask, have I told you all this? I hardly know why; but I love to recall it—it is one of many other proofs of the covenant-keeping God to the posterity of those who have loved and feared his name. Often and often I am sorry when I have been drawn out into such an exhibition of my poor self; and yet to you I continually do it.

"MARGARET H. HILLES."

If I have spoken little of my venerated mother, it is because the topic is too sacred for my pen. Gray's remark occurs to me, however, in connection with the tender reverence which the memory of her devoted love has implanted in my heart. "I have discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one can never have any more than a single mother."

A short period after her death she appeared to me most vividly in a dream, which was so affecting that it must not be omitted. Standing by my bed, she looked lovingly upon me, as she always did while living. I asked of her what she found to be the joys of heaven? Her emphatic reply was, "In the unbounded glory of the presence of God," words which instantly aroused me from my sleep.

## OUR HOME AT GREEN HILL, NEW JERSEY.

My birth, June 16, 1798, was at Green Hill, three miles from Burlington, in a large old house built by Governor Jennings, of New Jersey, whose tenure of office began in 1683. It was somewhat plain, both in its exterior and interior furnishing, but in all respects equal, and in most of them superior, to the residences of our neighbors. My parents' connections with the very best and wealthiest class of Friends rendered their house a resort of the travelling preachers, and of the best society of their sect, as well as of the educated and refined of other denominations. Just before the period of my father's consumptive illness, he commenced the erection of a large modern brick house, to which the family removed during his sickness, and the large farm was divided into two, having undergone two previous dismemberments by sales to my father's brother-in-law, John Cox, the eminent and able preacher, and to Samuel Norcross.

Both the old Jennings house and the new one, called New Green Hill, are still standing (1850), the former much altered, and the latter, since its sale by my eldest brother, Richard Morris Smith, having been in the possession of various occupants. Here my childish recollections become more distinct. My mother was left a young widow, with a farm, three sons and two daughters, and without extraneous income of large amount, except what was allowed her by our guardians for education and support. She undertook to carry on the farm work, aided by my brother Richard. He, however, was sent for some time to Westtown Boarding-School, the insufficient Alma Mater to four of us.

## FARMING MY ORIGINAL DESTINATION.

My destination was farming; but I became so profoundly disgusted with its laborious duties that this was changed, in after-years, by my excellent, and always, since her husband's death, my mourning mother. She was the daughter of William Morris (nearly connected with the present extensive Morris family of Philadelphia), and was a posthumous child, named,

after her father, Gulielma, the feminine of William. This grandfather Morris was a merchant, and a direct descendant of that Anthony who came over with William Penn, and from whom has descended the extensive family just referred to. He died in 1766, eight years after his marriage, leaving but a slender property to his widow, and a family of two sons and a daughter. To these was added my mother, born subsequently to her father's death.

MY GRANDMOTHER, MARGARET MORRIS—HER LIFE OF PIETY  
AND TRIAL.

The wife of William Morris was Margaret Hill, whose memory is very dear to all who came within the circle of her acquaintance, and especially to those grandchildren who enjoyed her house and her society. Benevolent, and extremely kind and useful to the sick, her cheerfulness under great bodily ills, which had bent her nearly double, was beyond praise. My sister Rachel (afterwards Stewardson) used to say she did not recollect ever wanting young society, being always satisfied with her grandmother's. Her hearty laugh, her animated and humorous conversation, her frequent gifts to us, and our perpetual welcome, as she sat, in her latter years, with her Bible, her constant book, before her, will all remain with me to my latest day as most delightful recollections.

She was one of a large family of sisters and a brother, Henry Hill. Their father was a Madeira wine merchant, finally of great repute and wealth. He resided many years in Madeira, where one of his children was born, but returned with his family after the loss of his wife, a grief from which he never recovered. I hope for time to speak more fully of this branch of my family; but I will refer you to the volume entitled "*A History of a Family*;" and there is in my possession a copy of a likeness of my grandmother Morris, the original having been taken by my talented younger brother Morris. Pictures of my great-grandfather's villas in Madeira, and the family portraits of my great aunts, are in possession of my sister, Margaret H. Hilles and Thomas Stewardson. Read also, attentively, the









MORRIS SMITH, PINX.

ENG. BY J. M. B. T. F.

Margaret Morris

(Aut 76.)



preserved portions of the remarkable journal kept by my grandmother Morris during a part of the Revolutionary war, of which I printed fifty copies for her descendants.\* Of this you should have the copies which I gave you.

At length, as years rolled on, this delightful personification of an aged lady became so afflicted with rheumatism as to be almost entirely helpless. In this dependent condition my brother Richard and myself carried her, for some years, in a sedan chair made for the purpose, to Burlington meeting, only a few doors from her residence, and placed her in the second gallery. When we arrived at her abode, for the performance of this filial duty, always a little in advance of the assemblage of the meeting, she saluted us in high glee, "Well! here come my faithful ponies!" and then, upon the road to meeting, "Don't upset the coach, boys!" For this and other services she presented me my first watch.

But her kindnesses were innumerable. A gayly-painted sled, with my name in gold letters, is among the well-remembered gifts from this honored source. A fit of sickness having laid me in her downy bed, beneath a glorious silk quilt, surrounded by gayly-figured curtains, with nice sick-dishes and oranges, produced a visit from a fine-powdered old gentleman, Joshua M. Wallace (referred to by note at the foot of this page). He was our near neighbor, and as he wore a queue, like my doctor, Cole (whose first patient for vaccination I was), I thought he also must be a physician, and so asked if he thought I would die! These are among the still vivid reminiscences of my early life. I would not ask, for any one I dearly loved, a profounder pleasure of the memory than recollections such as even at this advanced period of my life I still cherish of a doting mother, and of my pious, gracious, loving, warm-hearted grandmother Morris.

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\* Joshua M. Wallace married a relative of my wife's mother, of the Bradford family. The former recollects very kind attentions to her in youth, and very pleasant intercourse has long continued between the daughters, especially Mrs. Collet and your mother. They were fond of claiming relationship, and had a venerative regard for my own parents.

## MY SCHOOL-BOY DAYS IN BURLINGTON.

From my grandmother's house I went some time to school, in company with Hannah Prior, now Rodman, wife of Samuel Rodman, of New Bedford. She was a distant relative of Samuel Emlen, who married my first cousin, Susan Dillwyn, and came to Burlington under their protection. These school-times present but little worth repeating. But few persons were then educated to the business of teaching. The country schools were at a deplorably low ebb. Men and women who had shown themselves to be utter failures, by breaking down in whatever employment they had undertaken, were by common consent accepted as good enough for school-masters. Knowing but little themselves, they imparted less to their pupils. Spelling, reading, and writing occupied our time under a mistress who, on the first opportunity, gladly escaped from her scholastic duties to undertake those of a family.

I was then promoted to a great school kept by the somewhat celebrated John Griscom. From him I cannot now remember that I ever received a word of instruction. His attention was devoted to his boarders and older scholars, and we little shavers were confided to a boyish tutor. Under such guidance, and that of his successors, Stephen Pike and Joseph Miffin, I drawled out a school existence of some years without learning much of value. My sums in algebra, and my surveying, were all cobbled, not understood. So little was I grounded in arithmetic, that though afterwards learning somewhat thoroughly the multiplication table, my teacher failed to make me comprehend how to work a simple proposition in the rule of three. These deficiencies of early education, principally caused by neglect of teachers, with perhaps some indolence of my own, became serious disadvantages to me in worldly matters, until actual business practice enabled me to supply them.

## CHAPTER II.

My Father's Sisters—John Cox and the Dillwyns—The Family and Social Circle at Burlington—Remarkable Characteristics—Some of Many Descendants—Visitors from the Outside World—My First Ride on Horseback—A City Hoyden—Sally Logan Smith (Roberts) and her Descendants—Young City Madcaps—An Old Family Seamstress.

Hardly any man is ashamed of being inferior to his ancestors, although it is the very thing at which the great should blush, if indeed the great, in general, descended from the worthy. He alone who maketh you wiser maketh you greater; and it is only by such an instrument that God Almighty himself effects it.—ANON.

If this gladsome field of earth "could render back the sighs  
To which it hath responded—  
——Or could echo the sad steps  
By which it hath been trod!"—WORDSWORTH.

It was thus upon a plain Jersey farm, somewhat superior in the quality of its soil to the majority of farms adjacent, surrounded by plain, but good and cultivated people, that my first impressions of life were experienced.

## MY FATHER'S SISTERS—JOHN COX AND THE DILLWYNS.

One of my father's sisters having married John Cox (his second wife being Ann Dillwyn, mother of Mrs. Dr. Parrish), they came to settle near my parents. Another sister married William Dillwyn, who, losing her by death, removed to England and there remained, and married a wealthy lady named Weston.\* He left to the care of her American friends and relations an only daughter by his first marriage, Susannah, who

\* See a portrait of his son, Lewis Weston Dillwyn, in my illustrated "Summer's Jaunt." He is a distinguished naturalist, and has been a member of Parliament. See Dillwyn's work on Shells, also a portrait of William Dillwyn, painted by the sister of Leslie. William Dillwyn was Leslie's great patron in London. And now (1872) Llewellyn, a son of Lewis, is in Parliament from Swansea, Wales, where he has most extensive copper-smelting works, and is one of the rich of the earth. He is found rather on the Whig side in politics, and is sometimes called a Radical.

was long the pride and admiration of her acquaintances, from her extraordinary beauty, amiability, and graceful and gracious manners, no less than for her Christian virtues. Susannah Dillwyn married, about the period of my birth, Samuel Emlen, son of a celebrated preacher of the same name. The son was rich, and rather indolent in mind and body. He purchased the farm, West Hill,\* which afterwards came to my brother Richard, and there built a commodious mansion.

The farm adjoined my uncle Cox's, and at some points his touched our own, so that our immediate neighborhood consisted of the three families, connected by the strong ties of relationship and similarity of tastes and religious convictions. John Cox had married a second wife, as noticed above, the sister of William and George Dillwyn; and George Dillwyn, the eminent preacher, married my grandmother Morris's sister, Sarah Hill, and resided in Burlington, near, in every sense, to my grandma.

These, with the more respectable portion of Burlington Friends, and the family of my mother's widowed sister, Deborah Smith (mother of Daniel B. and Margaret M.), together with the family of the poet, Samuel J. Smith, with his cousins Jane, Amelia, and Hannah (now Mott), principally constituted our social world.

#### FAMILY AND SOCIAL CIRCLE AT BURLINGTON—REMARKABLE CHARACTERISTICS.

In looking back, after the lapse of forty years, upon this united little circle, living, as it were, in a happy valley not yet invaded by locomotives or steamboats, I cannot divest myself of the idea that it was a real Arcadia. Human passions, likes and dislikes, doubtless dwelt within its quiet precincts, but to me they were entirely invisible. I cannot recollect any instance when *money* formed the topic of conversation, or when mere

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\* The present owner and occupant (1872) is the widow and third wife of Joseph John Gurney, whom she married while on a visit to England. He left her a large and substantial income. I was a frequent visitor to her and her sisters in Philadelphia in my young days, and admired her for her beauty, good spirits, and amiable manners.

worldly ambition, beyond the present, seemed to find expression. To me they all appeared to live without anxiety or care for worldly possessions, and therefore were apparently rich. What a contrast in education, thought, and aspirations do my ancestors present to the character of the brothers of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who, in chronicling their history, gives this account of Richard:

“ My brother Richard, after he had been brought up in learning, went to the Low Countreys, where he continued many years with much reputation, both in the wars, and *for fighting single duels*, which were many; insomuch that between both he carried, as I have been told, the scars of four and twenty wounds upon him to his grave, and lyeth buried in Bergen-opzoom.”

Another member of this delightful circle was my widowed great-aunt, Milcah Martha Moore, for whose amusement the Revolutionary journal of my grandmother Morris was written. She was that grandmother's sister, and the daughter of Dr. Richard Hill who was born in Madeira. Her husband was Dr. Charles Moore. Much will be found related of her in the Letters of the Hill Family. She lived in Wood Street, plainly, but well, and was much attached to her fine garden and house.

Still another prominent member, and a most important one to us juveniles, at all our family meetings, was Margaret Morris, Jr., afterwards the wife of Isaac Collins, Jr. She was one of three orphan children of Dr. John Morris, who died in Philadelphia of yellow fever, in 1793, his wife also dying of the same disease within a week. My grandmother Morris nursed them both, closing with her own hands the eyes of her departed children. Her manuscript account of these affecting incidents, now in my possession, and since printed in the “Hill Family” relates the sad story with a simple, touching pathos equal to anything of De Foe. The other orphan children of Dr. John Morris were Martha and William. Martha married first to Thomas Lawrie, and afterwards to Jacob B. Clarke. Margaret resided with my and her grandmother, and was the life and soul of all our youthful meetings. This lovely cousin, with Daniel B. Smith and his sister, were *our* principal “company,” and merry

times we had. Now, my dear children must endeavor to identify these persons who were so dear to me. You can do so, generally, by their descendants, or by my account.

#### SOME OF MANY DESCENDANTS.

My aunt Cox, my father's sister, and first wife of John Cox, died young, leaving one *beautiful*, but not very intellectual, daughter, who eloped with a Dr. Davis, and removed to Otsego, on her mother's land, near Cooperstown, where some of her children may still reside. John Cox's second wife (Ann, or Nancy Dillwyn) had also one daughter, who married Dr. Joseph Parrish, who have left a numerous progeny, not my blood relations.

Margaret M. Collins has also left numerous children, whom you know. Her sister, Martha, left no descendants, and William never married. He led a wandering life, often assisted by his relatives, and does not, by any good quality, except great amiability, claim further notice. The descendants of the Hills are not numerous. The brothers left none, and the name is now extinct. One sister married Richard Wells (called "dear brother Wells," in the Revolutionary journal) and left descendants, of whom those of Wellsborough, Pennsylvania, John Dagworthy, Richard W., Lloyd W., and Lamar, are also descended, and also the wife of Jacob S. Waln, the mother of S. Morris Waln. One of her sons resided at Dagsborough, Delaware, and was a member of Congress, as all in Burlington knew by great bundles of "public documents" franked to my old aunt Moore, to whom they were about as useful as they would have been to the king of Burrom-pooter.

#### VISITORS FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Other visitors from distant parts sometimes came to witness our simple habits, and participate in our simple pleasures. Especially notable was an annual visit, in state, from our cousins Sally Norris Dickinson and Maria D. Logan, forty and more years ago, as stately, and with as much true dignity, as now. The



daughters of John Dickinson, author of the "Farmer's Letters;" they had resided in Wilmington, Delaware, and had mixed in a different and gayer circle. But the elder was plain in dress, while Maria struck us as a grand duchess, with a flowing train which swept our large hall; and from this individual sample my imagination peopled the world with beings of whom I had yet formed, from books, no reliable conception. Their visits were announced, and our house was set in order. Extensive extra bakings of pies, tarts, and cakes made the advent of these visitors acceptable events to the youngsters of the family.

MY FIRST RIDE ON HORSEBACK.

On one of these expected "progresses," when I was about seven or eight years old, I was sent, for the first time alone, on horseback to Burlington, with a wallet, for a piece of meat. "Old Bob," a famously safe horse, was selected for my steed. No untoward accident marred my trip to town. I rode as stately as possible into the butcher's yard, delivered my orders and the wallet, and procured the beef. The considerate butcher kindly put a stone into the opposite pouch to balance the joint. Having remounted, old Bob's head was homeward turned. Either the butcher gave him an inspiring parting salute, unnoticed by me, or Bob was so excited by having his head directed crib-ward, where he knew that oats were plenty, that he started at a pace quite unbecoming so sedate a roadster, and taking me completely by surprise. My next sensation was caused by a sudden suspension on a clothes-line, which took me sharply under the chin. One dangle there, and the ground received me, leaving Bob at liberty, as well as greatly astonished, and wallet, meat, and stone, in fact all of us, tumbled into the road. Never was heroic warrior, when biting the dust, more confused by such a catastrophe than myself. Mortification at being seen by others was uppermost, for it so happened that I was unhurt. That savage butcher's laugh, and the broad gills of his assistant boys, haunt me to this day.

Bob was readily secured, for his age, no less than his great good sense, prevented him from running far, and I was re-

mounted. But, alas! the stone was found to be not heavy enough to balance the meat, and every few rods compelled me to stop at a fence, for I could not otherwise dismount, and then to readjust my burden, over which my light weight had not sufficient control to maintain a satisfactory equilibrium. Dreary, dusty, long, and hot and tiresome was the journey home. I have not even yet forgotten the joy my appearance there created, nor the slight incidental scolding I received for compelling a *late* dinner, which might have been half-past one, our usual farm hour being perhaps as early as that of the farm hands.

Both these ladies you are now so fortunate as to know and esteem. Cherish them as true and valued friends of two generations of your ancestors, especially of your grandmother Smith, and of your own excellent and good mother.

#### A CITY HOYDEN.

These were not our only experiences of the arrivals of guests; relatives, too, of different educations, dress, and manners from our own. My father's only brother, James Smith, Jr.,\* an eminent merchant of Philadelphia, had a large family of sons and daughters, all of whom, excepting Sally Logan Roberts, have now descended to the silent tomb. They made us summer visits, and sometimes Hannah, the oldest (married to Henry Drinker), who had numerous progeny, brought her children, of whom I especially remember and liked the oldest son, William,—married a Rodman, and now deceased. Abbey Smith, the third daughter, who married John Drinker, and left one daughter, also now deceased, was a great genial and jolly hoyden, who delighted in the liberty of the country, and took pleasure in country work, and in teasing us and the animals, horses, dogs, oxen, chickens, ducks, and turkeys. She was benevolent, also, and among her fancies was one that the cows

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\* James Smith, Jr., was a manager of the Pennsylvania Hospital in right of succession to his father, one of the founders, and first secretary, and thus far the only appointed trustee of the Loganian Library in right of his descent from James Logan. I was appointed Loganian trustee in 1856, and so continue, 1872.

and horses never got enough water, except when she was there. The pump was kept going by herself, or by her orders, under intimidations to us, from morning to night. She would herself bring out the poor creatures in succession to the trough. Once she frightened the whole homestead by holding my little brother, by the apron strings, down the deep well, to punish him for disobedience to her undisciplined will.

SALLY LOGAN SMITH (ROBERTS) AND HER DESCENDANTS.

Sally Logan Smith, the eldest daughter of James Smith, Jr., married Hugh Roberts, a gentleman of fortune, and is still living (1850). One of her daughters married George Roberts Smith, son of John J. Smith, who was son of my uncle James Smith, Jr., who married Hugh's sister, so that George married his double first cousin. Another daughter married Governor Edward Coles, and the third became the wife of Dr. William Rush, whose father was the celebrated Dr. Benjamin Rush, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. John J. Smith, above mentioned, was older than myself; and though I had a pleasant cousinly intercourse with him, yet his style of life, and his associations with the gayest and most fashionable young men, divided us while I was a young man. He was for many years a supercargo to the East Indies, was of very handsome person, very successful in his business, married well, and became independent. It was owing to my father's influence on his nephew that at the close of life he became a Christian, as I believe.

He succeeded my uncle James as manager of the Pennsylvania Hospital, and to him George Roberts Smith succeeded, both being excellent and esteemed directors of the institution. With George the family succession of exactly a century ceased, his place being then filled by John M. Whittall, my son Robert's father-in-law. A printed obituary of my cousin John J. will be found pasted in the folio family book in my possession, containing several family records of the kind.

Elizabeth, or "Cousin Betsy," married Mordecai Lewis (died August, 1851), and had a numerous family. James Smith

Lewis married a Rawle; Joseph, Mordecai, Charles, etc. But fuller particulars of all the children will be found in the book of the Smith family.

YOUNG CITY MADCAPS.

Her brother, James Logan Smith, was a mild and agreeable young gentleman. Once he came up with William Drinker; and then commenced a series of adventures to which I was the amazed and terrified witness. They were such as had never been enacted in the undemonstrative seclusion of my rural home. On one occasion, to get us out of the way and to give us useful employment, my mother sent us with the ox-cart to haul "oven wood," consisting of old fence-rails. The poor, patient oxen had never experienced such a day. Goaded and geed out of all patience by madcap Drinker, they at last could no longer bear the irritating discipline of their young and inexperienced driver. Away they ran towards Mount Holly. Whipped and lashed, to stop them, they finally, after what to us was an alarming run of quite a mile, brought us up all standing between two hickory-trees, demolishing the cart, and yokes, and gearing, and gaining their liberty. No such terrible crashing of a vehicle had ever been known on our farm. With what feelings, therefore, as to consequences, I reported progress at home, may well be conceived. It seemed to me that a crime, worthy of beheading, at least, had been committed; that the fortune of the family was gone, and that my innocent self deserved the severest punishment. My surprise was therefore great, and my delight no less, when, on reaching home on foot, abashed and humble, I saw a luncheon of cherry pie and milk spread out by my incomparable mother to reward our morning's wickedness.

AN OLD FAMILY SEAMSTRESS.

Other visitors there must have been, including a sprinkling of travelling preachers, etc., uncle and aunt Dillwyn, aunt Moore, uncle Richard Hill Morris and wife, the latter a sister of Amelia Smith and Hannah Mott, for my grandmother Mor-

ris's three children all married into the original Burlington Smith family, though of different branches. All made but little impression on me in comparison with the foregoing, and one original person named Polly Bankson. She gave us the pleasure of her company semi-annually, to make up the wardrobe of us boys, etc.

Polly was of truly enormous proportions; indeed, one of the most lumbering women I have ever known. To get her four miles out from her habitat in the town required some ingenious management, two persons having to stay at home from meeting on the day of her advent. Come regularly, however, she did, together with a travelling boot- and shoe-maker and mender, and the two stayed until all patching and repairing had been completed. Polly ensconced herself in a huge arm-chair, and all the female servants who could be spared from regular duty were summoned about her. She was powerfully addicted to snuff, which added much to her phthisicky wheeze, and made our summer and winter garments redolent of tobacco. Abundance of clothes were produced and duly altered. Probably I never had a strictly new waistcoat until I was nine years old, and then outfitted for Westtown school.

Polly, like others of her profession, was an astonishing gossip. If her knowledge of the world did not extend beyond a few miles, she made up by the intensity of her curiosity within the circle to which she belonged. Hence she had accumulated such copious stores of information touching people and families, with little domestic secrets without number, that each new household into which she entered was in turn surprised and delighted in listening to gossiping stories which seemed to be inexhaustible. In most respects the era of her presence was a very pleasant one. Lounging in her work-room, wherein we sewed up carpet-rags, and with hopeful anticipations of the new clothes that were to be forthcoming from her hand, my tarriance in those littered quarters formed with me a lively variety in what I am compelled to believe was rather a monotonous sort of life.

## CHAPTER III.

Domestic Helpers—Hannah Clarke—My First Appearance as Groomsman—Helping at a Well-Digging—A Colored Family—Naming a Baby.

## DOMESTIC HELPERS—HANNAH CLARKE.

IF I have failed to give you a bird's-eye view of our Green Hill *ménage*, it has been because our humbler friends, who assisted in the hard work of the family, have not been mentioned. These were received more on an equality than is the custom in cities, and during the long winter evenings were instructed at a large parlor table, by my eldest brother and sisters, in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Sleepy times were these to me, and I was dismissed to bed before the closing hour. But among our assistants was *one* whose name I write now with *love* and *respect*, such as I have felt for but few of my race not connected with me by family ties.

Hannah Clarke (afterwards Bond) was one of nature's noblewomen. Her family was very respectable; but, left an orphan while young, and her mother in reduced circumstances,\* Hannah was placed with my mother to "bring up." A most valuable member of our family, and a blessing to it she became. During the life of my father, at the "old house," she was my nurse, and we were much attached to each other. Indeed, to this day I believe she loved me better than her own children. Hannah assisted in every capacity that was required; but, if I recollect, took most of her meals at our table, except when "company" came. Dependable in all she undertook, she was a great relief to my mother, and was felt to be one of the family.

Previous to our removal from Old Green Hill, the barn caught fire, and in her anxiety to assist in extinguishing the flames she took up a large washing-tub filled with water, and with almost superhuman strength, caused by fright, carried it

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\* For this old lady, Hannah and I annually collected wild herbs, such as life-everlasting, catnip, etc., which Bathsheba Clarke sold in Friends' almshouse.

a considerable distance from the pump to the conflagration. While so doing, she felt something like a string break in her head, and was thereafter afflicted with partial deafness and a most painful buzzing in her ears. This continued until her very recent death. Such an affliction created in us a near sympathy, independent of her many good and estimable qualities. She was by nature a lady, and was very highly esteemed wherever known.

After a residence of eighteen years with us, she removed to Philadelphia.

I have lost a friend whom I loved and regretted. Our parting was but a few months before her death, when I drove her out to our house in Germantown, for a day or two's tarriance. On her return we stopped at Laurel Hill greenhouse, where I loaded her with rose-bushes, and never saw her again. She is doubtless in heaven.

#### MY FIRST APPEARANCE AS GROOMSMAN.

I must not omit to tell you that at the mature age of eighteen I was groomsman to the happy couple, Jesse and Hannah Bond. I waited on Sally Clarke, who made the carpets of the whole congregation of Arch Street Meeting; and when I led my bridesmaid out by the fingers, I felt, I assure you, as proud as if she were the fairest and youngest. Perhaps my vanity was soothed with the belief that everybody knew the relative position in which I stood to the family. Be that as it may, I probably never before, or since, made myself so useful, or enjoyed myself so much as on the occasion of this happy wedding-day. I was the head-waiter, and in fact the only one, as well as master of ceremonies, and the youthful observed of all observers.\*

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\* My sister M. said to our mother, as we left the wedding dinner-table on that well-remembered day, that she never before had so admired and valued her brother as on that occasion, when she saw him—a beauish aspirant in our own circle—stand behind the bride's chair, glad to perform the duties of first waiter for the faithful friend he loved so well; thus giving proof of an unsophisticated and warm attachment that was an honor to his head and heart.

## HELPING AT A WELL-DIGGING.

One more family, however, I must introduce, if for no other reason than that you know them so well. Jess. Cooness, a colored man, was long a farm-hand of my father's, and afterwards of my mother's. A small but very comfortable wooden house for his family was built on a corner of New Green Hill Farm, just about the period of my ride for the meat. At the digging of the well I was honored by being sent with a basket of luncheon for the diggers thereof, a race of men proverbially thirsty.

## NAMING A BABY.

Jess. and Chloe had a family born near this identical well. As the little black babies came successively into the world, being the only small children I had an opportunity of being with at this early period, they greatly interested me. Lizzie, whom you so well know and esteem, was but a little younger than myself. Rachel I was intrusted to name, and gave her that of my well-beloved sister. In due time I was instructed to present the baby with a calico frock, and well do I remember the looks, half-amused and half-satirical, with which I was sent on this errand, and the shamefacedness with which I performed my novel duty.

After a time my young playmate was taught, by my perseverance, to walk alone, and the delighted mother brought her up to the mansion to exhibit her attainment and praise her teacher. In manners, Chloe was a colored *lady*, and now, at a great age, maintains her character as such. Supported by the daily labor of these very girls, she has all the elegancies and comforts, in miniature, of the rich, to say nothing of the delicate attentions of her dutiful daughters. I have the pleasure, forty-five years after the events narrated, of adding to their annual income by employing Lizzie to superintend the dustings and cleanings of the Philadelphia Library.

The husband, Jess., was very inferior to the wife. Addicted to drink, at this period, he afterwards became its victim; was ejected from the family, and became a wanderer. Finally, he returned to die, and was nursed and cared for by his daughters, but was repudiated by his dignified wife.



## CHAPTER IV.

Family Harmony—English Correspondence: Wilberforce, Clarkson, etc.—Life at Samuel Emlen's, West Hill—My Love of Books—Recreations with Goose-Eggs and Young Ducks—Indians and Wild Deer—Career of the Emlens—A Great Affliction—Old Families dying out.

## FAMILY HARMONY.

VISITING with my eldest brother and sisters formed a rare amusement. These visits were to the six or seven previously-mentioned families of relations. At Oxmead, John Cox's, and West Hill, Samuel Emlen's, we were always sure of a welcome and of dainty fare. A system of telegraphic stands was adopted between the three houses, one of which signals indicated that they had company, and wanted the other families to join it. Errands to these beloved haunts were frequent, and I was often the willing messenger.

## ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE: WILBERFORCE, CLARKSON, ETC.

A voluminous correspondence, and of great interest, was maintained by both families with their English relatives, William Dillwyn and his daughters, which I sometimes heard read aloud, giving the particulars of benevolent movements abroad, and especially information touching the personal histories and exertions of Wilberforce and Clarkson, with whom my uncle, William Dillwyn, maintained the closest friendship. He was an efficient coadjutor in their movements against the slave-trade.

These distant people were thus familiar to me, and you may imagine the feelings with which, in 1845, I shook the hand of Thomas Clarkson in his own house, Playford Hall.\* I was

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\* Clarkson, in his "History of the Abolition of the Slave-Trade," gives William Dillwyn as the originator of the great movement, and says that Wilberforce sent a man on horseback, in the night, to Dillwyn, on the eventful occasion of the triumph of Abolition in Parliament, with these hastily-written words,—"*The bill has passed!*"

introduced by his intimate friend and neighbor, Ann D. Alexander, daughter of William Dillwyn, and half-sister of my cousin, Susan Emlen. That visit I have recorded in my "Summer's Jaunt Across the Water;" but I have not related in that veracious volume that Ann Alexander was so intimate with Clarkson (as it turned out in conversation during our ride to Playford) that she went frequently to the bent old gentleman to comb his hair! a soothing operation particularly acceptable from her gentle hand, accompanied, as it was, by her sweet voice and agreeable conversation.

LIFE AT SAMUEL EMLEN'S, WEST HILL—PASSION FOR BOOKS.

At my cousin Emlen's there were constant evidences of wealth, such as our home did not exhibit. New English books formed a source of intellectual amusement there provided for our instruction. Frequent packages of new and good volumes from London correspondents were a great delight, and the better class for young readers were often my portion, provided by my loving cousin Susan. Probably thus was formed the insatiable love of reading which has never forsaken me, still remaining my great resource, preferred to every species of society, having read the latter through and through and cast aside. I believe it may be safely said that for forty years, eight hours of every day, or nearly so, have been employed in reading of the most miscellaneous character, often the best books, but too often the lighter kind.

Near the clock at West Hill (which I have since added to my stock of domestic comforts, from the sale of the effects of Philip Physick, Samuel Emlen's nephew, when the former died, after the loss of his paternal and parental estates) there was a cake-closet, under the supervision of my cousin's companion and reader, Sally Sharpless. There remains to this day an agreeable association between the striking of that clock every quarter of an hour and "jumbles," the flavor of which it is most soothing to remember. Old people should recollect that children are always hungry.

The parlor, containing the English barometer; the master's library, stored with valuable books, to which I was rarely admitted; the colored man-waiter; the garden, under charge of a thorough Scotch gardener, and full of the most delicious strawberries and raspberries, are pleasant evergreens in the memory of one who had the free run of all out-doors. I was never so much delighted as when granted liberty to bring out a little effective English fire-engine, and wet myself in vain exertions to make it play over the house. That old engine! I rarely see the boys in Philadelphia in high glee with larger and more powerful apparatus, but I pardon their enthusiasm! What would have been my delight if it had been heightened by companionship with beings of my own age! But I was compelled to toil at the pump and buckets alone, and then exert my feeble powers *solus*, to elevate a stream that generally fell short of the top of the parlor windows, unless, indeed, the colored man would become inflamed with a similar ambition, and, stealing from his knives and forks, "lend a hand." Thus reinforced, we were able to send the water to the roof, and enjoy the approving smiles from behind the curtains.

#### RECREATIONS WITH GOOSE-EGGS AND YOUNG DUCKS.

Serious to the young are the mortifications for want of knowledge in our childish days, and many are the accidents that befall them. Two or three misfortunes which occurred here seemed at the time to be positive evils, though really only trifling in their nature. Once, accompanying a cart to West Hill, I appropriated two goose-eggs, which, for size, delighted me. To conceal them, I placed one in each pocket of my roundabout, the garment being clean and whitish. By the jolting of the vehicle they went the way of all eggs and were broken, causing me to return home in a pitiable plight. On another occasion, never having up to that time beheld a brood of young ducks, I amused myself with treating a brood as I treated the young chickens at home. The first one which I threw high in air came down plump, and met an instant death from want of the supporting wing feathers. Thinking it was not very smart for

its age, I repeated the experiment on another, and in succession brought several to an untimely end.

#### INDIANS AND WILD DEER.

Will it seem to you that I am writing the early history of New Jersey (as my great-uncle, Samuel Smith, really did) if I here say that we had live Indians about us? We really had a family of Indians, squaws, papposes and all, living in our woods, only four miles from Burlington. They had a hut, and lived by begging, depredations, and making baskets of white-oak splints, obtained from our best-growing young trees. A terror to me were these Indians and their little dog! Once they passed me while I was up a cherry-tree. Drunk and noisy, they walked beneath without discovering my whereabouts; but a period, which seemed weeks to my terrified feelings, as they stopped to drink under my very feet, elapsed, before I felt entirely free from danger. Once or twice, also, I distinctly recollect wild deer making their appearance in our meadows near the woods, and the unsuccessful chase after them that ensued. But even yet, as Freneau beautifully writes,—

“By midnight moons, o’er moistening dews,  
In vestments of the chase arrayed,  
The hunter still the deer pursues,  
The hunter and the deer a shade.”

#### CAREER OF THE EMLENS—A GREAT AFFLICTION.

I may as well here give you the subsequent career of my cousins, the Emlens. While I was away at boarding-school Susan Emlen was attacked with cancer in the breast, and the announcement was received by my mother and all her relatives with consternation and dismay. Still more were they alarmed and disheartened when it was announced that she and her husband were going to her father’s, near London, to seek the best medical and surgical aid. Apart from the awful disease, which was the first consideration, our limited neighborhood was to lose one of its highly-valued members. Her beloved aunt, my mother, was overwhelmed with sorrow. They went; and thereafter there was a constant succession of long and most

highly interesting letters describing their lengthened packet voyage, arrival in London, particulars of minute family interest in relation to the English Dillwyns, etc., but most especially describing the progress of what proved at last to be the fatal cancer.

Susan Emlen, and Sally Sharpless, her companion, wrote volumes of letters to uncle John Cox, and to my mother and sisters, beautiful in diction, and filled with interesting particulars touching the good and great who then occupied public attention, and were more or less intimate at Walthamstow, William Dillwyn's residence. Pearson, the surgeon employed, tried *pressure* for the cancer, and with tight bandages excruciated my poor cousin's body for many months, but without benefit. Pearson was a fashionable surgeon, and, it would appear, a garrulous one, for many were the curious and entertaining anecdotes he related, all which came to us. If my sister Margaret would allow some parts of these letters to be copied here, they would prove as interesting as any book ever written under similar circumstances, and in my opinion even more so. The travellers were much of their time at lodgings, in the west end of London, or on the warmer Devonshire coast, Torquay, in winter, where uncle William accompanied them, perhaps, more than once, the two families residing in different mansions.

My cousin Susan's second mother, it would appear, did not receive her step-daughter with the cordiality that her merits and the relationship called for. Wounded in mind thereby, and sore in body, she and her husband returned to Burlington, to be near medical aid, especially of Samuel Emlen's brother-in-law, Professor Philip Syng Physick, then our most eminent American surgeon. After one awful operation with the scalpel to extract the cancer, performed at West Hill, in presence of my agonized mother, they removed to the town, occupying in succession the houses now in tenure of Henry C. Carey (once occupied, and even built, by one of my great-uncles), and that of Joseph Askew, which my sister Rachel owned, and which I sold for her to Matelot, a Frenchman, who planted the long row of noble French chestnut-trees now lining the street. In

the latter house my admired and beloved cousin died in heavenly serenity, faithfully nursed by my mother, my sisters, Margaret and Rachel, and Sally Sharpless.

Tears, many and fast, fell as I recorded the last sad event. It was one we all felt as a wound from which our hearts were never to recover. Tears fell fast, and not few, from my eyes and those of her good half-sister, Ann D. Alexander, at Ipswich, England, on my visits to her in 1845 and 1850 (and since, in 1865), as we recounted to each other our several reminiscences of such virtue and beauty as rarely visit earth. Ann's voice and eyes were strikingly like those of our beloved departed. Through this connection I enjoyed the pleasure of the society of all her sisters in England, and an invitation from their distinguished brother, Lewis Weston Dillwyn (of whom more anon), to visit him at his princely establishment at Swansea, in Wales; an invitation I very much regret it was not in my power to accept. From their father, but especially from their mother (Weston), these connections received large possessions. The brother and one sister have left the Society of Friends, but Ann Alexander and Judith Bevan remain steadfast in the faith. Both myself and my son Robert (and since then my wife and daughter) will long remember their friendship and great kindness and hospitality. Judith's husband, Paul Bevan, possessed a singular collection of heads carved in ivory by one of his ancestors. These I inspected, and was no less surprised than delighted to handle and examine the original ivory bust of William Penn, the original from which, or rather from an enlarged copy of which, the portrait in Proud's "History of Pennsylvania" is taken. From that and another likeness in my possession, I had Penn's portrait painted, and presented it to the Loganian Library. By request of my friend, Granville John Penn, when I was at Stoke Park, I had copies of this and of the portrait of James Logan made and forwarded to England, to be placed in their great picture gallery. A letter from Granville acknowledging the receipt, and touching on many other matters, will be found among my papers.\*

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\* In 1865 I saw these portraits hanging *vis-à-vis* at Pennsylvania Castle.

After the death of Susan Emlen her husband distributed his wife's property among her heirs, being her cousins, among whom was myself. West Hill farm, her property, he gave to my brother Richard, with certain reservations of annual supplies of wood and fruit to himself, which made it an onerous gift. But it was a better improved and planted place than Green Hill, and my brother removed to it. Samuel Emlen, in making this conveyance, expressed his wish that it should always continue in possession of descendants of John Smith, meaning the heirs of *my* grandfather and *his* wife's grandfather, as a house suitable for the entertainment of good travelling friends, and for the support of the family dignity. But his own property went to his Physick nephews and nieces; one of the latter married Commodore Conner.

#### ARE THE OLD FAMILIES DYING OUT?

I may here observe, though I shall have occasion to repeat it, that of all the Smiths, descendants of the first settlers of Burlington County, once so numerous and so eminently respectable in that locality, my nephew, Dillwyn Smith, remained a long time the sole married man of the family in the neighborhood, and he has no children to continue the name. Edmund Morris, Richard F. Mott, and a few, perhaps one or two only, of Joshua Raper Smith's and John D. Smith's sons still remain near the graves of their numerous ancestors, like the remnants of the Indians in my father's woods, soon to disappear. Does this case, and many, many kindred ones in the city of Philadelphia, assist in confirmation of the theory lately broached, that man in America is destined to degenerate and become extinct whenever the stream of immigration from foreign shores shall cease to replenish the veins of our people?

## CHAPTER V.

Our Pedigree again—My Burlington Amusements—Samuel Smith, the Historian—Samuel J. Smith, the Poet—Life at Hickory Grove—My Female Cousins—Smith's Poems not known—A Literary Circle—The Changes at Burlington—My Uncle Richard Hill Morris.

## OUR PEDIGREE AGAIN.

My children will, perhaps, be desirous of tracing their family, and for various reasons it is proper they should be able to do so. The settlement of so great a country as that of the United States implied on the part of immigrants and their children rather the grappling with hard work than the preservation of family records. It has been my fortune to have very many applications, and to witness fruitless searches made at the Philadelphia and Loganian Libraries by descendants of the pioneer families, anxious to discover when and whence they came. It will always be interesting to future generations to possess this knowledge of their origin. Fortunately one of my predecessors took the precaution to prepare a careful record of dates and particulars, which is fairly copied out in a large manuscript book in my library. See also a copy of the same in this work.

By that record you will find that the Smiths are traced to Yorkshire, England, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Bramham, in Yorkshire, was the place of their residence. Richard Smith No. 1 was baptized on the 10th of May, 1593. His son, Richard No. 2, an only son, was baptized October 15, 1626, and became a preacher among Friends, though educated for the gown. His son John came to America, and settled at Burlington, New Jersey, in 1677, but, hearing of his father's death, he returned to England, and died at sea on his second voyage to America.

The other children of Richard No. 2, who came to America, were Deborah, who died unmarried; Daniel (married Mary Murfin) an ancestor of Daniel B. and Margaret M.; Joseph, who had a son Joseph, and left no other descendants; Emanuel,



the ancestor of the Coxe and Eyre branch; Emanuel Eyre was a descendant; Samuel came in 1690 odd and settled first in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and afterwards at Burlington, which county he represented in Assembly in Governor Hunter's time, as appears by the *Assembly Journal*, Lib. B. He is the ancestor of Joshua Raper Smith and of my nephew, Richard No. 8, my brother Morris having married a daughter of Joshua's brother, Robert Smith, long the editor of *The Friend*, a Quaker periodical.

Richard No. 3 also came over to Burlington, where he was for twelve years a member of the King's Council. Richard No. 4, son of Richard No. 3, had a son John, born January 20, 1722, my grandfather, who married Hannah Logan, already alluded to. He was a man of most respectable and honorable character. It comes out in bold relief in the small paper-books or diaries which are among the family papers, being the journal of a portion of his life, from which I have extracted the most curious particulars into the previously-mentioned family record. He was distinguished as a public-spirited citizen. In addition to what has been already said concerning him, I may add that he was rather intimate with Dr. Franklin, who was present at his wedding, and from whom I find several notes among his accumulated papers. Dr. Franklin, you will find from others, was proud to be noticed by the Logan governing class.

This John Smith was also principally instrumental in founding the library in Burlington, where he had removed. The first edition of its catalogue is in my possession, and shows him to have been the principal donor. He spent his leisure in reading, and was fond of the then customary employment of copying into common-place books those sentiments and sententious remarks of favorite authors which he approved. Many large volumes, in folio, thus filled by him are in my possession, written in his bold round hand. From these manuscripts and my own reading I supplied the *National Gazette* for a long period with a series of good and brilliant sentiments which were very kindly received by the public, under the title of "Excerpts." These will be found pasted in one or more of the

volumes. See, also, his character in Proud's "History of Pennsylvania," Vol. II., page 232. I may add the curious fact that his son James copied in an exceedingly neat hand and manner the entire Old and New Testaments, which are now in possession of his descendants. A labor of love, but how unnecessary!

My grandfather, John Smith, was also an author of decided ability. I have before me a small octavo of sixty pages, entitled "The Doctrine of Christianity as held by the People called Quakers, Vindicated: In Answer to Gilbert Tennent's Sermon on the Lawfulness of War. The second Edition. Philadelphia, printed by Benjamin Franklin and David Hall, 1748."

Tennent was an Episcopal clergymen who preached War! War! and its lawfulness, expediency, and humanity. In this volume my grandfather confutes all his arguments, exhibiting an amount of reading and argumentative force which is quite wonderful. I doubt if any better can ever be adduced from Scripture, from common sense, or from the nature of man.

On the day of its publication, by permission of the Quaker authorities, the Pembertons, etc., Hall said that he had never known, in London, a greater anxiety to procure a new book. A few copies were kept for personal friends, and the remainder were distributed gratuitously. A second edition was quickly demanded. Tennent set to work to refute it, and went so extensively into the argument that he exhausted a vast amount of paper without proving himself at all equal to his opponent. There is no author's name on the title-page, but the preface is signed. In his diary he speaks very moderately of this production. The former may be consulted for further particulars.

In clearing out the library of Dr. Morton's mother, I was fortunate in finding a copy, and there are at least two in the Philadelphia Library. I should wish one of my sons to retain mine in perpetuity. It is rather an odd coincidence that the very day I wrote the foregoing, the historian, Westcott, in his account of Philadelphia after the occupation by the British, should publish the fact that, there being a great want of wadding for the American army, search was made for old paper in Dr. Franklin's garret, and there, he says, was found a great

quantity of Gilbert Tennent's sermons in favor of war. These were put to very proper use by being blown away as cartridges!

It would appear that my grandfather used the cellars of his dwelling-house for the curing of salt provisions, and since my time I can recollect the cows of Burlington would stop by the hour to lick the outer walls of the cellar, impregnated, as they were, with salt. He was a sturdy, thick-set, well-to-do man, and was prominent in the Colony. He and his father furnish the only successful merchants in the long line of Burlington Smiths, whose characteristics, as a race, might probably be set down in a few words. They possessed proverbial *integrity*, but were somewhat *indolent*. One or two of the older race whom I can remember were fond of fishing by "deep-seas" in the Delaware, in which employment they would pass the day in perfect content. My first cousin, John J. Smith, inherited this love of fishing. He resided many years in Bristol, during the summer months, and seemed to look on this mode of recreation with great delight.

#### MY BURLINGTON AMUSEMENTS.

I remember, too, a little old Joseph Smith, Surveyor-General of the State of New Jersey, a bachelor, living with an old maiden sister, who spent much of his time in this way. There were then no steamboats to endanger the little batteaux which they anchored in the river, or to frighten away the fish, and I must confess that during my school days and years I loved the sport as much as any. To this end I was allowed to keep and navigate a boat, provided I would scrupulously promise not to use a *sail*. This promise I usually kept to the letter, but may now confess, without fear of the forfeiture of the boat, given me by a mother's kindness, that the family umbrellas were often hoisted in a spanking breeze, my sister Rachel's new green parasol, with ivory stick, serving for a jib, in which service it was on one occasion carried away, and the two mainsails split to atoms.

Those happy days and quiet times are gone! Burlington has been invaded by a furious railroad and numerous steamboats, and my family there is nearly extinct.

"Where are ye, happy days, when every bird  
Poured love in every strain!  
Ye days when true was every idle word,—  
Return, return again!"

Such are the mutations of society, and such the fate of families,—the places that knew them so well know them no more. Carey's house was my great-uncle Richard's, and the huge buttonwoods before it were planted by him.\* This was the eccentric Richard Smith, caricatured by Cooper, the novelist, in "*The Pioneers*," under the name of Richard Jones, or Dickon. Cooper's father and Richard Smith were "sisters' children," as is often mentioned by Dickon, in the novel, and both were largely interested in Otsego lands.† Richard used to be much at my father's at Green Hill, where my sister Margaret remembers him as coming from long journeys on horseback, with sores worn in the horse by the saddle. He died at Natchez, during a horseback excursion to that region in pursuit of information or adventure, and is buried there.

SAMUEL SMITH, THE HISTORIAN.

My grandfather's eldest brother, Samuel, was treasurer of the Western Division of New Jersey, and a counsellor of the Colony, after representing the city of Burlington in Assembly many years. He will be identified to you by his celebrated "*History of New Jersey*," which was long a standard, and a much-read book, now very scarce. An uncut copy has been sold (1871) for two hundred dollars, but a common price now is twenty to twenty-five dollars. The original bill for printing the work is extant, in the possession of his great-grandson,

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\* Now, 1872, decayed and gone.

† Dickon says, several times in the novel, to the judge (Cooper), "We are sisters' children," which I believe they were, though what sisters I have not ascertained, so that Cooper, the novelist, has some of my blood coursing in his veins.

This paragraph, it so happened, was written on the very day, and near the hour, on which Cooper died. I had the pleasure of an acquaintance with the novelist, and enjoyed many a pleasant hour with him. Many invitations to visit him at Cooperstown I had no opportunity of accepting. He well remembered my uncle Richard.

Edmund Morris, of Burlington. This bill shows that the edition consisted of six hundred copies.

His son, "Uncle Joseph," or "Uncle Josey," as we called him, I remember well at his beautiful seat, Hickory Grove, near Burlington, when in old age he had been stricken with palsy. I was often invited to pass my holidays there, where a famous garden of fine fruit, a large warren of English rabbits, and hundreds of pigeons and poultry, gave me occupation and delight. Uncle Joseph's second wife was eminently a lady, as I well remember. She was the sister of Dr. Thomas C. James, Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. The only son of this nephew of my grandfather was Samuel J. Smith, the poet, of whom a memoir, with his poems, was published in 1836, by his cousin Amelia Smith, but owing to its being confided to an indifferent publisher, it never obtained the circulation which its rare merit most eminently deserved. Hickory Grove is now occupied (1861) by Hannah B. Mott, sister of Amelia Smith, and her son, Richard F. Mott. Uncle Josey always received me with great kindness, and uniformly asked me how my "*Hic, Hæc, Hoc*," came on, as I was then studying Latin in the Academy in Burlington, now taken down,—the site occupied by the brown-stone church built by Bishop Doane.

SAMUEL J. SMITH, THE POET.

"Cousin Sam," the poet, was the only child of "Uncle Josey," and was quite a character. He had acquired all he knew without going to school, for which he had an unconquerable aversion. But his reading was extensive, and he thence obtained an education. Possessed of a *mauvaise honte*, or bashfulness amounting to a disease, he carefully avoided contact with nearly all mankind but his cousins, my aunt Mary S. Morris, wife of Richard Hill Morris, and her sisters Jane, Amelia, and Hannah, and their mother, who resided in Burlington. To these he paid a daily visit on foot, chatted an hour, and then stopped at the post-office for numerous newspapers and other periodicals, and at the library on Seventh days, whence, loaded with books and papers, he retraced his steps homeward to devour the intellec-

tual feast he had collected. One peculiarity of his excessive diffidence was that of never taking a meal with company, not even with his most intimate cousins. The housekeeper of his bachelor establishment provided for him in a private apartment, but where, I never could discover. As soon as a meal was announced he took his hat and disappeared. His poems deserve a place among the best our country has produced.

#### LIFE AT HICKORY GROVE.

The dinners given at Hickory Grove, with my mother in company, have left a vivid impression of good roast ducks well stuffed, such as would favorably compare with the best English tables I have seen abroad. Wine was then habitually placed on the tables of plain Friends. In the biography of Samuel J. Smith, published by Amelia Smith, the characteristics of "Cousin Sam" will be found. Among his peculiarities was an ungovernable love of home. He had never slept but one night in Philadelphia, because of the noise; and though steamboats were quite common before his death, in 1835, at the age of sixty-four, he had never set his foot on board of one, and probably had taken only a furtive and distant glance at those innovators. My good cousin, Deborah Logan, of Stenton, had a similar aversion to railroads, and never travelled by rail, long as they had been in existence during her life. Possibly her distaste for innovation was increased by mortification occasioned by the Germantown Railroad running through Stenton's fine lawn, an indignity from which she never entirely recovered.

#### MY FEMALE COUSINS AT BURLINGTON.

These cousins, Jane, Amelia, and Hannah, were children of Richard S. Smith, eldest son of the historian. They were very agreeable, literary ladies, and from their talents and conversation, attracted a gay and fashionable circle around them. Hannah, the youngest, was really very handsome, and had various suitors from the gay Burlington circle, whose proposals she declined. Among these was ————, a gentleman of fine education and of polished manners, nephew to ————,

our ambassador to Russia, and afterwards mayor of Burlington. He was an assiduous visitor; but having had the misfortune to be engaged in a duel, in which he was badly wounded, his suit was rejected, and he was requested not to visit the house. This declination of further intercourse with him was a painful trial to her feelings; but it was induced by religious conviction that it was her duty to thus emphatically maintain her principles as a Friend, that wars and fightings are inconsistent with the Christian faith which she professed. Subsequently, her religious convictions so deepened that she abandoned her gay and fashionable style of dress, and put on the plainer costume of the Society in whose principles she had been educated. Time, however, wrought a change in the offender. He became penitent, confessed to her that he had done wrong, and asked and obtained her forgiveness. The broken link in the chain of their friendship was thus again made whole, and their former pleasant acquaintance suffered no further interruption until closed by his death. She married a very plain Friend, Robert F. Mott, of Mamaroneck, New York, son of the celebrated preacher, Richard Mott, who soon left her a widow, with one son, now the owner of Hickory Grove.

After the death of Samuel J. Smith, a portion of his very respectable fortune came to each of my cousins, and to their brother, Joseph R. Smith. He soon became a confirmed invalid, broken down and bedridden, and so remained for years, unable to enjoy the wealth devised to him, though the principal legatee. At his death, having never married, his four sisters succeeded to his property.

This brother Joseph had lived a life of adversity and indolence, only to inherit the fortune too late. He was always looking for employment, provided it was perfectly *genteel*, but to one of his deficient business ability, few such opportunities turned up. An anecdote, at which I have often smiled, occurs to me here. Joe read carefully, every morning, the advertisements giving hopes of employment, and one day ran round to No. 136 Market Street, where, it was stated, "regular occupation" to a competent person, "capable of keeping accounts,"

would be given. Expectation was at its height, until inquiry developed the woful fact that the employé's duties were to consist in grinding a hand-organ, and receiving admission money to a wax-figure museum! Poor as Joe was, he was entirely too genteel for promotion to a post of this description. Nothing "turned up" for him until he was "turned down" for life to his bed and garden-chair. In the latter, without a moment's premonition, death came upon him by apoplexy.

The fortune, however, was not thrown away. The sisters made excellent and prudent use of it, and enlarged their mode of living. The eldest, Mary S. Morris, also resided in Burlington at the time of his death, after having experienced, in Philadelphia, many vicissitudes with her husband. Here, after several years of widowhood, she and her sister Jane deceased. The same house also sheltered the widow of William Henry Morris and her children; and from this hospitable mansion my nephew Dillwyn Smith married Elizabeth, one of William's daughters.

My aunt Mary was a woman of superior taste and talent, as indeed were all the sisters. She captivated society by her conversation, and by the charm of an agreeable voice, and embellished her home by graceful works of art, the product of her own hands. She would have shone in any circle. The productions of her pen, sometimes published, were extremely beautiful, as she shared in the poetic talent occasionally exhibited by her sisters Amelia and Hannah. She was the second wife of Richard Hill Morris, and the mother of his children. There was a vein of wit and humor, tinctured with a little sarcasm, about the four sisters, which, though keen and racy, was uniformly playful, never degenerating into censoriousness. It was greatly to my liking, and made me, during my short bachelorhood, their frequent visitor.

SMITH'S POEMS NOT KNOWN.

The unbusiness-like manner in which the biography and poems of Samuel J. Smith were printed and published has prevented the book from obtaining much circulation, and it may be said to be unknown. Either my own partialities for the author and his circle of topics are unduly influenced, or it is a



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case of unmerited neglect on the part of the public, that these effusions are rarely quoted or referred to. For delicacy of thought, melodious versification, and those peculiar and almost indescribable characteristics which constitute genuine poetry, they stand, in my opinion, among the best of our generation. The "Indian Boy" is perfect melody. In others the humor is equal to Gray, while in some the tenderness and pathos, and the eloquent expression of fervid religious feeling, has seldom been surpassed. His perfect imitation of Wordsworth's "Excursion" made in its day a widespread sensation both here and in England.

#### A LITERARY CIRCLE.

It was the influence of this portion of the family which planted in my mind the germs of my early love of literature. Many were the new books I so delighted in forwarding to them during my apprenticeship in Philadelphia. Among these was always an early copy of a new Waverly novel, which, by special arrangement with the publisher, I was in the habit of procuring, at two prices, two days before the publication, lying awake two nights to peruse, and then sending it, on the great day when it was made public, to my literary friends, with the announcement that I had read it! Their thanks and bright smiles were abundant reward. Scott's Poems I had enjoyed, in their copies, when I was a few years younger.

Happy, happy days, to which I look back with so much pleasure! Days which were brightened by the smiles of older female friends, whose good sense and fine taste infused their refining influences into the whole structure of my boyhood.

#### THE CHANGES IN BURLINGTON.

Hickory Grove I have not visited for a very long time, nor can I now enter the precincts of old Burlington without sad and painful feelings. Where once my family were so numerous, and where every door was open, I now meet only strangers. Where every face greeted me, now almost no one recognizes my presence, my name, or my family. I look down upon the graves of a race of ancestors without memorials to recite their

deeds, or even to identify their exact resting-places, and in the retrospect can find but one consolation,—that each in his day and generation was distinguished for integrity and purity of character; that as far as my knowledge and inquiries have extended, there has been no rogue among the list. They sought the “better part,” and journeyed through their various duties and allotments, with a view to the attainment of a better country, winning the respect of their contemporaries and the love of their connections.

MY UNCLE MORRIS.

Having in this connection alluded to my uncle Richard Hill Morris, I may here trace his varied career. He is the “Dick” of my grandmother Morris’s Revolutionary Journal; was a youth of bright intelligence and expectations, but in early life encountered many business disappointments. His first wife was Mary Mifflin, but she died early, without children, and he subsequently married, as before stated, Mary Smith, one of the quartette of intellectual and literary ladies, the intimates of the poet. In disposition he was amiable and sprightly, in manner eminently courteous, and abounded in anecdote relating to the men and the events of Revolutionary days, as well as in narratives of family histories. Many were the incidents he delighted to recount of individual families, their origin, their ascents and descents in life, among the people prominent in his and my day. From him I probably acquired much of that love of family gossip and tradition whereof you now have before you such rambling specimens. We have many times discussed descents and pedigrees, and together were able to detect the now wealthy and pretentious parvenues whose progenitors were leather-breeches makers, barbers, tavern-keepers, or ladies’ shoemakers. He must have been a very popular member of his circle, as he possessed great vivacity and wit, conversed with great fluency, and was a good musician.

Many years before retiring from business in Philadelphia to Burlington, he had recovered from his early disasters, and attained to absolute pecuniary comfort. At no period of his life

participating in the turmoil of political strife, though at all times a close observer of what was passing in the national arena, his last years were marked by an increasing indifference to all mere worldly things. His religious convictions, always decided, and the uniform regulators of his whole life, grew stronger as he perceived the end approaching, and when that end came it was so peaceful as to leave to his surviving family the true consolation which the Christian only can realize. He died at Burlington in 1841, in his eightieth year.

RICHARD S. SMITH.

Richard S. Smith, the father of my Burlington cousins already described, was a son of the historian, and a merchant in Philadelphia, having a summer residence at Moorestown, ten miles from that city. His wife was Hannah Burling. He died in 1796, at Moorestown, of yellow fever, contracted in Philadelphia, in the forty-fourth year of his age. His portrait is in possession of Richard F. Mott, of Burlington, his grandson, and shows him to have been a man of beautiful presence. His letters were written to his daughter Mary (afterwards Morris) when being educated by the Moravians at Bethlehem. These are such models of composition and language, playful in style, graceful, tender, delicate, and affectionate, the outpourings of a loving father's heart towards a young and absent daughter, as to stamp him as inheriting a full measure of the brilliant literary talent so remarkably conspicuous in many of his family. Some few poetical letters to his daughter show that even in that department of literature he could have attained to high position had he chosen to make the effort. How large a portion of his talents was inherited by his daughters!

## CHAPTER VI.

My Brother Richard—Family Incidents—His Religious Character—My Religious Opportunities—My Brother Morris, and my Sisters Margaret and Rachel.

“I have remarked that a true delineation of the smallest man, and his scene of pilgrimage through life, is capable of interesting the greatest man; that all men are to an unspeakable degree brothers, each man's life a strange emblem of every man's; and that Human Portraits, faithfully drawn, are of all pictures the welcomest on human walls.”—CARLYLE.

## MY BROTHER RICHARD—FAMILY INCIDENTS.

IN prosecuting these pages under bodily suffering acting unfavorably upon mental powers, I am reminded of the remark of a young author:

“These recollections are to me like the wealth of a departed friend, a mournful treasure: to the public they are worthless; they are a coin which only circulates at its true value between the different periods of an individual's existence, and good for nothing but to keep a commerce between boyhood and manhood.”

But while I feel their worthlessness, I write on, because I should be glad to possess a current record of the same kind from the pen of several of my ancestors, and thus learn to see and know the exact character of their conditions.

My excellent brother Richard was one of the early scholars at Westtown Boarding-School, spared, as I have said, from the duties of our farm for the benefit of his education. The superintendence of its numerous duties thus devolved upon my sorrowful mother. From this school it must be recorded that he ran away, in consequence of some overly harsh treatment, in company with his and my friend, Lloyd Miffin, now my valued neighbor. They hid themselves under a bridge while their pursuers crossed it, but were captured and sent back, their teachers being punished for unwarranted severity. On my brother's final return home, the farm was consigned to him, and

my mother and sisters were permitted to enjoy more leisure and repose.

A happy period of our lives now commenced, enjoyed in the frequent visits of the Emlens, the Coxes, and our Burlington relatives and friends. Our new house, completed by my father previous to his death, was a great advance upon our former old and badly-constructed mansion. It was also supplied with modern furniture, and there was an air about it which to my youthful conception was really grand. The old bookcase was varnished up, and the best looking-glass reframed.

These I especially recollect from two deplorable accidents that befell them. My cousin Charles Logan Smith, son of my uncle James, a gay and rollicking young man, on one of his visits in blue coat and gilt buttons, mounted on one of the mahogany chairs to reach something on a high shelf. Hanging upon this, and leaving the chair, he was suspended by his arms, when the shelf parted from the desk below, and came down upon him with a crash, the chair, however, supporting its weight, and probably saving his life. The ink-bottle, about a quart, was broken in the general wreck, and spoiled our new carpet.

These cousins, like all other cousins in their young days, when turned loose in country houses, are very destructive; I dare say not more so than we were ourselves, for I remember my brother Morris soon afterwards let fly a large pocket-knife, which demolished our best mirror. Moreover, a covey of young partridges being brought into the parlor to display their beauty to the family, one of them suddenly escaped, and flew through the large pane of glass in one of our new windows. What was our astonishment on finding that the hole he made in going through was small, perfectly round, smooth and regular, leaving no splinters. He *whirred* through without seeming to find the glass an obstruction.

The snaring of partridges and rabbits in snow-time was to my brothers and myself an annual source of amusement. Richard's benevolence and love of natural objects induced him to keep the partridges through the extreme cold of winter in our

capacious bath-house. I well remember their delight when, on a fine morning, they whirled away with full crops, on the opening of their prison door. If recollecting rightly, we kept in this way very considerable numbers, and were next year rewarded with the familiar and delightful notes of the *Bob-whoits*. The rabbits were less mercifully treated, as they were eaten in pot-pies, while their skins, carefully nailed to the wagon-house door to dry, we boys exchanged at Jimmy Sterling's famous store in Burlington for pocket-knives or raisins and almonds.

Richard's character, on his return from boarding-school, soon showed itself. He became serious and thoughtful, and felt the care and responsibility, as the eldest brother of a fatherless family. He executed the needful business with a view to their benefit, and promoted the comfort of all about him in a manner which, for one so young in years, appears to me, at the distance of more than forty years, truly astonishing. He worked *hard* with the men during the day, and at night taught them, and the other family helpers, with unwearied patience; paid the wages, in produce or money; drove us to meetings, where, as my sister has related, he became a bright leader, or to neighbors' of an evening, all with unflinching regularity. I remember his putting up the horses, at ten o'clock of cold wintry nights, when the men had gone to bed, a species of employment to me especially distasteful. Whether this was owing to my now known defective sight in the dark I know not; but ungearing horses at night appeared then to me, as it still does, a species of unmitigated martyrdom which, somehow or other, I was generally called upon to suffer.

#### HIS RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

My two brothers, Richard and Morris, were, by universal consent of both males and females, *very* handsome.\* Richard, immediately on returning from school, assumed the strictest plain garb of our sect, and when arrayed in his best was cer-

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\* My aunt Rebecca P. Morton often told me that uncle Richard was a rarely handsome man, and none equalled him in gentlemanly bearing.—E. P. SMITH,

tainly then, as he continued to be during his short life, one of the handsomest men I have ever looked upon. There was an amiable nobility of soul irradiating his whole countenance and conspicuous in his demeanor, so much so as to impress every beholder. His range of female acquaintance and association was very limited, and his heart, I believe, remained unscathed by individual preferences until the removal of my wife's grandfather, Isaac Collins, to Burlington, when he courted and married his daughter Susan. The convictions of duty and a deep sense of religious feeling soon brought down the lofty spirit of the young man, and at an early age he appeared publicly in prayer and exhortation. The scene (described by my sister on a preceding page) of his first public speaking was an affecting one to his widowed parent and her friends. How distinctly I remember the silent ride home and the quiet of that Sabbath! It seemed as if we had all been elevated beyond the things of time, and transported to the society of angels; and the spirits of our justified ancestors seemed to hail the coming of a new soul to their enjoyments, and to welcome a redeemed mortal to the opened gates of heaven. His gift in the ministry continued to be enlarged, but it was persuasive rather than doctrinal, and sprung from a firm conviction of the desperate wickedness of our nature when unredeemed by grace and a change of heart. His wife, also, was a minister, and continues to speak acceptably in the meetings of Friends.

#### MY RELIGIOUS SURROUNDINGS.

Thus was I surrounded by excellent and pious people. Many of our nearest and dearest relatives were ministers. My uncles George Dillwyn and John Cox were among the most esteemed and eminent in the Society in America. My brother and his wife, and their brother-in-law, Stephen Grellet, are to be added to the then list of preachers with whom I had more or less of almost daily association. In addition to these, our circle included other lesser lights. Uncle Dillwyn's preaching was piquant; nay, a meeting without hearing his musical voice was rare during my boyhood. Especially was he emphatic in re-

hearsing the beautiful passages of the poets of the Old Testament. One of his favorite citations sounded rotundly in my ears, and now occurs to me,—“Who is he that cometh from Bozrah, with dyed garments from Edom? He hath trodden the wine-press alone,” etc.

To the very young and thoughtless there may be too much preaching, and too much of silent sitting. We rarely went to Uncle Dillwyn's, and he rarely came to our house, or to my grandmother's, without a sitting, a sermon, and a prayer. To me, tired with work or play, and in after-times, when we resided in Burlington, with hateful school- and taskmasters, these long and frequent evening sittings were beyond measure annoying. I cannot truthfully use any other phrase. To escape them, with the everlasting efforts to keep awake, was the stimulant to much contrivance, though but rarely effectual.

I believe many young people are or were driven into dislike of the peculiarities of Friends by these confinements and a too scrupulous punctilio as to the regular attendance of meetings at immature ages. Sleepy meetings are not profitable to old or young; and long ones of this kind (Burlington meetings were always long, at least to me, and by the clock) are generally unprofitable to youth, if there has been no previous care or effort, as in my case, to explain and teach the principles of the Society.

When my brother married, my mother removed with her family to Pearl Street, in Burlington, occupying a house that had long been in the family, having descended to my father's sister, the first wife of John Cox. This, though old, was fitted up to be extremely comfortable. There was a fine large garden attached to it. Richard pursued his farming operations with the usual success of gentlemen farmers; that is, all the income he possessed, extraneous to the farm, went to pay wages and support others, while the whole together only made both ends meet. When Samuel Emlen, owing to the hopeless cancer of his wife, determined to abandon the more elegant farm near by, called West Hill, which, as before remarked, belonged to his wife, it was given to my brother with certain reservations of an



onerous character, such as supplies to be annually delivered to this rich and indolent man, who lived long to exact the full penalty of the bond. Thus, and by the greater expense necessarily incurred by so much more costly improvements, my brother received little or no benefit, unless it was in his house becoming the resort of much more company, requiring increased expense. His wife was amiable and hospitable, virtues which did not increase their worldly riches or comfort; and after struggling to keep within their income, and to be useful lights to their neighbors, my brother fell a sacrifice to a severe cold, terminating in pleuritic fever, in the winter of 1826. His last breath was breathed in my ear, while in a condition of unconsciousness which for some time previous had overtaken him.

#### MY BROTHER'S CHARACTER.

He was a preacher no less in words than in practice; had accomplished himself somewhat in medicine and surgery, and was the adviser of his poorer tenants and neighbors, occasionally letting blood for the sick; had studied the wants and diseases of domestic animals, and practised on them with great skill. One of his maxims, much enforced by word, was that every man should be always careful to have his will made. Yet, strange to say, he died without one, and I was obliged to administer to the estate. But this lapse of duty was to be accounted for by the circumstance of Samuel Emlen insisting on the farm being left to the only son, Dillwyn, to the unrighteous exclusion of the two daughters. This my amiable brother's sense of duty and justice would not allow him to do, and he died, as often happens, an example that we do not always practise what we most urgently preach.

I have spoken of my brother's personal appearance. Let me add that his conversational powers were remarkable for the extent of information they displayed no less than for the great sweetness of his musical voice and the amiable character of his mind. To interest the young, and to impart information and instruction, were his great delight. I came in for a full share of all this, and my visits to him were always marked by the

warmest welcome and the most intellectual gratification. For many years after my being apprenticed in Philadelphia we corresponded, and if any of his letters should be found among my papers, they will show how anxious he was for my eternal welfare, and that I should prosper in all good works.

Like so many of my family, he passed away early from works to rewards, before the separation in the Society of Friends, of which he was a shining ornament, as well as a rising one. His grandfather Smith was so precocious as to have been appointed clerk of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting young, at the age of nineteen; and my brother very early obtained that weight and consideration in the same body which is rarely accorded except to age and worth combined.

He left one son, Dillwyn, and two daughters, Maria and Rachel. The former was married young, to Josiah Reeve, a neighboring farmer's son, of an estimable family; and Rachel married Matthew Howland, of New Bedford, engaged, like his father, George Howland, in the prevailing and profitable business of that place, the whale fishery.

#### MY BROTHER MORRIS.

My brother Morris was a young man of great promise. He received a more liberal education than any of us. There was added thereto a native talent, with graces of person and of mind which made him a universal favorite. He drew and painted in colors a little, and possessed a natural talent for taking likenesses, of which the little painting of my grandmother Morris is an example. He has caught the very expression of her venerable countenance, and the attitude is equally perfect. Morris was a good classical scholar; went apprentice to the shipping business with Thomas P. and Henry Cope, began on his own account, and was joined by our brother-in-law, George Stewardson, under the firm of Smith & Stewardson, and for a time made money by packets between Philadelphia and Charleston, and by commissions on cotton and rice. Entering into a speculation in cotton, they made a very large sum. Next year, instead of retiring, content therewith, they

repeated the operation, and lost nearly or quite their all. George left him and went into a Market Street business. Morris was soon attacked with his fatal illness. After his decease, a settlement of his affairs showed that but little remained for his family.

His wife, your excellent aunt Caroline, was a daughter of Robert Smith, descended from one of the brothers Smith already mentioned as coming over to Burlington and settling it. She was therefore a distant relation. Morris left three children, two of whom died soon after him, and Richard Morris Smith, now pursuing the profession of an architect—a better one he is than Dickon, his predecessor of the name depicted in Cooper's novel of "The Pioneers."

MY SISTER MARGARET.

In this little family history I have unwittingly given precedence to my brothers. But by right of primogeniture my good sister, Margaret Hill Hilles, should come first, and my sister, Rachel Stewardson, before myself and Morris. Margaret was very young when our father died, and at once became her mother's right hand, performing all the duties and giving all the sympathy within the power of a child of her age. No doubt her amiable conduct and exemplary example proved the greatest consolation to our mother, and were blessings to us all. A bright intellect, and a lovely, penetrating eye, added to unbounded love for her younger brothers and sisters, especially the youngest of them, Morris, for whom no stretch of exertion and no indulgence she could command were too much, gave her, when combined with her greater age, the superior position among us. I am sensible that I owe her much. You, my dear children, have been fortunate in knowing this delightful aunt, and in experiencing her hospitalities and numerous kindnesses; but you can scarcely appreciate her influence on your minds and characters, flowing, as it did, through all your periods of childhood and youth, and ever marked by love and heartfelt wishes for your best interests in time and in eternity.

She married late in life, and about the same time as my own

happy union, Samuel Hilles, of Wilmington, Delaware, a good Friend, a gentleman in all his feelings and intercourse, and of much cultivation of mind. He accumulated a respectable fortune in the business of a female boarding-school, in connection with his elder brother, and retired some years since to the quiet repose of his own little farm and garden, and is, as you know, much respected in his neighborhood, and indeed wherever known. He is a bank director, an elder in the meeting, etc.

Their children are Gulielma M. Howland, married to Charles W. Howland, the brother of my niece's husband, Matthew, of New Bedford; William S. Hilles, who married the only daughter of Dr. Allen; the third child is John S. Hilles. I could say much of and in favor of this dear family of my eldest sister, did you not know them so well and esteem them so fully.

My sister is the depository of very many family papers and letters, particularly relating to the Hill branch, but she scrupulously locks them up,\* under an impression that I am too free in imparting the contents of documents which, while they connect our information respecting the departed, disclose scenes of a private nature which her nature shrinks from promulgating. She also possesses some portraits of our old aunts, Richard Hill's daughters, some plate of the Logan family, and other things of several branches of our relations, which are valuable as illustrative of our history.

#### MY SISTER RACHEL.

My valued and lovely sister, Rachel Stewardson, was the admiration of a select and somewhat extended circle of agreeable people. Through my office of her waiting beau to evening parties and associations, she was the means of introducing me into society. Lovely in person, manner, and mind, my sister had many admirers, and was addressed by a greater number of gentlemen than any lady I have known. These were of different circles, and of vastly different attainments, from mem-

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\* Since handed to me, copied out, and privately printed, 1854, forming a remarkable history of a family.

bers of the bar to merchants and gentlemen of fortune and leisure. I can safely say it was perilous for an unengaged bachelor to be introduced to her society, for to young and old she was a magnet charged with powerfully attracting forces. Her cheerfulness, and her charming, open-hearted address, made her the captivating centre of every circle, gay or plain, in which she moved. I was sometimes courted for her sake, but never knew, until later in life, how deeply she had impressed the feelings of her many admirers.

Rachel married George Stewardson, and has left three children,—Thomas, now studying law, John, a merchant, and Margaret, all of whom you so well know for their varied merit and talents.

My poor sister was a victim to consumption. She died in pious resignation, at the residence of my sister Margaret, at Wilmington, in 1839. Some of you must have pleasant recollections of your charming aunt. I desire you to cherish her memory, and to love her children as your own blood.

I have thus depicted the characters of my brothers and sisters, for your admiration and emulation. They were all decidedly good people, firmly convinced that the sure road to happiness is in honesty and the cultivation of the better affections of our nature. They were more—they were all religious characters, who discharged their duties as Christians, and in the true Christian's spirit, without any ostentatious performance of deeds of charity, and ministering to the sick and needy. They have gone from works to rewards, into mansions where I trust that you and I may be mercifully permitted to rejoin them. Love their memories and imitate their virtues if you would be happy here and hereafter.

## CHAPTER VII.

At Westtown School—Return to Burlington—An Apprentice to Strange Masters—My Studies in Philadelphia—My Old Teachers—Incidents of Apprenticeship.

1807.—Having dwelt, as I hope you will not say, at too great length on these particulars of family history, I may now proceed with some further personal recollections.

## AT WESTTOWN SCHOOL.

Before my mother removed from the farm of New Green Hill, and *before* I was nine years of age, I was sent to Westtown Boarding-School to receive the meagre elements of such education as was then attempted to be imparted at this institution; and I am free to say, that as regarded anything connected with *learning*, all that I can venture to be thankful for, as received inwardly here, was a correct knowledge of spelling, and some good groundwork in the art of reading aloud. All the rest was naught; nor can I remember one single lesson *attempted* even to be taught, explanatory of the principles of Friends. The whole duty of little boys appeared to be to dress in plain and uncouth clothing, to keep within bounds, to obey the ringing of a bell, and the sour tempers of at least several of the teachers.

But I am credibly informed this school has undergone great improvement since my time. The variety taught has been increased, more care has been exercised in the selection of teachers, and the comfort and moral standing of the scholars has been greatly advanced. As remembered by me, no institution under the guidance of people who desired to do right could well be worse, and I may here record some of the evils of the system pursued, because they mark an important advance in civilization in forty eventful years of American progress. Will it be believed that insects in the head was an almost universal evil among the boys, though a regular combing *in public* took

place once in a week? This was not our only evil; the *itch*, the veritable *Scotch fiddle*, often prevailed every winter, and the infected were stripped in squads of a dozen, before a huge kitchen fire, and annointed with lard and brimstone, which latter was liberally prescribed inwardly in molasses. I was once, at least, among the infected.

We taught each other vices of a degrading kind, the principal being that of theft from the institution, and this was considered meritorious. The greatest hero, for instance, was the most expert pie-thief. The pie-room was as carefully guarded as the temple of Janus, and was double locked; but a window, with iron bars, yielded to the ingenuity of a boy from Virginia named Jordan, and he long enjoyed his triumph with his "company," for we all divided off into companies for gathering nuts in our leaf-houses, and for mutual association and protection for good and evil. Stealing molasses, and secretly boiling it down with our nuts, was much practised.

The whole charge per annum, for education and boarding, was about eighty dollars; but the school was endowed, and under the care and charge of the Yearly Meeting, as it still is; and sufficient food of good quality should have been, as it probably now is, supplied to the scholars. This was not the case, nor was it by any means made palatable. Mush, very coarse, with milk, was our general supper, except on "pie-nights," and in our tea we often found cabbage-leaves. Whipping was a frequent punishment, which we learned to evade by creating stomach-sickness, by thrusting a finger down the throat and throwing up. Confinement to our seats, *in the cold*, unfurnished gallery, where we collected, and until late at night, in the dark, was much in vogue. In short, life was made unhappy by petty tyranny.

Our letters for home were always examined before they could be sent away, or we must resort to secret proceedings to get an honest account of our condition presented to our relatives. When a boy left school, he was usually *padded* with secret letters, and to one of these, written on a stump in the woods, was I indebted for deliverance from what seemed to me to be, and

really was, *a jail*. In this letter I implored, nay, “conjured”—how well I remember the insertion of that word—my indulgent mother to remove me from my unhappiness.

#### RETURN TO BURLINGTON.

On returning, after this pathetic appeal, I found the family residing in Burlington, and was sent to the Monthly Meeting School, under equally incompetent teachers, who, as before related, took to school-keeping because of being unqualified to earn their bread in any other way. Previous to entering this school I passed the winter in the family of my uncle John Cox, whose example and whose beautiful penmanship it was hoped I would imitate.

#### BECOMING AN APPRENTICE.

My residence in Burlington was for two or three years, in the latter part of which I was removed from the Friends' School to the Academy, to study Latin and mathematics, without any proper groundwork for the latter, and a thorough absence of habits of study to qualify me for the reception of the former. I did, however, learn the Latin grammar pretty thoroughly by rote, and so far that was an advantage; but much beyond it my indolence refused to proceed. Seeing this, my mother thought a new move was necessary, and a choice of business was offered me. As I had no knowledge of the world to help me choose, I was guided by a lame fancy that I should like to be a druggist. Most probably the choice was determined by the sight, in our book-room, of Gracey's old medicine drawers and bottles and salves, some of which remained to us when she departed this life.

A place in a drug-store was therefore sought in Philadelphia, and the best that offered was in Third Street. I was boarded in the cleanly mansion of an old Quaker lady near by, and singular to say, both my landlady and my “master” were *sots*, though every care, it was thought, was exercised in the selection, for my good Mrs. ——— was somewhat superannuated, and when her boarders did not meet her expenses she was



cared for by her brother. But she was superintended by her only servant, a perfect virago, named "Deb," who watchfully attended when we paid our board, and pocketed the money for household uses. The old lady continued, however, either from her son or brother, to have a stray half-dollar in her pocket, and for some time made me the unconscious purveyor of decanters of wine from the grocer's, or of gin, for her nightly use.

It was some time before I discovered that the red face of the good old plain Friend was caused by these kindnesses of mine. But I afterwards found that her tottering to bed early was not caused by age, as I once supposed, but by these "medicines," as she called them. My master kept a gallon bottle labelled "antimonial wine," for his private comfort, until, on unexpectedly returning, on one occasion, for my gloves, I saw him swigging it. He then resorted to black bottles labelled "castor oil." But my fellow-apprentice and I detected all his expedients; so he took to diluted alcohol, of which there was always a plentiful supply. Soon afterwards I left him in disgust, to enter the store of another, but more wicked rogue. These men died drunkards. They were wretched examples too common before the temperance movement; but that they should have occurred in my teacher, my landlady, and my two masters, *all Quakers*, will sound to your ears, some time hence, as curious enough.

#### MY STUDIES IN PHILADELPHIA.

I became fond of my new business, but the confinement nearly every evening, and every other Sunday, was extremely irksome. Fortunately I was fond of reading; possessed a share in the Philadelphia Library, and had a deposit in the Loganian, so that I mastered a heterogeneous amount of books that was appalling. I studied chemistry also, after a fashion; attended lectures on that science, then badly taught; on botany, geology, and history, so that, like the Cambridge boy, I came near going through the whole circle of the sciences, *and understanding them all equally well.*

The Abbe Correa de Serra was then the fascinating lecturer to large and fashionable audiences on botany, and used to astonish and delight us with the coruscations of his wit and the extent of his accurate knowledge. Once he said that the wild, red Virginia plum, if cultivated, would equal the nectar of the gods! Judge Cooper, now the judge, or rather Professor Cooper, at Columbia, South Carolina, was the able lecturer on geology. He astonished me by saying he could tell the character of any land, to ten feet in depth, if he saw the surface. I wondered, when he went to Carolina, and gold was found all around him, he had never made any discoveries. But these learned philosophers seldom benefit themselves by these studies in the way of accumulating wealth.

I also attended a course of lectures on natural philosophy, at the University of Pennsylvania, delivered by Dr. Robert M. Patterson, with whom I afterwards became intimate. These gave me great pleasure. Music afforded me intense delight, and so I accomplished myself, to some extent, on the flute and double-flageolet, taking lessons on the former, and practising at the store in the evening when attending shop.

I now made the acquaintance of my long-tried friend, and subsequent brother-in-law, Samuel George Morton, then residing in Front Street near Market, with his mother, a preacher of the Society of Friends, his stepfather, Thomas Rogers, and his sister Anna. Both Sam and I had a turn for reading, and he especially for study. We united in studying Hebrew together, at the drug-store of evenings. To me it was Hebrew "without the points," for I never pursued it, nor did he, I believe. It would be difficult to say what, in this multifarious jumble of undirected study, I did not attempt. If I gained but little accurately, I acquired a general taste for science and for literature which afterwards aided me in my labors of a popular editor, enabling me to judge of merit in various departments, however superficially, and to dash off a paragraph, with an allusion or an anecdote, which brought bread for my growing family. But it is not a course of study to be recommended, and must end, however pleasant to the idle *littérateur*, in defeat, when

brought into sober contact with real knowledge and educated attainments.

Yet I have pursued the same course in after-life. It has afforded this advantage,—that of making me, when the fit was on, companionable to a larger circle of well-educated men than I should otherwise have been, and enabled me to comprehend professors and others when conversing on their several topics. An attentive listener, comprehending the speaker, may generally find himself an acceptable companion.

Of society, at this period, I knew little or next to nothing, for my immediate family was in Burlington, and no one introduced me. Mixed female society has always had few attractions in my eyes, and of young men I saw, at my boarding-house, only a limited number of correct habits. With the latter, or alone, I made circuitous walks around Philadelphia, botanizing as I went, on days when I could leave the store. At the suggestion of Eli K. Price, now a successful lawyer, a Westtown acquaintance, I took with him lessons in fencing, to improve my gait and carriage, and became tolerably expert, because I liked its manly evolutions; and would advise all who value personal freedom of motion to do likewise. Our teacher in fencing was a poor old German named Fritz, so poor that his lessons were given in his one apartment where his wife and children slept, cooked, and ate.

#### MY OLD TEACHERS.

Fritz was a sturdy old Prussian, who delighted in teaching. When our period of instruction had closed, he gave us an entertainment by having all his old and new pupils assembled in this bedroom, his wife dressed up, and the baby lent out. We performed wonders by fencing in succession with all the pupils, old Fritz at our head, in a kind of a military dance.

I must not forget my lessons in French and German, taken of an old abbe named Varin. He was as fat and jolly, and smelled of musk and snuff as potentially, as could be desired. French I liked, and acquired somewhat thereof, but of German very little, nor have I pursued the latter since, though of French

I found I had enough, when in Europe, for travelling and occasional conversational purposes, and needed it, as my courier could only speak French. In this language I held an hour's conversation with the Minister of Commerce, in Berlin, who knew no English, when on my memorable visit in 1850, and on the day that Baron Humboldt honored me with an hour's interview.

*Poor* old Francis Varin! He had many scholars, but was always steeped in poverty. He lived on bread and cheese and milk, except, as he used to say, when he made himself a few apple-*dimlings*.

#### INCIDENTS OF APPRENTICESHIP.

During my three years of drudgery at the drug-store, where no great amount of business, either wholesale or retail, was transacted, my master allowed me to deal in the manufacture of durable ink, a business which I soon pushed into an extensive one, for an apprentice. The booksellers were my wholesale customers. One house in New York took many gross per annum, and I must have cleared several hundred dollars each year. As I received no compensation for my services, this little income was very acceptable for lecture-tickets, pocket-money, etc. The article I manufactured in the evening, and it was a genuine one, made from nitrate of silver, which I bought of an old German thermometer-maker in Second Street, father of Joseph Fisher, still in the same business in Chestnut Street near Second. He it was who so liberally devised a handsome sum to the Philadelphia Library. See his portrait in that institution, painted by Drexel, founder of a great banking-house.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Travelling in Those Days—Importing a Wife—Franklin Park—Up the Delaware  
—More of Early Travelling—Politics and Canal Digging—A Conestoga Wagon  
Line—The Old Turnpikes—Curious Cotton Facts—James Sterling, of Burlington.

## TRAVELLING IN THOSE DAYS.

WITH the money thus made by manufacturing ink, I gratified my propensity for travelling, and one summer S. G. Morton and his sister, and two ladies from New York, united with me to form a party for Niagara, etc. We went to Albany in the steamer "Chancellor Livingston," one of the early North River boats, then competing with the river craft, among whose owners they were very unpopular, and were occasionally run into and purposely damaged by the latter. We left New York at ten o'clock in the morning. At one, a fine-looking old black servant stood in the companion-way, which was built in the ancient ship style, and rang a hand-bell to announce luncheon, at which the forty or fifty passengers soon assembled in what appeared to us very good style; as much so as the advanced splendor of the present mode of steamboat conveniences and accommodations must strike the wayfarer from the interior of a new settlement. At four o'clock dinner was served in a satisfactory manner.

At breakfast-time next morning I well recollect going ashore at Livingston Manor, where there was a lengthened stop, and seeing our stately steward enter the "Chancellor's" spring-house, returning with cream and butter for our breakfast, and very excellent it was. We got aground below Albany, where we must have arrived about two o'clock, for dinner was over in the hotels, and some little grumbling had been heard that we had not been supplied with that meal on board. Our voyage must have occupied about thirty hours. We considered it a great feat against two tides and some wind. It was said in those days that Washington Irving had taken boarding by the week on this steamer, to observe manners for sketching.

We travelled in a coach and four, like green youths as we were, to Lebanon Springs, and when we returned to Albany, and the journey to Niagara was to commence, by post-coaches and extras hired at great expense, I found, to my great mortification, that I had only money enough remaining to get home; so left this pleasure party. The passage to Albany, or back, was eight dollars, meals included.

But this mode of travelling was luxurious in the extreme, when compared with that I had been accustomed to when younger. We made trips from Burlington to Philadelphia occasionally, on board the packet "*Mayflower*," a very small sloop, owned and commanded by old Captain Myers, the grandfather of the successful and wealthy John B. Myers, our prominent auctioneer.

Well, old Captain Myers depended much upon the tide, as well as on the wind. When circumstances were so far favorable that the one ran and the other blew in the direction of Philadelphia, sail was set, and the half-dozen passengers who had been watching vanes and studying their almanacs gathered on board, and if wise and provident, fortified with a basket of provisions. If the wind continued to be favorable, Philadelphia was reached in four or five hours; but lamentable was our condition if it did not; for when the tide turned we came to anchor, and passed the night on board in little, dirty bunks. The soiled sheets served for successive passengers, without being often washed.

I particularly recollect one such night when, fortunately for us, we had reached the old Bake-House, now Morgan's place, eight miles above Philadelphia, just as night set in. Captain Myers, with some reluctance, allowed two men to row my brother Richard ashore to buy *candles*, of which he kept none on board. They returned with a few *dips* of the worst kind, a bundle of fresh crackers and some gingerbread, for all were very hungry, having at the outset depended on what the captain always promised, a "quick trip." At noon next day we were landed at Arch Street wharf. For this service our short, squatty little captain was satisfied to receive a quarter of a dol-

lar. When no other freight offered for the return trip, he loaded his vessel with leached ashes, bought by the farmers of Burlington County to keep life in their sandy soil.

The great inconvenience in thus getting to and fro, especially to people residing on their farms, consisted in the want of punctuality in starting and arriving. The captain consulted not only the tides and winds, but his own convenience. As he held a monopoly of all the trade, and collected his own freights on barrels of mackerel and store- and country-goods, he was never ready to begin his perilous voyage at the proper time. I remember once we rose before day-dawn, hurried breakfast, and rode to Burlington, expecting an early start, as we had been promised. But when we arrived at the wharf, as advised to do *early*, the captain had not come on board. Going to his house, we found him just risen, and *about* to sit down to his matutinal meal, in his shirt-sleeves. He gave us half an hour's grace, which we employed in visiting my good grandmother, a visit we rather shortened for fear of being left. On returning, we found the captain had received the offer of taking a pair of fat bullocks and a flock of sheep, to get which properly penned, on the limited accommodations of our little deck, required an hour at least. When at length all was ready, the owner went back a mile or so to get the animals some provender, as advised by the mate, who was the only *hand* the captain employed. This kind of inconvenience—the vexation of continual delay—was repeated in the compulsory waiting we endured on Burlington wharf for the arrival of the “Mayflower,” when we expected one of the family, or a stranger, “up.”

Many were the weary hours we passed on the deserted wharf of the main street, looking out in the distance for the first appearance of the expected packet; and when she did heave in sight, if the wind lulled or the tide turned, it was only hope deferred. A whole day was thus lazily passed, and even then there was often further disappointment. No small loss of time this, to the farmer whose horses were wanted at home, and when food was to be supplied them from the tavern. What changes! What punctuality in starting and arriving!

The steam-engine runs with watch-like regularity, and we now go to Burlington, or return, by boat or rail, in a single hour.

IMPORTING A WIFE.

In the family chest of my grandfather, John Smith, I lately discovered two letters, and a reference to them in his journal. By connecting the three, the following little historiette is most distinctly made out. My grandfather was a merchant of those days, 1750,\* and owned probably the only London packets, which might have made, at most, two or three voyages each way in the course of the year. Governor Belcher, of New Jersey, who resided in Burlington, and who, by the frequent notes that passed between them, appears to have been very intimate with my grandfather, sent to England for a wife. In due time she arrived at Philadelphia in my ancestor's ship. Anchored below the city, this widow lady wrote to her consignee, John Smith, to know if he had any "orders" from the governor regarding her. This letter is extant, and will be found among my autographs. My grandfather mentions the fact in his journal, adding that he took his four-oared barge and escorted the lady to Burlington; that the governor met his expected bride at the wharf, and soon married her. This is an anecdote the verification of which at this period, not far from a hundred years since it occurred, is amusing enough.

FRANKLIN PARK.

This grandfather Smith bought of Governor Temple Franklin the place still called "The Park," on the Rancocas, where two of my sons went but lately to boarding-school. It was then a real park, with deer and other game roaming within its high boundary fences, the ditches of which were lately traceable. My mother has told me she remembered visiting at this park and enjoying the sight of the beautiful deer. Holidays were passed at Franklin Park.

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\* 1750 may not be the exact date.—E. P. S.



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UP THE DELAWARE.

Dr. S. G. Morton (then apprentice to B. H. Yarnall in the hardware business) and myself made another summer excursion together, which is memorable in my recollection. We hired a horse and chair for a dollar a day, and set off to enjoy a little tour, as well as to gratify the doctor's love for geological research. Our first point was the Durham Cave, or Devil's Hole, on the Delaware River below Easton, a small hollow in a tall limestone rock. I viewed it with a degree of admiration not exceeded by that which I felt when, many years afterwards, I walked on the Mer de Glace in Sardinian Switzerland, or in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. Next we stopped at a Dutch tavern in the vicinity, where my young companion knew that fine rock crystals were to be found. A farmer was ploughing the identical field we had come to see, and by treating him to a glass of drink and a few common cigars, we obtained leave to follow the plough for the remainder of the hot day. We were very successful, and brought home some transparent crystals of great beauty.

The Water Gap, and some other points of interest, and Schooley's Mountain, were successively enjoyed. A single great adventure or disaster occurred on this peregrination. On a sultry day we both fell asleep in the gig, and our steed drank to excess of a stream of limestone water. Before we could get to a tavern he began to swell, and gave unmistakable indications of extreme illness. Ungedged in a hurry, he fell and rolled about in agony, the swelling increasing to our great alarm. Death seemed inevitable, and my anxiety became extreme to know how he was ever to be paid for. Taking the landlord aside from the crowd, which had rapidly collected, I told him my fears, and asked him to value the horse in health, and give me a certificate. He replied bluffly, "Better give him some medicine," which he proceeded to do. It consisted of soot, salt, and whiskey, mixed in a porter-bottle. The quickness of the relief was really wonderful, both to the horse's ailment and to my youthful and despairing mind. In an hour or two we jogged onward.

## MORE OF EARLY TRAVELLING.

While on the subject of early travelling from Burlington to Philadelphia, I should have mentioned that the journey, of only seventeen miles, was in winter much more perilous and fatiguing. It was performed in an open-fronted stage, and several such rides, in bitter cold weather, with the ground covered with snow, are among my most uncomfortable recollections. I was, of course, rigged up in new shoes, and as they were *always* too tight, and stopped the circulation in the feet, which became like icicles, the suffering, during the four or five hours occupied in the journey was intense. The river was to be crossed, and when floating ice prevailed was considered dangerous, as well as excessively uncomfortable from the long exposure. It was, until very lately, when improved and powerful steam ferry-boats began to keep passages in the ice open all winter, a universal question to every Jerseyman returned from "the city," how the crossing was, and visits to market, or for friendly intercourse, were regulated by the answer.

But I have forgotten our uncomfortable position when we attempted returning home by packet. I was instructed, for instance, by letter to Westtown, at what hour to meet the "Mayflower" on my arrival in Philadelphia by stage, and if that was near to the hour indicated, I repaired to the wharf. Once, and probably oftener, she *had not arrived*, and there I sat, hungry and solitary, for many hours, guarding my trunks, and at length was compassionately invited, by a flour merchant, to wait inside his store.

I may also record that during a long period of several winters the intercourse between the two cities was carried on by the men on skates, and parties were frequently formed to visit Philadelphia in sleighs, over a beaten track on the Delaware extending all the way. I have thus driven a sleigh more than once, before the year 1812. A feat which long formed a veritable Burlington anecdote, and struck the fancy of us boys, was related of the then old Friend John Hoskins, father-in-law of John Griscom. He skated on from Burlington to Arch Street wharf, for a banter or wager, went ashore and bought a loaf of bread

hot from the oven, engaging that it should be warm enough, on his arrival in Burlington, to melt butter, thus indicating the rapidity of his movements. He accomplished his task in time by buttoning the loaf under his coat.

Before I went apprentice the War of 1812 had been declared, and business of every kind was at a stand. Burlington, proverbially dull, was now very remarkably so; but to us, school-boys, it was enlivened by the frequent arrival of United States sailors on their way to the Lakes. And here let me show you how they were transported, for their mode of locomotion marks forcibly one of the changes in our great country. From whence they had started we had no newspapers to inform us, for everything that did and did not happen was not then sought for and recorded as at present, when it may be said we know everything *before it happens, and when it occurs it is not true!* Vide much news by telegraph, etc.

The sailors came up, crowding the deck of the little "Mayflower," swearing at Captain Myers, who, I veritably believe, wished them all at the bottom of the Red Sea. When arrived at Burlington, they lounged and loafed about at Hutchins's tavern near the wharf. Drunken old Hutchins, by the way, had a very pretty daughter, who married Captain Deacon, of the United States navy. Here the sailors impatiently waited until horses and wagons sufficient for their transportation could be hunted up, for, being unannounced, nothing was ready *but the whiskey!* One farm-wagon, without either springs or top, taken forcibly from the setting hens, drove up in succession and received the living cargo of heroes, who were slowly and painfully driven through deep sands to Amboy in a period varying from twenty-four to forty-four hours, according to the depth of the sand and the ability of their steeds. The long journey through an unsettled region offered a fine open field for desertion. At Amboy the foremost wagon-load waited for the hindermost to arrive, and then for another packet to receive them, in the course of a day or two more, and land them in New York. All these miserable delays occurred when the requisition was for *immediate* aid. Then followed a slow sail

up the North River, and then more abortive attempts at rapid travelling from Albany succeeded.

This narration marks some of the surprising changes I have lived to witness. In my book entitled "*Historical and Literary Curiosities*," a fifth edition of which has just issued from the store of Putnam, in New York, you will be amused to see a picture of the "flying machine" to New York. That was our amusing anecdote. But I lived through and travelled in the whole succession of post-coaches between the two cities, and remember well a bet that was made that a party of four gentlemen would breakfast in Philadelphia, go in a coach-and-four to New York, and dine, on their return the same day, at Head's Mansion House. By great efforts and numerous relays the thing was accomplished, but they breakfasted and dined by candle-light.

Then came the street placards for several seasons, "*Through to New York in one day, and by daylight !!!*" We then thought the two places were near enough together to even intermarry with the fair daughters of the then less enterprising Gothamites. Of course I took advantage of the opportunity! Oh! the horrors of post-coaches, as we transported each successive baby to Gotham for the amusement of the grandparents. Steamboats conveyed us to Trenton, when the tide served, or to a point below when it did not; and then commenced the crowded and dusty ride over dreadful roads to New Brunswick, where we lodged, not slept, for baby generally cried too much for that, and resumed our journey on the morrow. On returning, we lodged at Trenton. This, remember, was long after the introduction of steamboats, in that dreary interval of waiting for the invention of railroads.

#### POLITICS AND CANAL-DIGGING.

On this subject an anecdote, for the truth of which I can vouch from my own knowledge, and from the often-repeated confession of the engineer and architect, William Strickland. On the invention of railroads he was sent to England by the Pennsylvania Internal Improvement Society, a self-constituted

body of which I was a member, sometimes acting as secretary, to ascertain, before the cost of the Pennsylvania canals had gone very far, which was our best plan for the future, railroads or canals. He executed his mission faithfully, and returned to us entirely prepared to report in favor of railroads. To this end he had prepared drawings and calculations, and said, in familiar conversation, that they must ultimately supersede canals. And now comes the queer part of the story. The Democrats, with William E. Lehman at their head, had made the canal system popular by letting contracts to the faithful of the party, at rates which ultimately ruined our finances and brought us to the verge of virtual repudiation.

Of railroads these partisans had never had any experience, and knew not whether contracts to build them *would pay*. So, after due consideration all round, that old pamphlet writer, Matthew Carey, who was the most active, if not the most intelligent, of our new society, decided we never could carry the elections and the railroad system, and Strickland agreed to meet the exigency by *reporting in favor of canals!* And so report *he did*, giving reasons which were accepted as valid. We lost our money, no small sum, paid to Strickland for a mistake. Pennsylvania went on in her career of extravagance and log-rolling, expended over forty millions of dollars, and now we are making the Pennsylvania Railroad at an immense outlay of private capital, to supersede the canal. I will here say for myself, that I always protested against this decision by my pen, as well as among the members of our Society, but the thing was to be.

#### A CONESTOGA WAGON LINE.

Previous to the canal system getting under way, I was one of a society of merchants and traders in Market Street, who thought they saw the necessity of Philadelphia making a grand effort to connect herself with the great West, and compete with, or throw in the background, our rival for the trade, Baltimore, which was making great efforts to seize the prize. That city then *was* a day or two nearer to the Ohio at Wheeling than we to Pittsburgh, by means of the National Road,

then a theme of universal admiration. We met, subscribed, and actually organized a regular line of Conestoga wagons to Pittsburgh. One was to start every day at about a fixed hour, and thus we were to have a regular and steady pull to connect the transmontane country with our seaport. It was organized, and somewhat successful for a short period. The wagons were owned by the company, but the horses were too expensive for our capital, and were therefore hired. Their poor German owners soon took it into their thick heads that we were depriving their yawning mouths of bread, for we paid a fixed price per horse per ton conveyed, and they could take no advantage of a scarcity of transporters. They therefore all struck simultaneously, and left our valuable merchandise standing in our wagons on the long and dreary turnpike.

So ended the first attempt at regular communication with the Ohio. Soon after, the Baltimoreans did the same thing by private enterprise, and we were shocked and mortified to learn that they were thus able to supply Cincinnati with fresh oysters, a stab at our transit facilities which made us quail. These efforts at intercommunication, and to secure an advance on rivals, have been continuous and urgent. But while they have absorbed much capital, both public and private, a large proportion of it being sunk, they have been the primary agencies for realizing stupendous results. They have advanced civilization, and have been the pioneers in showing how the comforts and accommodations of great cities may be transported into every nook and corner of the West, there to be permanently domesticated.

#### THE OLD TURNPIKES.

When I came to Philadelphia, say in 1814, it was the custom of Western merchants to start from Kentucky and Ohio on horseback, with saddle-bags lined with dollars. Their route over the mountains was tedious and fatiguing. But at Chambersburg they met with a good line of stages, and here their horses were left in great numbers with men, who took good care of the animals and fattened them for the return journey while their owners laid in their supplies at Cook & Cresson's

and other great trading houses. That firm made the fortune of several of the Wisters and Wistars, of John Cooke, Caleb Cresson, Elliott Cresson, Siter, Price & Co., their successors and others.

The stage-route to Lancaster, and thence to Chambersburg, through Harrisburg, was a monopoly under the great firm of Slaymaker & Co. The tavern-keepers were often partners, and thus established their hostels as eating-houses. Such were Fahnestocks in the Valley, and the Buck, near Haverford. Famous good breakfasts and dinners, in the good old Pennsylvania style of ample variety, did they give the hungry travellers for half a dollar each. This old turnpike road, for obtaining the stock of which there was as great a scramble and rush as in after-times for what too often proved worthless bank-stocks, whenever a charter could be coaxed from or bought of the legislature, is now worthless as property, and its surface bears testimony to the want of means to keep it in repair.

Railroads are great innovators. The old hotel stands are no more, and the solitary traveller may now see these decaying old caravansaries, with their large stable-yards and crumbling archways, abandoned by the locomotive public. Into these capacious yards the wagons, with merchandise for the West, and others with return cargoes of produce, were driven at night, and the gates locked for security. The drivers assembled for an evening drink, chat, song, and dance, and retired to their wagons for rest. Here a chained and trained mastiff kept watch and ward over each. This expensive mode of transferring property from one point to another strikes me now as resembling that of Asia or Tartary, and perhaps Petra was one great stopping-place for similar caravans. I have counted three hundred of these huge wagons, in 1819, between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh—about one for every mile. But over the nearly parallel railroad between the two cities the loaded trains now sweep rapidly to and fro, each carrying from fifty to a hundred wagon-loads of freight, at less cost, and in a twentieth of the time, and turnpike transportation is a thing of the past. The shrill whistle of the first locomotive sounded the funeral knell of the once great turnpike to the West.

## CURIOUS COTTON FACTS.

During the War of 1812 it was a remarkable fact that nearly all the cotton consumed in New England—and it was considerable, or otherwise we should have had little to wear—was transported from Carolina and Georgia in this primitive Conestoga wagon. It passed through Philadelphia, crossed the Delaware at Trenton bridge, and then sunk down into the hopeless ruts and quagmires beyond. This was then the only road to New York, and these heavily-loaded caravans made it so awfully bad that a journey to our own neighboring city was one of peril and danger, whenever undertaken, on the New Jersey side of the river. The current joke of the day was not without a semblance of truth. It never failed to be rehearsed in every stage on the journey, and was this. A traveller seeing a hat in the mud, called out to know who was *there*. Answer from the mud, "It's *me*! but take no thought about me; there's a man a-horseback below that can't get out." Such, and so primitive, were the times of which a man only fifty-three years old is able to tell in 1850.

When quite a youth I made a steamboat trip on the North River, as before observed, and on our return we had the company of President Monroe and suite, who were making a tour of pleasure and observation. We stopped at West Point to enable the President to make a visit. At the request of the professors the President stayed all night to witness an examination of the cadets. The boat was therefore detained, to the serious inconvenience of the passengers, some of them active merchants, who lodged and ate on board. Steamers being very few, we had no other resource for getting on. This proximity to the great men of the day interested me much, and gave me my first impression that celebrities talked and acted much as other people. It also whetted my appetite to see behind the scenes and take to pieces human motives to ambition and action. The President, I remember, wore the cocked hat of the Revolution.



## JAMES STERLING, OF BURLINGTON.

Elsewhere it has been noted that my great-grandfather and my grandfather sailed their ships from Burlington to foreign ports, exchanging the produce of New Jersey for English and West India goods. It is curious also to note that there was a store in Burlington which had a wide celebrity, and even in my time carried on a very large business. No similar establishment has since rivalled it, nor in early times could any like concern in Philadelphia compete with it. Burlington was in fact a capital, with most of a capital's attributes, such as its charter, its grand mayor, its publisher, author, library, its court-house and jail, its newspaper and brewery, in short all the concomitants of a great city, though on a smaller scale than we now see.

Among the inhabitants was the famous James Sterling, famous as a store-keeper. His extensive stock of merchandise attracted customers from very long distances. Even Philadelphians did much of their shopping at "Sterling's Store." I have seen, on market days, the whole of the main street from Broad Street to the Delaware, a distance of over two Philadelphia squares, entirely lined on both sides with farmers' and other wagons, whose owners had all come to purchase goods of this famous dealer. He kept nearly every description of goods except medicines—a perfect but enormous country store. It was a standing joke that whatever article you asked for would be forthwith produced. The best remembered and most frequently repeated story on the subject was of a bet being made that *one* article could be named which Jimmy would be unable to supply. As the most improbable article, the better called for *goose yokes*; but from Jimmy's vast museum of odds and ends, collected in the garret of his great store, the desired article was immediately forthcoming.

Sterling was an Irishman, originally a poor pedler on the Lancaster turnpike, his range being as far as Pittsburgh on foot, and with a pack on his back, his companion being a Mr. Hunter, after whom he named one of his sons. He made Burlington his head-quarters, and such was his skill and honesty that he became the banker of all the farmers round, as well as the

trader or exchanger of foreign goods for country produce of all descriptions. So large did his business become that he purchased entire cargoes of foreign fabrics and groceries. My uncle, James Smith, found him always ready to engage in heavy operations of this kind. During the War of 1812, when specie ceased to circulate, Sterling quietly laid aside all he had on hand or could collect; and when peace was declared, my cousin John J. found great difficulty in collecting enough silver dollars to complete an outfit to Calcutta, where no other description of money would be received. Somebody suggested an application to Sterling, whereupon he produced twenty thousand Spanish milled dollars, found packed in barrels in the cellar. This completed the required sum, and my cousin made an early and successful importation of India goods, among which I remember we had the first India straw mattings for our parlor and hall.

I recollect a lady from Wilmington, who stayed at our house, procuring her tea and other things in Burlington, to be taken to Delaware; and to impress the fact on my memory I was pleased, as a boy, to wheel the purchases to the old "Mayflower" sloop, and getting a reward for my service. Many good stories were current of Jimmy Sterling's dealings. All the farmers' wives were his fast friends, and cute dealers some of them were. An energetic lady named Newbold was purchasing for her husband the cloth for a drab suit. After leisurely inspecting Jimmy's assortment, and taking patterns on her pincushion, she bethought herself of going over the way to a store just opened by William Allinson, who was vainly endeavoring to rival the big house. Anxious to please, Allinson showed cheaper goods, though very greatly inferior. Pattern was taken and shown to Sterling; it was about half his price. Jimmy began to feel nettled at the new opposition. "Well, madam," said he, "I will not be undersold by anybody; you shall have my best cloth at the same price." This pleased our sharp dealer, and she at once bought the whole piece at about half cost! The Jersey folks were as sharp on a deal as any known as Yankees, and so continue to this day—if not sharper.

## CHAPTER IX.

War, and fortifying the City—Captain Lawrence—Return of Peace—War Prices—Arch Street Meeting—A Burlington Eccentric—Results of Peace—My Mother's Removal to the City—Our City Associates—Going into Business, and a Western Tour.

## WAR, AND FORTIFYING THE CITY.

THE war with England, in 1812, occurring while I was young, ignorant, and engaged in business, study, and in viewing the opening scenes of life, made little impression on my mind. Its disasters did not reach Philadelphia directly. We only saw the soldiers *en passant*, but I vividly remember a scene at the post-office on the day when a rumor prevailed that Washington City was to be sacked and the capitol burnt. Hundreds of persons assembled to await the arrival of the Baltimore stage, carrying the mail. As soon as it drove up to the corner of Third and Market Streets the passengers put their heads out of the windows and confirmed the mortifying report, and the fact of a great indignity to our national pride, with the certainty of British success. The admitted probability that the invaders would advance on Baltimore and our own city was appalling to us civilians. The city was in great commotion. Many able-bodied men turned out next day to work on temporary fortifications in the suburbs. One of these earthworks, at the junction of the Darby and Gray's Ferry roads, still remains, and others are also partially visible. These labors cost many a merchant and his clerk some days of violent perspiration in exercising muscles unaccustomed to the pick and spade. Quakers were exempted.

## CAPTAIN LAWRENCE.

The nearest approach our family had to any of those engaged in this conflict was with the sister and widow and children of Captain James Lawrence, whose death on the

"Chesapeake" frigate, in New York harbor, was long universally mourned. His last words, "Don't give up the ship," were a watchword and banner-word of moving pathos. Mr. and Mrs. French, Mrs. Lawrence's parents, resided next door to us in Burlington. A most amiable family they were. Here, afterwards, we saw the widow and children of Lawrence on the intimate terms of good neighbors.

PEACE DECLARED.

I was walking, one Sunday, on the ice-bound Delaware, near the Navy-Yard, when a very unusual bustle was observed on board the many East Indiamen laid up and rotting at the wharves, with their cordage and rigging stored below, and barrels mounted on their topmasts to protect them from the weather. These were suddenly cast off upon the frozen river, and a merry song rose up from the sailors, accompanied with the expression, "Off come Madison's nightcaps!" It led us to believe that peace had been declared. This we soon ascertained to be true. A scene of general rejoicing and illumination, the latter splendid and extensive, took place on Monday evening, for all desired the consummation of so desirable an event. Trade was thereafter to revive, and it did so quickly. The merchant fleets of old Joseph Sims, Stephen Girard, and others were immediately refitted and sent to sea.

WAR PRICES.

Of course I had little knowledge of prices during the war, except of drugs. These, under our exclusively and abundant paper currency, became enormously high. Opium was sixteen and twenty dollars the pound. A single ounce of the oil of aniseed I recollect seeing sold at sixteen dollars, though there was much smuggling. Many articles of the pharmacopœia were not to be had, and fictitious ones were substituted. Especially was powdered Jesuit's bark counterfeited by and adulterated with oak bark, and colored with "dragon's blood." Quinine was not introduced, and tons of nauseous bark were swallowed. Powdered rhubarb was also counterfeited with im-

punity, and a long list of similar substitutions might be made. Previous to the war we were almost entirely dependent upon London for our drugs, glass, paints, etc. Regular importations of assorted stocks were made; but during the continuance of hostilities one or two foreigners undertook the preparation of calomel and a few other chemicals, to their great profit. The war served to begin the introduction of these manufactures, with those of surgical instruments and a long list of indispensable household articles, including tooth-brushes, hair-brushes, etc., which until then had been uniformly imported from London. Inferior quality was at first the lamentable result. On the first importation of British cloths, after the war, I sported an intensely claret-colored new coat, and felt, on the occasion, as proud as Prince Albert in his field-marshal's uniform.

#### ARCH STREET MEETING.

Arch Street Meeting was the scene of my triumphant display. This meeting was the largest of the three, for attendance. On First day morning it was difficult to get a seat without going early. Some curious scenes occurred here. A certain C—— N——, somewhat deranged, occasionally came from the country to disturb our sessions. On one occasion a neighbor of ours determined to make him keep his seat, a feat which the elders could not perform. He accordingly held him down by the coat-tail, from the bench behind; or, when he had risen half up, and half a word out, jerked him back into his seat in a hurry that was quite sensational, and to the infinite amusement of the boys.

#### A BURLINGTON ECCENTRIC.

The foregoing scene was only to be matched by one previously enacted by a wag, in Burlington meeting, in my presence. A certain arrant and eccentric young Quaker wore a coat with outside flaps and pockets. In one of the latter he carried a flute to meeting, where he sat most conspicuously in front of the assembly, exactly where every one could see him. In the quiet of the sitting, a young wag who boarded at John

Griscom's school, discovered the flute, took it out, put the joints together, and handed it to him over his shoulder. David's first impression was *to take it*, and he did so, but the next operation puzzled him much more. Concealment was out of the question, and the scene was memorable.

Poor David! He was a character. He often went away in a wagon and stayed for months, engaged in peddling books. Once, to our great entertainment, he returned with a large bear.

But one more anecdote of him. He attempted to win the affections of a plain, elderly, and acidulated spinster named ———, still living, who was always taking note of passing events at her father's door, busily knitting. He had been sent by his sisters to the celebrated brewery on Green Bank, for a bottle of yeast. Thinking, no doubt, of the effervescence of love more intently than of the contents of his bottle, he placed the latter in the back pocket of his coat, covering it carefully with the flap. With this outside artillery he went far out of his way homeward, and up an alley, in order to pass his Dulcinea's abode. She was standing in the door-way, engaged, as usual, in knitting. Talk, how tender I know not, commenced, when Mary, in trepidation lest a declaration was coming by daylight in the public street, purposely, no doubt, let fall a knitting-needle. David, in his politest manner, stooped to pick up and restore the instrument on which Mary depended for so much of her amusement. Unfortunately for our hero, the yeast, at this critical moment, worked into a fury by the heat of David's body, and the sudden motion caused by his politeness, burst its barrier of cork and flew in a streaming foam over the broad back of his universal coat, the surplus overflowing into his pocket, to the infinite amusement of the passers-by, who took good care to repeat the story everywhere.

#### RESULTS OF PEACE.

Business underwent a sudden change on the declaration of peace. Western bank money had been at an enormous discount during the war, so that a huge race of bank-note brokers inundated Third Street, and accumulated fortunes by dealing in

the inflated currency of the day. Country boys from the plough now flocked in numbers to the city. It seemed as easy to make money as to raise potatoes. I remember the advent of a prodigious number.

Philadelphia assumed a most business-like air. Market Street was constantly piled with boxes of merchandise for the West, so that it was boastingly said you could run a foot-race on their tops from Front Street up to Seventh. Prices of property were greatly inflated. How different was the aspect of the city now from my first recollections of it! When quite a boy I paid an occasional visit to my uncle James Smith Jr.'s family, then having their winter residence next door to the present Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, and in a part of which was since the United States Hotel. His house was a very large and elegant mansion, full of life and gayety and music, much to my taste. We were then accustomed to playing marbles on the pavement in front, without serious interruption from passers-by. Joseph Parker Norris, and his large family, occupied a fine old house opposite where now stands the custom-house. It was surrounded by a large garden extending to Fifth Street and to the Philadelphia Library. Hide and seek, in this garden and in the streets, the latter almost deserted in the evenings, were among my amusements. My uncle was then prosperous. His fine stables contained numerous coach and riding horses, and my cousins were so polished, in comparison with my outward appearance, that they were probably a little ashamed of me before their fashionable beaux, the Robertses, Lewises, Drinkers, etc., of the very gayest Quaker circle, and not unconnected with the most fashionable class.

#### MY MOTHER'S REMOVAL TO THE CITY.

Finding that my brother Morris inclined to a better education than he could receive in Burlington, and that he, too, must learn a business, my good mother thought her supervision of us would be best promoted by her daily care and oversight, and she removed to Philadelphia, taking the house then No. 99 Pine Street. I now began to see a little society, attracted by

my sisters, and our acceptable inmate, Daniel B. Smith, who came to reside with us.

#### OUR CITY ASSOCIATES.

Among our agreeable male visitors were Nathaniel Chauncey, brother of Charles and Elihu, Joseph R. Paxson, Samuel and Merritt Canby, James Pemberton Parke, etc. My sister Rachel went often to evening parties, and I escorted her home, but again the people she visited were my elders, and I was not of them. My sister sometimes went, though rarely, to the parties of the Misses Physic, in my uncle Hill's great house, to the Chaunceys, etc.

On the removal of my mother to the city my domestic comforts were greatly increased. My brother Morris went to the Friends' Classical School on Fourth below Chestnut Street, and there formed the acquaintance and friendship of several valuable young men,—George Stewardson, Charles Yarnall, etc. They were hard students, and benefited by their instruction in the languages, and in the higher mathematics. As for myself, my master became so tyrannical and besotted that I left him, and completed what knowledge I obtained in the drug line with a driving dealer. His book-keeper was Solomon Temple, and my fellow-apprentice was Charles Yarnall. The latter, with his brothers Ellis and Edward, bought Taylor's stock.

#### GOING INTO BUSINESS, AND A WESTERN TOUR.

About the same time I entered into partnership with Temple, under the firm of Temple & Smith, at the northwest corner of Eighth and Market Streets, entirely on my capital. Soon after our union, and *before* I was of age, Temple and I agreed that it would be good policy for me to take a journey to the western country to make our establishment known and seek for customers. Accordingly I bought a fine large black mare called *Hardwear*, and in company with a nephew of Jacob and Abraham Barker, and another young man educated for the bar, named Potts, from Trenton, we mounted our horses in the autumn of 1819, well provided with saddle-bags, and proceeded



by the beaten track to Pittsburg, thence to Cincinnati by the lower route, then a wilderness, and much of it a quagmire, settled here and there by soldiers' warrants obtained for services during the recent war,—and a miserably sickly time they had of it.

At one of the worst taverns on the road, on a very rainy evening, a traveller, drenched to the skin, came in late, while we were hovering over a great wood fire, and desired to be accommodated for the night. He was received by the landlord, sat himself down before the wide chimney-place to dry, and gradually fell into open and animated conversation. A spell seemed insensibly to be woven over the listening company which we were loath to break. He told us of his early knowledge of that new country, its perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes with the Indians and the wild animals of untrodden forests. No one seemed disposed to interrupt this fascinating conversationalist, nor did we retire to our miserable couches until the night was far spent. On rising in the morning we found our interesting stranger was gone; but, inquiring of the landlord who he was, were informed that he was Henry Clay, then on professional business at the county courts, and a young statesman who had already distinguished himself in the national councils, as well as elsewhere, by force of his commanding eloquence. He was known to be reckless of his health by keeping late hours at the gambling table and by immoral conduct; but, as in similar cases in our day, his wonderful eloquence and acknowledged talent made him a leader in political life. The memory of this evening's talk, and of his anecdotes, made a deep impression on my unfledged mind. Thirty years later I found him admiring Laurel Hill Cemetery, and reminded him of the circumstance recited. He then said that if he should die within a hundred miles of this beautiful spot, he wished there to be interred.

Here I met Jeremiah Warder, the father of the Orchardist, on his way to explore some land belonging to his parents, to which he afterwards removed with his family. We continued in his company to Cincinnati, then an insignificant town. No

steamboat had as yet ascended higher up the Ohio than Louisville. We reached the latter after crossing the river, and travelling westward through a most beautiful country just assuming the tints of early autumn.

Louisville had not risen to much importance in 1819, but it was a place of transshipment for vast quantities of goods which here took larger boats for the distant New Orleans market. There was much talk of the feats of a new steamboat, the only one, I believe, plying to Orleans, called the "Lady Washington," which had cleared her cost in one trip and back. Other boats were building to supersede the old poling and warping system, so long attended with the disadvantages of slow progress and expense, and which had bred a race of lawless boatmen, of whom we encountered many at Louisville. They set all law and order at defiance, robbed along their tedious route, and had begun to excite serious public alarm. But they were all eventually superseded by the introduction of steamboats.

At our hotel was staying the celebrated Indian juggler, *Sena Sam*, the most expert I have ever seen. He gave an exhibition one evening while we were there, and swallowed a real sword. This was his great feat. But even more astonishing to the natives was his apparently cutting off the head of a chicken, with all the appurtenances of spurting of the blood, etc., and then restoring it to life. Sena Sam and I rode out together one morning, he for exercise, and I to witness the scene of bustle at the wharves, below the town. The water in the river was so low that we were tempted to wade our horses to an island in the channel, which we did with great ease, procuring some curious petrifications of nuts, etc., which abounded in the bed of this river. But on our return our horses suddenly sank to the stirrup in a quicksand. Great difficulty was experienced in extricating them, for the more they plunged the deeper they sank. At last old Hardwear got a foot on firmer ground, and rose triumphantly with me, and Sena Sam soon followed me. He was dressed in the costume of his country, and I was now as variously colored. In this condition we rode back to town, amidst the jeerings of the boys.

My companions were agreeable and buoyant, and we kept together to Nashville, Tennessee. Potts here left us, and proceeded to Mississippi, where he married the heiress of a cotton or sugar plantation, as he told me years after, when he hailed me at Saratoga from a coach-and-four of his own, in which he was driving with his wife.

Barker and I continued southward to Huntsville, Alabama, I distributing the cards of our drug-house and my fellow traveller his bank-notes, which in some places were very current, and in others were not passable. At Huntsville we attended one of the early great land sales, and soon after struck off towards Georgia, through the country of the Cherokee Indians, of whom we saw much, lodging and eating at the houses of entertainment kept by the semi-civilized natives, and occasionally with a chief. In one chief's family we met with some full-blooded Indian daughters, who had been well educated at a Baptist mission-school. The eldest sat at the head of the father's table, poured out the coffee, was over-modest, but with excellent manners. Her father was ill of consumption, and was being doctored by the medicine-man in an out-house, by means of a powerful sudorific obtained from the fumes of water and native herbs poured upon hot stones. At one place we had coffee sweetened with honey. These Indians had a turnpike, with gates and toll-takers, and they kept numerous slaves, who had an easy time.

One night we stayed with their celebrated young chief, John Ross. In the evening I pointed out to him on a new travelling map the words "Ross's Place." It interested him so much that I gave it to him, and he would receive no other compensation for our entertainment. We were frightened beyond measure, in the darkness of midnight, by whoops of drunken prowling natives, and still more by a most terrific running to and fro on the rude piazza adjoining our room, of what seemed to us to be devils at least. When daylight allowed us to peep about through the chinks, we were greatly relieved to find our noisy enemies were a flock of harmless goats, who had spent the night in prancing about on the piazza.

Here we bought, for twenty dollars, a fine, stout, short-necked and most wayward pony of Indian blood, to relieve our jaded horses of the weight of our saddle-bags. Hardwear had worn out before this, and had been exchanged for a fresher horse. On leaving our hostel we led the pony by a halter, but, finding he seemed disposed to be obedient, and to accompany us in good faith, we tied it round his neck. No sooner did he feel at liberty than he turned short about, and made with wonderful speed for his old homestead, with ears erect and saddle-bags flying. Fast was his pace, but my steed was partly of the race-horse breed, and by the time he had reached a distance of some six or eight miles, and his master's stable, I was but a short distance in the rear. All our money was in the bags! My companion informed me his share was over a hundred thousand dollars, all belonging, of course, to the New York Exchange Bank. This lent force and activity to our whips. The capture being made, and the halter resumed, for some days the day attachment of the animal seemed to be complete, but at night he regularly kicked up a fracas, and did much damage to his companions. The halter was again tied round his neck, and he followed like a dog.

This state of things was not, however, to be of long continuance, for on crossing a stream he took what to him appeared a better route than ours, got wedged in between two trees, and discharged his burdensome saddle-bags into the current. Everything was drenched,—bank-notes, clothes, and all. After this Barker could not pass any more of Jacob's rags, whether from their disfigured appearance, or that we were getting into another region\* or State, I know not.

Milledgeville, Georgia, was now reached. Here I met my cousin, William Morris, who had been started in a book-store by his brother-in-law, Isaac Collins, Jr., but it was not long continued. It was now the middle of December, but still warm

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\* In returning from Cuba in 1857, my route from New Orleans homewards led through this very fine Cherokee country; but, instead of Indian turnpikes, a good railroad brought me to Atlanta, etc., and I paid a visit to Dr. T. Stewardson, then residing in Georgia.

and pleasant. At Augusta, where we slept on Christmas night, the roses were in bloom and the air balmy. On entering this part of Georgia some men round a tavern admired our pony, and offered us forty dollars for him. This we gladly took, as there was a corn famine in the land, and horse-feed was a too prominent article in our bills.

The next place of importance we visited was Columbia, South Carolina. On the road we sold our horses to a tavern-keeper, having become fatigued and anxious to get home, from whence I had received no letters since leaving Cincinnati, though I had written regularly. Raleigh was reached in an old-fashioned stage, through a weary and dreary country. At Richmond I met my distant relative, Robert J. Smith, a bookseller long ex-tant there. Washington interested us for a short time, Congress being in session. I had seen, during this round, ten Legislative Assemblies in session,—viz., that of Pennsylvania, at Harrisburg; Ohio, at Columbus; Kentucky, at Frankfort; Tennessee, at Nashville; Alabama, at Huntsville; Georgia, at Milledgeville; South Carolina, at Columbia; North Carolina, at Raleigh; Virginia, at Richmond; and last, Congress when in session.

At Richmond it was unusually cold, the streets having much ice in them, while the houses were covered with snow. Fresh from a warm southern climate, and with insufficient clothing, I recollect feeling as a chicken may feel with his feathers suddenly plucked from him. On our long stage journey from Baltimore to Philadelphia, crossing the frozen mouth of the Chesapeake at Havre de Grace, on foot, we had the company of Thomas Eddy and Samuel Parsons, who had been to Washington on some philanthropic mission. They were a little puzzled by our appearance, and the account we gave of ourselves, when they found how and where we had travelled; and I believe they thought us no better than we should have been, with our ward-robes dilapidated, and we did not care to answer any of what we thought, in our youthful dignity, to be impertinent questions. Thomas Eddy was a good conversationalist, with knowledge and experience of the world.

## CHAPTER X.

Home—My Marriage—My Newspaper Career—Appointed Librarian—Library Acquaintances, James Cox—Library Finances—My Resignation—Death of Children—Social Parties—Waldie's Library—My Course of Life—Waldie's Imitators—Laurel Hill Cemetery—Straw Paper.

## RETURN HOME.

My arrival at home was most warmly welcomed. Young Barker soon died, though his uncle Jacob survived until 1871. Business now occupied my attention for many years. This may be called the dark period of my life, for it was not very successful. Though attended with considerable anxiety, the losses, rents, etc., made it nearly useless exertion of talents not intended by nature to be employed in this way. We soon removed lower down the street, to No. 131 (now rebuilt), near to Third Street, established a store or branch in St. Louis, Missouri, under the firm-name of John J. Smith Jr. & Co., the company there being N. B. Atwood. They understood the hardware business also, so that department was added to the drugs. We vended these commodities extensively, but I believe it never realized any profit to me.

## MY MARRIAGE.

About this time (1820) I became attached to my excellent wife, Rachel C. Pearsall, whose father was engaged in the dry-goods business in New York, and whose partner was Stephen Grellet. In due season (April 12, 1821) we were happily married, and settled in Arch Street below Eighth Street, where our son Lloyd was born.

## MY NEWSPAPER CAREER.

My partner, Temple, proving less of a business-man than even myself, I dissolved the connection, retaining the stand and the principal goods. Soon afterwards I was joined by my

wife's brother, Robert Pearsall, Jr., and the firm was now Smith & Pearsall. We bought out the stock of an old druggist named Stephen North, and took his store at the northeast corner of Third and Market Streets. The stock proved a bad purchase, and his customers were by no means commensurate with the expectations held out, so that again we failed to make money, and I became disgusted with the business.

About this time the coal trade was developing itself, and Pottsville was founded under auspicious circumstances. In Pottsville resided George T——, a man who had established a newspaper which displayed, we thought in Philadelphia, remarkable talents in the editor. As there was no good morning paper in the city, it was proposed that he should be brought down to establish one. My drug business was given up, and what capital I could withdraw was invested in this hazardous adventure.

T—— brought no capital, and was in debt; consequently all rested with me. The *Pennsylvania Gazette* was started on Chestnut Street above Third. We bought, soon after, the small subscription list of Duane's *Aurora*, an old paper then owned by John Norwell, since a United States Senator from Michigan. But our enterprise was only moderately successful. George T—— became dissatisfied because I would not pay his debts. In the night he carried off our printing materials, broke the press, and got ready the newspaper form in another publication office. Negotiations, carried on through the most trying day I ever endured, resulted in his friends purchasing my interest in the publication, and I was left free to choose a new pursuit.

#### APPOINTED LIBRARIAN.

In a very few days (1829) T——'s paper announced that George Campbell, Librarian of the Philadelphia and Loganian Libraries, had resigned. I knew I had some claims to the situation, as a descendant of James Logan, applied for it, and was appointed, though, among many others, a nephew of one of the directors had applied, and was near being elected. The library was opened only from two o'clock until sundown, and, though

the salary was a low one, this left me free to pursue any bent my interest or inclination prompted. The library had been droning on for nearly one hundred years with a very small income, say two dollars a year from latterly only eight hundred stockholders. There was a hose-house on the adjoining ground, the property of the library, paying no rent. I suggested to my friends among the stockholders that the annual payments should be raised to four dollars, and advised the directors to build offices for lawyers on the vacant ground.

Henry Troth, a stockholder much interested in the prosperity of the library, took up the enlargement of the annual payments vigorously, amid much opposition, especially from the directors, Zachariah Poulson at their head. They were afraid of *innovations*. But Troth and myself quietly got proxies to vote for the change, and, asking the directors to call a meeting of stockholders, which they were thus obliged to do, the meeting was held, Henry J. Williams in the chair. Troth made an admirable speech. John Sergeant, then at the top of his reputation, came round to our way of thinking, and after much discussion it was triumphantly carried. A law was passed by the legislature authorizing the addition, and the income was thus doubled. Very soon small offices were built on the hose-house lot, and were well rented. They were only one story high. In a few years they gave way to the present larger rooms in a building of three stories, the rents of which are now sixteen hundred dollars per annum, or nearly equal to the whole of the former income.

These improvements I do not hesitate to say were entirely of my suggesting. To secure the building operation I offered to guarantee eight hundred dollars per annum for the first or smaller buildings, and this stimulated the action of the board, though they did not think it right to accept my offer. The result proved my prognostications to be correct. I benefited by these operations, as my salary was gradually raised from six hundred dollars, with which I commenced, until it was finally fixed, in all, as librarian of the two libraries, and treasurer (to which I was appointed on the resignation of Edward Penning-



ton), to seventeen hundred dollars. This latter result was brought about by my proposing to open the library at ten in the morning, for which service five hundred dollars was at once added.

## LIBRARY ACQUAINTANCES—JAMES COX.

During the early period of my librarianship, I made the acquaintance of an eccentric old man, James Cox, long a book collector. He lived by himself, if I except an old dog and a macaw, in a two-story house of his own, in Almond Street. Learning the character of his collection, I made bold to visit him. Such a scene as his domicile presented it would be difficult to describe. Everything, including the house, was old and dilapidated. His bedstead was so surrounded with cobwebs that access, except on the accustomed side, would have been attended with some difficulty. In every dingy old room books were piled in all conceivable places and positions, the whole literally covered deep with dust. The old man had a stove in his best room. His love was not for money, but for books. On entering, the parrot, a large and elegant green fellow, much fiercer than his dog, flew furiously at me, and was taken off with difficulty. Visitors were few, and the bird was furious at any intrusion.

I broached the object of my visit with caution, explaining that so valuable a collection, and one so much to his credit as a collector, should create to him a monument, and be kept together in some public library. He demurred at this, and gave it at once the go-by. Subsequent visits to inspect his treasures impressed me still more with the value of his collection, which embraced a class of books we needed and wanted to procure. He had been all his life a teacher of drawing, and had collected many works on the arts, and a variety of miscellaneous publications. No coaxing, however, made any impression, until, one day, when we were sitting beside his stewing *pot-au-feu*, I suggested that his volumes, if they came under my charge, should be kept together as the "Cox Library," and that we would have his portrait painted, and transmit his name with Logan's and Preston's to posterity.

The key-note of his ambition was here struck. He yielded, and authorized me to negotiate the transfer for an annuity of four hundred dollars per annum, exclusive of his portfolios of pictures, drawings, and valuable engravings, together with a few books on a particular shelf, "that no money would buy." The negotiation was consummated, the books were delivered, labelled, catalogued, and shelved. About three hundred dollars of the annuity had been paid, when the old man died. He could not survive the loss of his treasures. A very few of the volumes, which we already possessed in duplicate, we sent to auction, and the old man repurchased them, telling me of it as a capital thing! The portrait, I regret to add, was delayed a little, and was not painted.

## LIBRARY FINANCES.

To conclude with my library interests. Our income was thus so much enlarged that we found it more easy to satisfy the wants of readers by the purchase of duplicates of popular books, and to double our importations from abroad. Let us see how the resources stood when I became librarian, and how they were when I resigned in favor of my son Lloyd.

1829.	
800 stockholders, at \$2.50, and fines for non-payment . .	\$2,000 00
Other resources, say . . . . .	400 00
	<hr/>
	\$2,400 00
1850.	
900 stockholders, at \$4.50 . . . . .	\$4,050 00
Other resources . . . . .	2,000 00
	<hr/>
	\$6,050 00

This is considerably more than double, whilst the incidental expenses were only a little increased, except the salary, which was increased, before the opening in the morning, only four hundred dollars, besides two hundred dollars added for the first time for the treasurership. Until I was appointed to that office, the duties had been performed gratuitously by some member of the company, whose office, most generally, was distant from

the building, and he attended only on election days. If not paid then, the subscription must be met at the treasurer's office, which long after I came was back of a brewery in Second Street above Arch. The treasurer was Thomas Morris, who was not on good terms with many members of the board.

When I was in Europe, in 1845, I saw, in Germany, an old library where the ceiling had been cut out to enlarge the space for books in a second story. On my return, the "new room" not being very near or accessible in a hurry, I suggested this improvement. With the advice of my friend, Thomas Gilpin, who superintended the operation, I left the shelves thus created, and the new room, all nearly filled with books.

The history of my long attendance to the duties of the institution might prove tedious, and you who participated in and enjoyed the literary surroundings are so familiar with the facts, I may be excused from entering into many particulars. Suffice it to say, that the intervals of time my sons passed with me here were useful and instructive.

#### MY RESIGNATION.

My reason for resigning this honorable hereditary position was the promotion of the welfare of my eldest son, Lloyd, who, like myself, having little pleasure in business, agreed to leave his situation in a mercantile house to be my assistant on the morning attendance, which fell too heavily upon me with only a bungling assistant. I thought he would perform his duties with more alacrity and sooner take a position if he had the name of librarian, and agreed for a short time to be considered as his assistant, to relieve him at dinner hours, etc. The arrangement has proved a satisfactory one to both. It was agreed to by the directors, and Lloyd had the situation conceded to the Logan family, which I had occupied with much pleasure and advantage for *twenty-one* years.

As regards my own position at the library, I believe I was never a very popular librarian with troublesome people; but I made many friends, and more agreeable acquaintances, to be mentioned hereafter, whom it has always been a pleasure to

meet when travelling, and elsewhere. A growing family required of me more exertion to supply their wants than my means afforded, with my wife's, and the salary combined. My mind was thus employed at home on matters extraneous to the duties of the library. Had my exertions been seconded by any one of the directors who would have taken an active interest in selecting and purchasing, much more could have been accomplished. They were gentlemen always, but gentlemen having other duties and engagements, who gave little thought to the literary departments. I was at length brought to be somewhat satisfied with this, as it threw all control into my hands, and left me almost sole manager. Horace Binney at one time took some interest in importing Spanish books for the Loganian. Once or twice, possibly thrice, fifty pounds sterling were remitted for these and French and German books, but this was about the extent of their exertions.

When the Library of Foreign Literature and Science fell into decay, I arranged with their directors to add their books to ours, giving them each a share in the whole of both. This addition was valuable.

#### DEATH OF CHILDREN.

During my librarianship I had the great misfortune to lose three lovely children. First went my darling Gulielma Maria, as beautiful and as good as earth could well contain. She died of scarlet fever at the age of five years. Albanus next; a boy of remarkable talents. He seemed to me to possess knowledge as Shakespeare did, by intuition. He was a good historian, chemist, philologist, etc., and was going through college with great honor, and at the early age of eighteen had established an extensive acquaintance and correspondence with literary men, historians, and others, with whom he had no personal acquaintance. He died in perfect resignation, and as a Christian, fully sensible of the mercies of the Redeemer on whom he relied for salvation, his age being eighteen years, five months, and twenty-nine days. This sad bereavement occurred in 1842.

“ He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the roadside fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life !”

Our lovely little daughter, Margaret, our last child, died in infancy.

SOCIAL PARTIES.

The situation of librarian afforded opportunities of literary and other society which I much valued. I was soon initiated as a regular attendant of the Wistar parties, then in their most agreeable condition, where distinguished strangers and useful citizens were the almost exclusive visitors. They were given by such men as Judge Hopkinson, Nicholas Biddle, Dr. Robert Hare, Joseph R. Ingersoll, the professors in the University, etc. Nathan Dunn also gave a superb weekly party, and when they were discontinued, a circle, not members of the Wistar Club, gave “ Wednesday Evening Parties,” with many well-to-do citizens and literary men. A rather remarkable and eccentric man who has now almost faded out of memory, John R. Jackson, an Eastern man and a lawyer, without practice, which he never attempted, nor attended his office, adjoining that of my friend, William E. Whitman, was a member of our Wednesday Evening Club. He appeared to be scientific, and to have dealings with mines and chemical pursuits, but no one was in his confidence. Book-collecting was a great hobby, and the elegant binding of his books a passion. He married a grand- or great-granddaughter of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, figured in fashionable society, and was appointed American minister to Copenhagen, where he took his family, and where he died. His body was brought to America and interred in Laurel Hill. His house was most luxuriously furnished. I remember Longfellow and Sumner visiting him. But nobody knew by what means he lived, and he disappeared as rapidly and as completely as he rose. His library was dispersed by private sale. One peculiarity of his was that he would never loan a book. If one asked the favor, he sent and bought a new copy.

## WALDIE'S LIBRARY.

The library was a good lookout place, and was useful in recommending me to several occupations that were profitable. The most so was the plan I invented of circulating "books by mail." The origin was in this manner. Writing for several periodicals, I was of course occasionally at printing-offices to read my proofs. On one of these occasions I fell into conversation with an agreeable and handsome practical printer named Adam Waldie, who happened to remark that his business was very dull, and that he wanted to get up some popular periodical. I told him I had an idea which I would put into words, and in the morning give him a prospectus. This I did, handing him, very much as it appeared, the prospectus of "Waldie's Select Circulating Library." With this he was delighted, seeing at once that my facilities as librarian, and my experience as an editor, pointed me out as the most suitable person to control its destinies.

He printed the prospectus,\* and a specimen number of the work was put in hand. As soon as the former was issued, money began to flow in rapidly. Waldie was in raptures, and, to show his gratitude, went away on a pleasure excursion for some weeks, during which he left his office in charge of an inebriate clerk, so that when the specimen number was ready, I actually packed and mailed the whole of it from my house in Locust Street. Fifteen hundred copies was the extent of Waldie's ambition as a circulation; but so rapidly did the work grow in favor that, before thirteen numbers had been issued, he increased the printing to six thousand, at five dollars per annum; and to make all the subscribers begin at the same time, he gave the original list of fifteen hundred three months gratis, so that they got sixty-five numbers for the first five dollars.

It seemed incredible to the public that we could so cheaply sell books so well selected. A London guinea novel, or travels, we reprinted and circulated in our quarto for twenty or thirty cents! I was thus suddenly transformed into the popular

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\* This was about 1835.—E. P. SMITH.

editor of the day, and Waldie, whose name alone appeared, was popular everywhere. This mode of sending books by mail was an original invention, and deserved success and continuance.

Waldie was a gentleman in his bearing, and constantly went off to travel. In Canada he was received among the British officers on an equality. In Virginia he was hand-and-glove with the chief men, including Chief-Justice Marshall, all thinking him not only the projector and proprietor, but the editor; and so far did he allow the joke to be carried that he received and pocketed a degree from a Western college, as well as other honors. I was not ambitious of being known, and allowed all this, doing hard duty day and night, reading constantly to get the best and newest books out before the booksellers. We imported for a time very largely from London, but found the Philadelphia Library the best and much the cheapest source, always compensating it with six copies of the publication and a new copy of the work. When, also, the books were overrun from the same types into book form, as was often the case, the library received six more copies. In this way we paid full price for our facilities.

It was not to be expected that this great success would be without opposition from the trade, who saw their sales interfered with, and the new books snapped up and swallowed in our new vehicle most rapidly. It had been the custom of the booksellers to allow every one who announced a new English book for reprint, to have a virtual copyright in it, none daring to interfere. The English books were thus announced as forthcoming before they were even received. On one occasion we anticipated the other publishers in a new and attractive work. One firm wrote to Waldie that they would "print upon him," and destroy his periodical, issue another at half-price, etc. He defied them; and, to aid in carrying on the war, I conceived the idea of adding, without additional cost to the subscriber, a printed cover, christened "*The Journal of Belles Lettres*." It was no sooner conceived than added, and a most successful war was carried on against our opponents. We had just then announced a French periodical on the same cheap plan. Carey

took it out of our hands, for opposition, sunk a considerable sum, and gave it up in a few months. See the "Journal of Belles Lettres," which purported to be, and was, a pretty full and honest exponent of the literature of the day, giving short and honorable criticisms of nearly all new books, and imparting varied information on literature and science in a manner then unknown. Whole books, including "Peter Simple," etc., first appeared in America in this "cover," and added much to its popularity. Permeating, as it were, through society, Waldie's books, so published as to reach every post-office in the nation at a surprisingly cheap rate, vivified and brought to the surface, as William Chambers has said, a new order of readers, and, besides, set a fashion for seeking recreation in books and periodicals which was favorable to any cheapening of these engines of instruction and entertainment. Waldie's Library, it is safe to say, paved the road for the army of book-readers which followed so rapidly on its publication.\*

Waldie was now solicited for every new literary project, and he undertook too many. Among others we commenced a quarterly review, "The United States," of which the late Secretary of the Treasury, *William M. Meredith*, was editor, and I his sub. Only one number ever appeared! Waldie was also solicited to publish "Littell's Museum," which he agreed to do if I were appointed editor, and so it was for a year. This eventful twelve months I look back to, even now, with surprise at what I undertook and performed within its rolling cycle. Laurel Hill Cemetery was then in progress, another of my plans, and I was treasurer of the Philadelphia Museum, and in that period took from the public's pocket sixty-five thousand dollars, by renting it for public exhibitions, etc.

#### MY COURSE OF LIFE.

My course of life this year was as follows: I rose at seven, read and prepared for all my printers what I had digested for the forty men who daily wanted "copy" from which to

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\* 1872. So many duplicate copies in the Philadelphia Library were lately deemed superfluous, and some of them were sent to auction.



print. At nine I repaired to the museum, made my bargains, and wrote the notices for next day. At ten I rode to Laurel Hill, and superintended the laying out and planting; dined at twelve or one o'clock, and went to my unassisted post at the library.

Here I crammed, by reading as hard as possible, prepared to give out new books for the Waldie, and wrote a notice or two of new books, all sent by publishers, these being my editorial perquisites. Home to tea, and to prepare copy for "Littell's Museum," the predecessor of "Littell's Living Age." I had thus

THE LIBRARY,  
"LITTELL'S MUSEUM,"  
"WALDIE'S LIBRARY,"  
"JOURNAL OF BELLES LETTRES,"  
PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM,  
LAUREL HILL,

all demanding constant supervision, and all under my sole control, except the latter, in which I was advised and assisted by Nathan Dunn. They all went well, if I except Littell, which was going down at the time we took it, and was not a labor of love. At the end of the year the editorship and publication were surrendered by myself and Waldie to the owner. The first sales at Laurel Hill were made this year, and, adding them to my other profits from mental exertions, without embarking a single dollar of capital, my income was large for those days. Mr. Dunn had asked to shoulder Laurel Hill expenditures for interest and a large commission, so some of this income went towards refunding his advances; but I bought the house you so well remember, in Ninth below Walnut Street.

This success made such unremitting exertion unnecessary. Waldie now became elated beyond himself by prosperity, was inattentive to business, and died soon after. Poor fellow! Success was too much for him. He left but little for his family. The scheme of the circulating library, if he had attended to it, would have afforded a lasting income. But he kept almost no accounts, and left the collections to depend on the whim of subscribers. That grand project should still yield thousands a year, as for a long time it did.

## WALDIE'S IMITATORS.

One of the results of this invention was a host of imitators, all of whom enjoyed but a short-lived popularity, except one. Medicine, law, and divinity all tried it, and all failed except the second. John S. Littell made a clear hundred thousand dollars by the Law Library, cheapening law books in even a greater ratio than we cheapened popular literature. I can safely say he made it on my invention. It was one which exercised an important influence on the community.

In the conduct of Waldie's Library, so potent in influencing public taste, I endeavored to act a conscientious part by publishing nothing that could injure the purest and most refined feeling. Guiding, as it did, the reading of so many thousands, it sometimes greatly surprised me that would-be philanthropists never thought it worth while to endeavor to use it for a good end. But I never was approached with this object, and had almost no assistance whatever in its conduct. In the critical department of the journal, or cover, I occasionally received assistance, principally from my valued friend, Dr. W. S. W. Ruschenberger, of the navy, who wrote some criticisms and a series of letters during his voyages. Singular to say, his extensive and curious letters from Peru were taken by Captain Wilkes, of the United States Exploring Expedition, and copied *verbatim et literatim* into that huge government work, without the slightest acknowledgment. When in 1845 I was about to expose this act of piracy, his agent begged and implored me not to do so. But the "Journal of Belles Lettres" and the expedition book are extant, and will speak for themselves.

The foreman of the printing-office, *Samuel R. Kramer*, held a ready pen, and was a good judge of books. He occasionally wrote reviews for the fee of a new book, and wrote well.

## LAUREL HILL CEMETERY.

For a history of *Laurel Hill Cemetery*, its origin in my mind, and my first mentioning it to Benjamin W. Richards, when we were jointly founding the Girard Life Insurance and Trust Company, which we two alone originated, see a manuscript

account, written as it progressed. I may refer you in another supplement to this autobiography. Thus you will see that, after losing my patrimony in drugs and newspapers, I used every kind of exertion in my power to retrieve my circumstances, and continue you in the circle in which your connections entitled you to move. One year, before Waldie's Library gave me a sufficient income, I paid educational bills for my children amounting to eight hundred dollars, when earning a salary of only six hundred and fifty dollars. I added to this, and no small family expenses, by introducing to the American world the first manufacture of paper from straw, which I sold for a man of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania.

#### STRAW PAPER.

This then entirely new article for various purposes, I successfully introduced; made a great trade in it for book-binders' boards, for which, however, it was found not stiff enough to retain its first popularity, and once actually sold a large sloop-load to go to Lynn, Massachusetts, where it was employed for the soles of ladies' shoes; but this was an inappropriate use, and was abandoned. Once, too, I came near selling a great quantity for making a railroad! that is, for laying on the stone sleepers, to prevent the sudden jar of the engine and cars. It was to be immersed in tar. Failing in this, I succeeded in getting it underlaid the coppering of a ship, and brought it before the Navy Board at Washington; but Commodore Rodgers reported, justly as I now think, against it. Straw paper, however, answered me a good purpose until something better and more congenial offered. I regret to add that my success in introducing it led my brother Morris to enter into advances with the maker, which occasioned a loss. But they brought him some return, in establishing a paper commission business, which was taken, after his death, by William M. Collins, and is continued by him,\* as you are aware.

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\* Now, 1872, by his brother, *Alfred M. Collins*, or rather he engrafted upon it the manufacture of photographer's paper, cards, etc., already grown to a large and successful business.

PART II.

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## CHAPTER I.

## THE QUAKER GOVERNING CLASS.

THE following remarks on the early governing class of Pennsylvania, written for another purpose than these pages, but hitherto suppressed, may properly find a place before I enter upon subsequent events. It is the hearty expression of a view never published, and may interest my reader. Mr. Westcott, in his interesting "*History of Philadelphia*" (published since this was written), calls Quakerism the "State Religion."

I have on several occasions alluded to the fashionable circle of Philadelphians still lingering around the scenes and homesteads of the American court, when General Washington resided and Congress sat here. That there was a ceremonious and highly polished society then among us, as intellectual and polite as any European capital can present, or has presented, there can be no doubt. All records show this. There was the stately head of the government, surrounded by statesmen, not mere politicians, but educated and elegant men. Robert Morris, and his brother-in-law, Bishop White, of themselves would stamp a character of lofty excellence on the time. But there were many others whom history will always consider memorable examples of high virtues and elevated talents and principles. This distinguished circle had its admitted nobility of wealth and female beauty, and the real stateliness of a court. The records of its political and social parties are traditionally known, and are of imperishable value.

As preserved in history, it was in existence anterior, by a few years, to my knowledge of the city, or of general society; but I have mingled much with its immediate descendants, and

have found many friends among them. My mother's uncle, Henry Hill, was a leader of fashion. His parties and balls were attended by the President and his attachés, and they have lingered in the pleasant memories of many whom I know intimately. They often recited the fact that his large mansion was the rival of Bingham's for style and fashion. He was one of the largest subscribers to the "City Dancing Assembly," the said subscription money having been divided among us, his heirs, within ten years.

This circle followed, by many years, the disappearance of the Quakers as a governing class. But the immediate successors of the best Friends had many of them thrown off the plain habit and strict manners of George Fox's followers, and had fallen into the customs of the world. Among these it may be said I was born, though in youth residing in the country. Many of them retained the manners of dignity and command acquired by position in society as its head. Governor John Dickinson, who married into the Logan family, as did his daughter,\* was eminently one of what might be safely called the aristocratic circle of the day. Though he regarded the Declaration of Independence as premature, and was not one of its signers, yet he had written much and well in defence of the rights of the colonies, as his "Farmers' Letters" and his biography will show, the latter written by an able lawyer named Budd, and printed in the "National Portrait Gallery."† His wealth and talents, as well as birth, brought him in contact with the most influential class. His daughter, Maria Dickinson, afterwards Logan, already referred to in Part First, whom you so well knew and

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\* For the genealogy of his wife, see "The Hill Family" book.

† This year has appeared a new book, "The Life and Times of John Dickinson," 1732-1808. It has been admirably prepared at the request of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania by Charles J. Stillé, LL.D. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company. Those of us who know that the story of Mr. Dickinson's life forms an important part of the history of Pennsylvania, rejoice over this ably and gracefully written book. The Dickinson Hatchment has been hung in the Philadelphia Library within a week. It was presented by Miss Maria D. Logan to either the Philadelphia or Loganian Library.

E. P. S.

June, 1891.

esteemed for her friendship for both your parents, as well as for your grandmother Smith, had the stateliness of the American court, and by her amiability captivated all who approached her; while her sister, Sally Norris Dickinson, much resembled her, though she retained more of the plain dress. Somerville (named, because of the relationship between them, after the celebrated English Somerville family, of whom there is a large published octavo volume), the beautiful country-seat on Germantown Avenue, now near the built-up city, was constructed for Maria to enter as a bride, and is now occupied by her son, Dr. John Dickinson Logan.

On the death of the mother of her husband, Albanus C. Logan, they removed to the old family mansion, Stenton, a counterpart of the very best old establishments of Virginia, where my grandfather Smith was married. This was again our favorite visiting-place. There were also in the Society of Friends various families directly descended from the best immigrants who came over with Penn or immediately after the first settlement of Pennsylvania. They found an educated and high-minded circle of their own, men of such character as Charles Thomson, the "Perpetual Secretary of Congress," being among them by social status as well as marriage connection. This circle, though kind to all, was somewhat exclusive when you came to close intimacies.

At both these beautiful country-seats I revelled, as a young man, in the enjoyment of an unfailing welcome and hospitality; and here your mother was received with the affection of a sister.\* At Stenton was the fine old library of James Logan, which he retained when presenting to the public his greater library, endowed with six hundred acres of the finest land in Bucks County, to be retained forever for its support and increase. This balance of his valuable collection of books was in a very large room in the second story, where were the *editio princeps* of the best books published in his day and previously, when books were a more precious legacy and a rarer possession than

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\* I was with S. N. Dickinson in the closing scene of her life.—E. P. S.

now. The room was a delightful sunny one, and contained many relics of the olden time, including the great numbers of letters from William Penn to Logan, and some of the furniture used by Penn and his secretary. The former was long the guest of his friend and secretary. Here, too, I read the letters of Governor Penn, since copied by Deborah Logan, and now published by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. The introductory paper to that volume was written by your father by request of the Society.

The people who met at the two mansions of Somerville and Stenton, and kindred houses, were not of the common sort. They talked no scandal, and they spoke not habitually of money. With their departure, stately respect for others has given way to more familiarity of address, which I cannot think has improved the tone of social life, nor do I think the sordid present, with its coal and railroad interests, much improvement on the preceding *régime*.

This friendly circle, too, it may be remarked, spoke the English language in great purity, greater, most probably, than the settlers in any other portion of the United States, their descendants continuing the same speech.\* Coming over sea at about the period when Addison wrote so purely, it is curious to observe that they speak in the tone and utterance of the best elocutionists of the stage. In confirmation of this, the cultivated Philadelphian of to-day can in this respect appear to advantage, and with popularity as an actor or lecturer, in London, without offensive peculiarity of pronunciation or delivery. Can the average Bostonian, or the Virginian, or Carolinian, do so? If not, my argument is complete. I should add that few Londoners exist whose habit of speech is not affected by some provincialism.

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\* I have been repeatedly told that the English language, as *spoken* by the descendants of the early settlers of Philadelphia, many of whom were of excellent English "county families," is more nearly that of the Addison circle of Queen Anne's time than can be found now anywhere in England. One of my informants was Mr. Abbott, of London, an authority in literature. I cannot now recall the other. Similarly the Castilian of the time of Cervantes is found more pure in the city of Mexico than anywhere in Spain.—R. P. SMITH, 1886.

To continue the subject of the Quaker Governing Class. It would be difficult, at this day, to name all who composed the early circle to which allusion has been made. We know there was a good deal of politics in those times,—opposition to the Proprietaries and their rights, to James Logan as the representative of those rights, and there were the usual charges and counter-charges inseparable from government ruling. We know enough, however, from manuscripts, from printed books, etc., to designate who and what really constituted a Quaker Governing Class. What relations they maintained toward each other we obtain glimpses of in their marriages, etc.; but the exact social relations of many of them it would be impossible to determine now, influenced as they were by talent, family, and wealth. Yet we know enough to make the following list of persons flourishing in the Colonial Government, though it might be greatly extended.

Of course, William Penn must be placed the first. The Colonial governors, whether Quakers or not, visited and mingled with the better classes. It will interest you to notice the names of several of your ancestors as constituting part of the superior class or circle.

William Penn's sons, when in America, were much among Friends, though they all soon left the Society and returned to the Episcopalians. The father, during a considerable period, resided with James Logan in the Slate-house in Second Street near Walnut, a fine mansion built by Samuel Carpenter, the ancestor of your sister, Hannah E. J. Smith, wife of Lloyd.

*James Logan*, Secretary of the Province, was not only Penn's agent and friend, but was one of the Commissioners of Property. When Governor Gordon died, in 1736, Logan was President of Council, and became governor for the space of two years, till the arrival of Governor George Thomas, in 1738.

The following list embraces a few names of the circle alluded to, though there were many others mingling intimately, as the ministers or preachers of the Society, travelling Friends, etc., and many not actually belonging to the Friends were on the best social terms. Here I might name Richard Peters and Dr.



Benjamin Franklin, the last only in later times, William Allen; these three being named by Logan with his children and son-in-law, John Smith, as trustees of his noble gift of the library endowed with the land in Bucks County. We now add Thomas Lloyd, the first governor, Phineas, John, and James Pemberton, Richard Hill, Thomas Chalkley, Edward Shippen, John Dickinson, John Kinsey, Nicholas Waln, Isaac Morris, Speaker of the Assembly, who married James Logan's daughter, and Nicholas Moore, James Claypoole, Robert Turner, Edward Cathrall, and John Eckley, who, with Thomas Lloyd, were styled Commissioners of State; Caleb Pusey, John Delaval, who married a daughter of Thomas Lloyd, she who afterwards became the valued wife of Richard Hill; Joseph Growden, Samuel Carpenter, John Swift, David Lloyd (a troublesome member), Samuel Richardson, Samuel Preston, Griffith Owen, John Guest, William Trent, the founder of Trenton, Hugh Roberts, Thomas Story.

There were also in New Jersey many eminent Friends who mingled in the best social circles. The Proprietors of that colony were numerous. Among them we find Thomas and George Budd, and Mahlon Stacey, ancestors of your mother, as was also William Bradford, Samuel and Joseph Cooper, Gawen Laurie, whose descendant, Thomas, married my first cousin, Martha Morris; William and Francis Rawle, Richard Hartshorne, William Biddle, and many others, including your ancestor, Richard Smith, and his sons John and Daniel.

In the Lower Counties, now Delaware, there were also many distinguished Friends. In Bucks County were many others, eminent as Friends and successful as settlers. The Welsh immigrants at and around Gwynned, and other parts of Montgomery County, formed a not inconsiderable body of good and presentable people.

This class maintained its position until the Revolution, or near it, when, owing to the exigencies of that demoralizing event,\*

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\* The result of the English being willing to give America everything but *liberty*.  
E. P. S.

its members were forced to succumb to circumstances, and give way to others who believed in the necessity of, and who embarked in the war. Much more, descriptive of this remarkable class, may be found in Proud's "History of Pennsylvania," and in Smith's "New Jersey," confirmatory of the foregoing. Proud himself, as tutor of the young Quakers, and Anthony Benzet, teacher of the girls, were on the border of these circles, and were occasional visitors. Franklin felt honored in being introduced into this circle, but afterwards betrayed them.

I have considered these remarks appropriate to the topics partially discussed, the more so, because the descendants of the men who used their power so honestly and so faithfully appear to me as having had less than justice done to them or their memories. No one has thought it proper to enlarge upon or scarcely touch the subject, all having allowed the records of these good men to be overshadowed by more active chroniclers in New England, New York, Virginia, and elsewhere. Our early settlers in Pennsylvania and New Jersey have claims to be remembered. They carried out their great principles with indomitable perseverance, talent, and sacrifices. The influence of these principles can never be too highly appreciated. William Penn's "Great Law," giving emphasis to liberty of conscience, must never be forgotten, or allowed to slumber in oblivion. It is the immovable basis whereon was reared the imperishable structure of absolute religious freedom on which all this modern Union now prides itself, while its far-reaching influence is distinctly perceptible in Europe.

My feeble attempt to rescue your worthy predecessors from forgetfulness has truth for its object.\* The topic deserves a fuller elaboration, as well as a better pen. One thing was remarkable in the whole career of our early Pennsylvania Quakers,—the entire absence of pretension. Holding, as they did, the highest position in the infant State, they never boasted of

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\* His daughter can appreciate why her father felt much on this subject, just as "The Pennsylvania Society of the Colonial Dames of America" now see the value of keeping up the story of those who before 1750 contributed to found a great and powerful nation.

it. The poorest among them gained ready audience and sympathy, and assistance in their struggles was never denied them. They were men of piety and philanthropy, of education and refinement. What they accomplished could only have been done by able and earnest men. My effort to delineate their characters and recite their virtues, is written at too distant a period to embrace all the points involved, but if not now attempted, the fear with me is that many of them would be lost.

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## CHAPTER II.

Retrospection—Value of Family History—Milcah Martha Moore—Her Legacy.

“When we have passed life’s middle space,  
And stand and breathe a moment from the race,  
These graver thoughts the heaving breast annoy :  
Of all our fields how very few are green !  
And ah ! what brakes, moors, quagmires, lie between  
Tired age and childhood romping wild with joy.”

*February, 1872.*—So says that remarkable man, Landor, but I can scarcely agree with him, my portion of life having had more than the average of pleasure, happiness and variety, and in later times, of prosperity. In fact, I have skimmed with a light foot over many of the rough and smooth places of the world, and lived through an age of scientific inquiry and development which has changed the whole face of things. I can say that nearly all the prizes which I sought have been vouchsafed by the hand of Providence. Without fortune at one period of middle life, I was the companion of fortunate men. Losing my paternal inheritance, and without a father’s guidance, I cannot be said to have lost faith in myself. Regaining it, I find most satisfaction in my own quiet, in reflection, in books and study. “To be without books,” says Seneca, “is to be buried alive.” With them, and a faith and confidence in the Saviour’s promises, we can never feel that we are alone, but solitude itself becomes most pleasing.

Twenty years have elapsed since, with the exception of the last chapter, the foregoing pages were hastily indited. The manuscript has lain *perdu*, and the idea of continuing the story was forgotten. But the happy celebration of our *Golden Wedding*, last April, recalled the lengthened period to which I had attained, and, with some doubts of its necessity, or even of its propriety, I am encouraged to resume my story.

I shall probably allude to the Golden Wedding again ; but I must here say that in our marriage were united the purest enjoyments of the heart and the intellect in the sanctuary of home. In your mother I found the greatest loyalty to my interests on all subjects and occasions. You who esteem her beyond all price, and know her so well, do not require my testimony to her merits. I must be excused for saying that I have never known or read of a more correct woman or wife, always reliable in health or sickness, or in sorrow, and in the many pleasing scenes we have witnessed together. She did much to form your characters, and to her I am much indebted for my own.

Do not suppose that in the many years which have rolled over my head I have been indifferent to humanitarian claims. I was one of a little band, when about twenty years old, that established the first soup-house in Philadelphia, was long its secretary, and was assiduous in performing the duties of a manager. Nearly sixty years ago I was one of a small company of young men who undertook and kept, for years, a Sunday afternoon school for colored men, where we had the satisfaction of seeing good attendance, as well as earnestness in the scholars. James Prosser, whose oyster-cellar was long famous, was one whom I now remember was full of thankfulness, and I may remark that he arrived at the mythical dignity of "keeping a gig!" But in this department of general usefulness, perhaps I need say no more.

#### VALUE OF FAMILY HISTORY.

The following instance of the importance of preserving family history is remarkable, and worthy of remembrance. In my youth I heard of my English or foreign great-aunts, sisters of

my grandmother Morris. But when the English sisters all died, there was left but one representative, Mary, daughter of Deborah (Hill) and Robert Bissett. She occasionally corresponded, affectionately, with her aunts in America, but dying, the intercourse was dropped, except that her husband, Major Davis, corresponded with my uncle, Richard Hill Morris, as a relative, and on business connected with the family estate of his wife in this country, coming from the Hills. My uncle died in 1841, and all trace of Major Davis seemed lost.

But one day the agent of Baring Brothers, Mr. Grant, inquired of me if Richard Hill Morris had left any children. I referred him to Charles Moore Morris, his son, and I leave him to relate the curious result. Not only had the name of Major Davis been forgotten by all of us, but the accounts, of all kinds, between the English and American sisters' estates had been settled and concluded for, say, half a century or more, except the still continued, though rare intercourse of the Major and my uncle. The Major married again, and, of course, had that been known, all thought of a reversion would have seemed more than ridiculous. Nevertheless it came, and my cousins were the happy and worthy recipients. But the eldest, William Henry, was now deceased, and there came a division with his three daughters. Do not say family records and history are of no value.

My cousin Charles relates so well this curious episode in our family history that I insert his letter entire. It forms an interesting and pleasant supplement to my privately printed octavo of the Hill family, into which I trust the few possessors of that rare volume who may see this notice, will copy the now added supplemental story.

*From Charles Moore Morris.*

“PHILADELPHIA, June 25, 1872.

“MY DEAR COUSIN,—I gladly avail myself of the opportunity to answer thy request regarding the very curious legacy of Major Davis to myself and brothers. The following may be relied on as accurate :

"Of Richard Hill's eight daughters, three married in Madeira to English gentlemen.

"Mary, the eldest, married Thomas Lamar, in 1748.

"Deborah married Robert Bissett, in 1753.

"Harriot married John Scott, in 1755.

"Mary bore no children. Harriot bore a son and a daughter, who died unmarried.

"Deborah bore three children: Mary, who married Major William Davis, of the Seventh Dragoon Guards, British army. Henrietta, who married Dr. Edward Wallsby, Prebendary of Canterbury. Richard Lamar Bissett, who died unmarried in 1833,—no issue to either.

"Mary Davis, with her husband, the major, lived in Dumfries, Scotland, where she died in 1815, without children, aged seventy-five or seventy-six years, and leaving to her husband all her estate.

"Major Davis afterwards married Miss Catherine Maxwell, a lady of fortune and high culture. He died at Dumfries in 1855. My father, Richard Hill Morris, was long a frequent correspondent with his English relatives, particularly the Bissett cousins, and with Major Davis. By all he was constantly consulted, and for all of them he acted relative to the management of the considerable American property which they possessed by inheritance as descendants of Richard Hill, and as heirs of the family in England.

"One requisition upon his counsel resulted in changing the determination the major had formed to invest in shares of the Bank of the United States a sum Mrs. Davis had received. He adopted my father's earnest advice to place it in the five per cent. loan of the State of Pennsylvania, and the latter investment he made accordingly, and sent him the certificates made out in Major Davis's name.

"The subsequent failure of the United States Bank, and the secure investment as it now stood, called forth gratifying expressions from across the water, and eventually a more substantial testimony of his good feeling followed.

"In 1841 my father died, and intercourse with the family in

England ceased. But Major Davis, though silent, had not forgotten his American friend. Again ten years elapsed, when, in 1851, I was called on by Samuel Grant, the Philadelphia agent of Baring Brothers. He said he was requested by that firm to inquire, on behalf of Major Davis, whether Richard Hill Morris had left any children, and to procure an account of them. He stated he had no knowledge of the object of the inquiry, and proposed that I should commit to writing, in the form of a letter to him, the desired information. This I did.

"An interval of six years more passed, in which no tidings came from Scotland. Then, in September, 1857, I received by mail a letter bearing the post-mark of Dumfries, Scotland, from Robert Adamson, quoting the letter I had written in 1851 to Mr. Grant, and informing that Major William Davis had died two years before, leaving in his will a direction to deliver, after the lapse of two years from his death, to me and my brothers, his certificates of Pennsylvania stock, amounting to \$26,167.22. They were now ready for delivery as soon as we could execute the necessary exoneration to the executors.

"To carry this into effect it was decided to send my son, William Jenks Morris, to Scotland with the requisite powers to represent the three interests into which the legacy was divisible. He sailed early in March, 1858, was most kindly received and hospitably entertained by Mrs. Catherine Davis; despatched the business without any mishap; paid the ten per cent. inheritance tax through a credit provided for him with the Barings, and came home, bringing the identical certificates of stock which my father had remitted to Major Davis so many years before.

"Mrs. Davis responded to my request for family papers, portraits, and relics, by sending me a number of objects of interest,—several miniatures, a portrait of Major Davis, letters of my father and others, all of which are highly prized in my family circle.

"Mary Davis was the last descendant of Richard Hill that remained abroad. His name is now extinct among his numerous posterity; but whatever name they bear, they

will long remember and honor his noble character and virtues.

“Thy affectionate cousin,

“CHA. M. MORRIS.”

That the foregoing event is a curious one, it is only necessary to observe that Mary Davis's aunt Morris died a very old lady; her son Richard died also at the advanced age of eighty, and his eldest son also died (aged about forty-five) before the long silence was broken by the good news, and then to men somewhat advanced in life, who scarcely knew the name of Major Davis! In the Hill book, printed in 1854, so entirely had the topic been dropped, among us, that I remarked that “all trace of Dr. Richard Hill's family in England is gone.” But it was otherwise. Mrs. Wallsby died in 1815, and Mary Davis survived only a few years, say to 1820. In 1857, thirty-seven years, a whole lifetime to most, had elapsed. See the result!

#### LEGACY OF MILCAH MARTHA MOORE.

There is another “little bit of money” which I trust *nobody* will seek to turn from the donor's view of how it should be employed, though I know it can never be diverted. As it is creditable to my great-aunt, M. M. Moore, I may be excused for relating it. She was the youngest sister of my grandmother Morris, born in Madeira, on St. Michael's day, and hence, probably, named Milcah, though my sister traces the name also as one of the Maryland relatives. She married the stately and handsome Dr. Charles Moore, a favorite wherever known. They resided in Montgomery Square, a small hamlet or village in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, where my eldest sister passed a winter in youthful enjoyment.

My aunt, like so many of the connection, had a literary turn of mind, and from her readings compiled a well-selected book of sentiments called, simply, “Miscellanies.” This was introduced into schools, and very extensively used as a parsing book, and sold largely. At Westtown it was *the* book for a long time, and in my memory. The profits, unexpectedly to



her, amounted to eight hundred dollars, a large sum for those days. Not requiring this, she devoted it to a small school in the village which she mostly taught herself, from motives of benevolence and a sense of duty. She made provision for its continuance, and the endowment fund, never lessened or increased, is still in the hands of trustees, my cousin, Daniel B. Smith, being at the head of the trust.

Thus the institution was maintained for fifty years, its income varying more or less by a few pay scholars. The fund was not required in the neighborhood when the public school system went into operation, and the trust has been divided into two sums, the interest of each part to pay, to its extent, for some worthy pupils getting their education at a boarding-school in the neighborhood, or for books for them. The capital is well secured, and it is believed the wishes of the testator are still fulfilled, her pious little adventure still bearing fruit and doing good. Long may it continue.

It may be added that my respect for the book induced me to have it stereotyped in later life, but the time had gone by, and other books superseded it.

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### CHAPTER III.

More Family History—The Duchess of Plaisance—An Uncommon Family Story.

ANOTHER romance relating to the people having our blood in their veins, more emphatically confirms the utility of preserving family history.

One of Governor Lloyd's descendants, named Moore, married Barbé-Marbois, who, in the early diplomatic history of our Union, came hither as ambassador of France. They returned to that country, where he died, leaving a large estate. Their daughter married the Duke of Plaisance, who again enriched his widow. She was an eccentric person, and in her latter

days resided at Athens, in Greece, where she was remarkable for her love of fine horses and dogs. Edmund About, in a late volume on Greece, mentions her, and her eccentric habits, at the age of ninety-three. Her sister's daughter married in America Richard Willing, our well-known Philadelphian. Their daughter married the rich John Ridgway, and resides in Paris.

The duchess left no children, and no will. Mrs. Ridgway knew she had such a relative, but thought little of the matter. She told me herself that, at her own dinner-table, a gentleman near her said to another, "Well, the Duchess of Plaisance is dead, and we are dividing up a pretty good estate." Mrs. Ridgway looked up, and after some inquiry determined to examine into her cousinship, and so told her guest.

Taking pen in hand she wrote to her father in Philadelphia, when he informed her that she and her brothers were the undoubted nearest relatives, and therefore heirs. John Ridgway employed the best Parisian counsel; suit was entered, but proof of the marriage of Marbois was of course required by the courts. This was for some time a difficulty not easily solved. My Hill book genealogical table was sent to Paris, and much research, for a year, was in vain employed to find the record in this city. After diligent inquiry it was discovered in a Philadelphia church, and sent to Paris duly certified. The French court tried the case with great fairness, as the report of it, filling half a large newspaper which I have, sufficiently proves. But it was a complicated case; and delays, and partial distribution which had been made before Mrs. Ridgway began her action, made it necessary to enter into a compromise with the French claimants. Mrs. Ridgway, however, as she informed me, recovered and received a sum equal to one hundred thousand dollars! Family history *is* sometimes remunerative.

While on the subject, it is worthy of recording that another member of the Lloyd family has a curious history. The daughter of Lloyd, the poet, the friend of Coleridge and Southey, ran away with a Jew singer named Phillips, a man of some character, but not he who visited this country. She

was an heiress. A friend lately from Europe assures me that they are residing in France, in a grand château or castle.

The following notice of the Duchess of Plaisance is from M. About's volume, already referred to :

MADAME SOPHIE DE BARBÉ-MARBOIS, DUCHESS OF PLAISANCE.

"Athens, however, last year, still possessed a celebrated lady, who, after having been admired at the finest courts of Europe, had come to Greece to conceal and to end her life.

"The daughter of one of Napoleon's ministers, she was married into one of the greatest families of the empire, loved by Marie Louise, whom she served as maid of honor, admired at the court for her beauty, which only wanted a little gracefulness, esteemed by the emperor for her virtue, which was never calumniated, separated from her husband without other motive than the difference of their tempers, and shut up entirely in her affection for her only daughter, who resembled her in everything. After having shown herself to the whole East with that daughter, for whom she dreamed of nothing less than a throne, she at length resigned herself to living obscurely in a private condition, and settled for good at Athens, in the strength of her age and character.

"The premature death of her daughter, an incurable disease, old age, which has suddenly come upon her solitude, from which she has not been able to preserve herself by friendship, an irresistible leaning toward everything uncommon, and perhaps the assiduous reading of a single book, have led her to a religion which only belongs to herself, very distant from Christianity, and near the Israelite faith, without, however, confounding itself with it; a religion without followers,—of which she is at once priestess and prophetess. The God whom she consults, and who answers her, has inspired her with the idea of raising a great altar on Pentelicus. It is a project which she will carry out, whenever she has discovered a plan for this altar worthy of her God. It is from the summit of this mountain that she will commune with God, if life be spared to her.

“ Her enthusiastic ideas, and the singularity of her faith, take away nothing from the subtlety of her mind, nor from the soundness of her judgment in ordinary matters, nor from the fidelity of her memory, which goes so far as to enable her to recite a long string of moral verses taught in childhood, and the gossip of the imperial court which she could not help hearing in her youth. Her character is complete; like that of but few men, her will inflexible, her enmity enduring, her love of life extreme, and her cautiousness always awake. Five or six large dogs, able to devour a man, and who have given proofs of this, are her guards and her best friends. She is rich; her revenues, both in France and in Greece, amount, it is said, to near three hundred thousand francs. She has mortgages on the finest houses of Athens, and great people petition her to be allowed to borrow her money. She is liberal by fits, but only towards the rich, and not without a disposition to take back her gifts. Her fortune, the best part of which spent in alms would put the whole town at her feet, is spent in eccentric buildings which she leaves unfinished, it is said on purpose, and from a superstitious fear of dying when she shall have completed something. Her garden at Athens, an immense space traversed by the Ilissus, is a desert which she keeps in that state, to prevent trees from growing there. She inhabits a house only just commenced, isolated, unfurnished, and deserted, while comfortable living, a select society, five or six devoted friends, and the adoration of the public, would not cost her a hundred thousand francs a year.

“ This extraordinary woman, who lives and will die unhappy, although she has more wit, money, and virtue than are necessary to be happy in this world, is *Madame Sophie de Barbé-Marbois, Duchess of Plaisance*.

“ The duchess likes new faces; and any man who wears gloves may boldly introduce himself, and he will find a welcome. She will take him a drive, with a dog for a companion. She will invite him to dine at her house on the Pentelicus, in the society of a pack of hounds. It is true that these skyrockets of friendship very soon go out; but all strangers who have passed

through Athens, have given themselves the pleasure of discharging one."—From "*Greece and Greeks of the Present Day*," by Edmund About, 1857. Translated by Elizabeth P. Smith.

(A Newspaper Extract.)

STORY OF THE DUCHESS OF PLAISANCE.

*A Descendant of Governor Lloyd.*

Highly Interesting Suit in a Paris Court—American Heirs to the Succession of a French Duchess—Chapter of Revolutionary History—Inedited Letter of General Washington—Value of the Records in Family Bibles—Important to Families in Pennsylvania, etc.

"We translate the following report of an important suit which has been just decided before the Tribunal of the Seine, from the *Paris Gazette des Tribunaux*, received yesterday by the 'Asia.' It concerns the fortunes of an ancient and honorable Philadelphia family, and has much that will be interesting to the general reader.

"The division of the succession of the late Duchess de Plaisance was the object of a suit brought before the Civil Tribunal of the Seine by Mrs. Elizabeth Chilling, wife of Mr. Ridgway, against the Duc de Valmy and Mons. de Lery, relatives of the deceased by the paternal line. Mrs. Ridgway claimed the portion of the rich succession belonging to the maternal line; and she founded her claims on the following facts:

"The Marquis Barbé de Marbois, father to the Duchess de Plaisance, was born at Metz in 1745. He came to America in 1779, in the quality of Secretary of Legation under the Chevalier de Luzerne, and on the departure of that minister for France, he occupied the position of charge d'affaires, which he retained till 1785, at which time he was promoted to the post of Intendant of Hispaniola. During his sojourn at Philadelphia he had made the acquaintance of Elizabeth Moore, daughter of William Moore and Sarah Lloyd. This William Moore, who was a simple colonist in his youth, had distinguished himself in the war of the Revolution, had become the friend of Washington, and had been invested with the high dignity of President of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania. M. Barbé

de Marbois wedded, in 1784, Miss Elizabeth Moore. She had two brothers. Thomas Lloyd Moore, one of them, is the grandfather of the plaintiff, who would be, consequently, second cousin to the Duchess de Plaisance.

“From the statement of the plaintiff’s counsel we gather the following facts:

“‘Madame Sophie Barbé de Marbois, Duchess de Plaisance, died at Athens on the 14th May, 1854, intestate. She left neither progenitors nor descendants, nor brothers nor sisters, nor nephews nor nieces, to inherit the large property which she held in France. The succession, therefore, devolved upon the nearest collateral relatives in the paternal and maternal lines. The former were represented by the defendants, Messrs. De Valmy and De Lery; the latter by the plaintiffs, Americans, and living in the United States. On the 21st July, they proceeded to the inventory of the property without calling in the maternal branch, although the existence of relatives belonging to that branch was perfectly well known; the family papers could leave no doubt in that regard. The division was effected with great precipitancy between Messrs. De Valmy and De Lery, notwithstanding the observations of Mr. Rigault, provisional administrator of the succession. On the 30th October, 1854, the maternal heirs presented their demand for shares.’

“The advocate continued: ‘In that state of affairs, gentlemen, the only question that you have to decide is, are the plaintiffs justified in their quality of heirs? The defendants respond “No,” and affirm that the whole of the succession belongs to them by right of devolvement. Our justifications are criticised on three points only. You do not prove—say they to us—the marriage of William Moore with Sarah Lloyd on 13th of December, 1757. You do not prove the filiation of Thomas Lloyd Moore, your pretended grandfather. In fine, you do not prove the filiation of Elizabeth Moore, wife of M. Barbé de Marbois, mother of the Duchess de Plaisance. The justifications on the remaining part of the genealogy are recognized as regular and complete. It is true that my client does not prove either the registry of marriage of William Moore with Sarah Lloyd, or

the registry of birth of Elizabeth Moore and her brother Thomas Lloyd Moore. What signifies that if these three registries can be supplied in the most decisive manner, in fact and in law, by the other documents produced? It is sought to compel us to put in evidence the registry of marriage of Mr. Moore and Sarah Lloyd. This demand would be admissible if the marriage had been celebrated in France, where the keeping of registers of the civil State is prescribed and regulated by legal imperious dispositions, to which we conform. But when a marriage celebrated in a foreign country is in question, it is a different matter, for in such a case we must be content with the proofs admitted in the country to substantiate marriages. We will see by and by what the usages in this matter are in the United States, and particularly in Pennsylvania. Besides, even in France, and under the French law, article 197 makes an exception to article 194. But precisely in point is the hypothesis of article 197, for it relates to two persons constantly holding the position of legitimate spouses. Will we be told that article 197 is not applicable to foreigners? That would be wrong, for the law makes no distinction; and besides, there is in each case identity of motives; or rather article 197 is applicable *a fortiori* to foreigners belonging to a country where the registrations of civil condition are not prescribed by law or declared obligatory upon the citizens. We hold multiplied proofs of the marriage of William Moore, celebrated 13th December, 1757, and of the continuous holding of the married condition; and numerous documents leave no doubt on the rules and usages of the country in such matters.

“Our adversaries pretend that the date of the marriage has a great importance, because, compared with the date of the birth, it renders the children legitimate or illegitimate according as they are born before or after marriage,—legitimization by subsequent marriage not existing in the United States. But the documents which we produce prove not only the fact, but also the date of the marriage; and besides, it suffices for the certainty of the marriage that the children are reputed legitimate, because apparently no person will admit that there is between

spouses a legal presumption of concubinage, and against children a legal presumption of bastardy.

“‘ This quite gratuitous presumption would be so much the more odious in this case, as it is belied by the social position of the parties,—William Moore, President of the Supreme Executive Council, and commander-in-chief of the troops of Pennsylvania,—Barbé de Marbois, counsellor to the Parliament of Metz, Consul General of France, and charge d'affaires of his Majesty to the United States of America. It is also belied by the quality of the witnesses who assisted at the marriage of M. Barbé de Marbois and Miss Elizabeth Moore. And now, is not the illegitimacy of Elizabeth Moore, become Madame Barbé de Marbois, highly improbable? Is there another proof wanting? If so, listen to this letter, written by the great Washington :

““ It is with the greatest pleasure that I have learned from you the news of the happy and agreeable union which you are on the point of forming for Miss Moore. Although you have given numerous proofs of your predilection and attachment for this country, this last act may be considered not only as a grand and tender evidence of it, but also the most satisfactory and most durable. The qualities and connections of this personage cannot fail to render it such. On the subject of this happy event please accept the felicitations of Mrs. Washington and my family. We must both participate in everything which contributes to your happiness and that of your amiable spouse, whom, as well as her family, we have the pleasure of knowing, and to whom we beg you to present our compliments.

““ Penetrated with the greatest esteem and the highest consideration, and animated by the liveliest desire of showing myself worthy of your friendship,

““ I have the honor to be, etc.,

““ GEORGE WASHINGTON.”

““ You now understand, gentlemen, how odious is the supposition which the defendants direct against the mother of the Duchess de Plaisance, for the purpose of doubling their heredi-



tary emolument, and of adding two millions of francs to the two millions which they have already collected. Do we or do we not establish the marriage in a legal manner? We prove the documents which in the United States, and especially in Pennsylvania, are all-sufficient in such matters.' The advocate here cited extracts from documents showing that the marriages, births, and deaths are proved either by the parish register or by memoranda written in the family Bible, and where the Bible and the registers fail, then by deposition of eye-witnesses and by acts of notoriety. From these documents it results, also, that the registration of marriages, births, and deaths is only obligatory since 1852. Coming to the proof of the marriage of Mr. Moore and Sarah Lloyd, the advocate called the attention of the court to two acts of notoriety,—a letter from the French consul at Philadelphia, two civil depositions, a promise of marriage between M. de Marbois and Elizabeth Moore; the will of Sarah Moore, dated December 6, 1787; an extract from the memoranda inscribed on the family Bible of William Moore, and several other documents. 'They demand of us (he continued) proof of the filiation of Thomas Lloyd Moore, our grandfather, and that of Elizabeth Moore, become Madame de Barbois, and they contend that we ought to produce the registry of birth. But from articles 46, 319, 320, and 323 of the Code Napoléon, it results that even in France it is possible to prove legitimate filiation independent of the registry of birth. The court has already seen, according to the certificates of which I have read extracts, that the case is evidently the same in the United States. The defendants say, again: You produce acts taken from the registries of the United States; why do you not produce those which will establish precisely the parentage which you claim? The answer is easy: the defendants produce existing acts of this nature, but, the family not having always caused the registration of births, marriages, and deaths, it is not possible to produce documents of this character for all the births, all the marriages, and all the deaths which have taken place in the family. Besides, we challenge our adversaries to prove that in the State of Pennsylvania there exist cotemporaneous

registers of the birth of Thomas Lloyd Moore and Elizabeth Moore.' Mr. Paillet concluded by deducing from a great number of documents, irrefutable, according to him, of the legitimate filiation of Elizabeth Moore and of Thomas Lloyd Moore, grandfather of his client.

"At the audience of the 11th July, Mr. Berryer, counsel of Messrs. de Valmy and de Lery, presented his argument, as follows :

"Gentlemen, you have not lost the recollection of what took place at your last audience. My adversary accumulated before you documents of all kinds, endeavoring to draw from them probabilities. But a partition of inheritance is not one of those actions which can be sufficiently sustained by simple presumptions. For success it requires positive titles; and I expect that it will be easy for me, on examining one by one the different documents which have been placed before you, to demonstrate that our adversaries have not proved their pretension. Our resistance has appeared unworthy and odious to those who attack us. We wish—say they—to continue in an unjust possession. I must recall the facts to wipe away these aspersions from my clients. Madame, the Duchess de Plaisance, died at Athens on the 14th of May, 1854, without descendants or progenitors. Messrs. de Valmy and de Lery were incontestably her relatives in the degree of second cousins. At the news of the death of the duchess, M. de Valmy takes care to make known this sad event. Madame Ridgway inhabits Paris since a long time. She sparkles in the world by her fortune, and still more so by her charms; everything which takes place in the high society in which she is not merely admitted, but sought for, she is soon made aware of. She had known the life of Madame de Plaisance in the East; she had heard her great fortune spoken of; she certainly learned of her death. Besides, M. de Valmy, who had had with Madame Ridgway those relations which exist between people moving in the same sphere, did not fail doubtless to inform her of it. The duchess had an agent in Paris who informed my clients that their relative had died without making a will, and confirmed them in the expectation that she left a large

property. The nomination of a provisional administrator was necessary; the agent of the duchess was nominated to these functions, and received power to fulfil them. The explanations which he furnishes will establish clearly that there was no heir in the maternal line. The preliminary operations are ended, the moment is arrived for proceeding to the division. Still, at the instance of M. de Valmy, measures are taken to find out heirs in the maternal branch. The French consul in the United States is written to, and it is during the exchange of correspondence that, at the end of September, the division of the property is closed. Two acts are drawn up,—one for the personal property, the other for the real estate. The demand on which the court has to-day to determine was commenced on the 30th of October. Madame Ridgway calls herself second cousin, but without explaining the relationship. Messrs. de Valmy and de Lery immediately offer a division on amicable terms, on the sole condition that Madame Ridgway would present her justificatory titles. My clients could not act more fairly. Their proposition is neither accepted nor rejected; but on the 22d or 23d of December they are invited to be present at the depositing in the notary's hands of justificatory documents. These documents, to the number of eleven, are extracts from the registries of Philadelphia, establishing the fact that the plaintiff is descended in a direct line from Thomas Lloyd Moore, but not proving in any way that Thomas Lloyd Moore was the brother of Madame Barbé de Marbois. That was, however, the important thing. The fact is noticed; and it is announced that the next steamer will bring irrefutable documents on that point. The steamer brings only two acts of notoriety, three declarations of witnesses, the copy of inscriptions written on the family Bible, a will of Sarah Lloyd of the year 1787, and a second will of the same year. These are not the acts which you want. If those acts exist, they are to be found on the registries of Philadelphia. That is what we say to our opponents. At the time of this new production, they declare to us that they do not intend to furnish any other documents. More recently, however, five new documents are produced; they are insignificant, but

they reveal a disobliging intention. In one of them, which is a note enumerating the paternal and maternal relatives of the Duchess de Plaisance, prepared by M. de Marbois, I have read these words, printed in italics, in our adversaries' case: "The Duke de Valmy died in 1836. He has himself left a successor, who has been given to him by a decree of the royal court. By this title he is my own nephew." Do they mean by this phrase to cast any doubt on the rights of M. de Valmy? It would be sufficient to read the registry of birth of M. de Valmy, to do justice to that. This registry in fact tells us that the child was presented to the civil state by M. Barbé de Marbois himself. That is not all. M. Barbé de Marbois has been, besides, the godfather of my client. You see the worth of the documents produced by our adversaries. You see to what results they arrive, when they endeavor to build up origins far back by the aid of simple probabilities. Before commencing the examination of all the documents with which our adversaries are armed against us, let us cast our eyes, gentlemen, upon the genealogical table which they oppose to us. A rapid glance shows us that even supposing the relationship, which we deny, was proved, it would still be necessary to prove the decease of a brother of Mr. Thomas Lloyd Moore, Mr. Robert Kerney Moore, who figures on this table. Even that would not be sufficient; the American law does not admit representation for the descendants of brothers and sisters, so that the existence of the children of Robert Kerney Moore would be an obstacle to the pretension which is raised to-day, and it would be indispensable to demonstrate that there are no children living of Robert Kerney Moore.

"Counsel, arriving at the principal question in dispute, contended that 'the proof that the common authors lived as husband and wife is not admissible; such condition is only sufficient to prove filiation in certain cases; that is, the child who reclaims for himself is alone admitted to avail himself of it. Third parties have not the same right. They are held to produce acts. But in this case Thomas Lloyd Moore himself would not have been able to invoke the cohabitation as hus-

band and wife of those whose son he claims to be, because he did not prove his filiation, which should be established before everything. That which Thomas Lloyd Moore would not have been able to do, assuredly others cannot do.'

"After having sought to demonstrate that the law of Philadelphia imposes the same condition as the French law on those who wish to prove their filiation, the defendant's counsel continued: 'When you have the acts, you produce them. Since the death of William Moore you produce to us the series of all the births, the regular extracts from all the acts. Why not go farther? You prove everything except the filiation of Thomas Lloyd, except the marriage of his parents. And yet the registries exist. They have been regularly kept since the year 1709. It is from these registries that you draw all your useless proofs; they are dumb on that which it is of importance to know. But their existence suffices to prevent your being admitted to resort to any other modes of proof.'

"Counsel then examined the proof which the plaintiffs seek to deduce from a family Bible presented by Richard Willing, 26th January, 1855. This Bible proves nothing; for all the indications which it contains have been written on the same day; they are not cotemporaneous of the events which they record. We may pass by the certificate emanating from a religious community, which they present from the exigency of the case, and which no more than the Bible proves anything of the marriage. Can they sustain themselves on acts of notoriety? Not at all. The proof by witnesses can only be received in the absence of all other means of substantiating the truth. Besides, the acts produced make known expressly only one fact,—the date of the death of Thomas Lloyd Moore. It is only accessorially that the witnesses declare that Thomas Lloyd Moore was born of William and Sarah, and that these were married. After having contended against the value of Mr. Bill's declaration, and of the act of marriage of M. Barbé de Marbois, the counsel thus continues: 'We have to reply to our adversaries, who pretend they have established that they are legitimate descendants of a common ancestor. All hypotheses must

be permitted to us. What was, in 1757, William Moore? A trader,—a colonist, leading the adventurous life of new countries, entertaining with this person and that person connections which only had the duration of his caprices. Children might be born of these transient intimacies,—children devoted, by their origin, to obscurity and forgetfulness. But in 1784 things had changed,—the grave colonist has been engaged in the war,—he has fought for the independence of his country,—liberty and glory have purified everything. The minister of the king has seen and admired the companion of Washington. Let us live for a moment in that time. Could M. Barbé de Marbois ask himself whether the daughter of William Moore might chance to be illegitimate? Evidently not; facts must be judged by the ideas of the time. What we demand is the certain date of the marriage. They respond that legitimacy is to be presumed. But that is impossible in a country which does not admit legitimization by subsequent marriage; and besides, through respect for Thomas Moore—through respect for the companion whom he had chosen—you cannot declare a legitimacy which would result only from a presumption. Correspondence would not prove a title. If we see Mr. Barbé de Marbois writing to Mr. Thomas Lloyd Moore, and calling him “My dear brother-in-law,” we must also read the letters of Mr. Thomas Lloyd Moore, which address M. de Marbois simply as “My dear sir,” and those of Mr. Richard Willing, which use the laconic formula, “Sir.” A more grave presumption results from the division which took place in 1794 between Thomas Lloyd Moore and Robert Kerney Moore, the brother whose decease it would be requisite to prove. Madame Barbé de Marbois does not take part in this operation. However, at this time, the law of dowry was abolished between Americans and French, in virtue of a diplomatic convention. Madame Barbé de Marbois should therefore evidently have figured in the division of the succession of their pretended brother, or in any legal act, were it even an act of renunciation. I put this question to our adversaries: What are your rights? Let us admit that the marriage of 1754 is proved, that the birth subsequent to this

marriage is established: you will not be heirs until you will have shown yourselves such by the death of Robert Kerney Moore without issue. Let us admit also that you have made this latter proof: there still remains a treaty between the two families,—the marriage contract of M. and Madame de Marbois celebrated in 1784. This contract divides the two fortunes,—that of M. de Marbois and that of Elizabeth Moore. The main clause is in substance that the collateral heirs of Elizabeth de Marbois shall not have or pretend to have all her right of share in the common property, but only the value of the property and effects which will have devolved on said lady by means of donations or heritages. It results from this clause that if you have the right to take that which comes from the side of Madame Barbé de Marbois, you cannot, at all events, touch what M. Barbé de Marbois leaves after him.’

“The tribunal rendered the following judgment:

“Considering that the chief point of controversy bears upon the proof to be made by the spouses Ridgway, plaintiffs, of the legitimacy of the children, born of the common authors; that thus the question to be resolved is to know whether it has been proved that William Moore and Sarah Lloyd were, before the birth of their children, united in legitimate marriage,—considering that the families Moore and Lloyd were established in America, in the State of Pennsylvania, and that their descendants, with the exception of Elizabeth Moore, who became a Frenchwoman, have continued to reside there: that it is, therefore, in accordance with the mode of proof admitted before the tribunals of that country, that the fact of the marriage of the authors ought to be proved,—considering that there results, from the mass of certificates of custom and documents produced, that in the United States of America, and particularly in Pennsylvania, public notoriety is really the ordinary mode of proving marriages, births, and deaths; that the inscription on a register has never been a requisite formality as a means of proof which can be supplied, and that it is contrary to the habits of the nation; that the entry is generally preserved in the family Bible or in any other book which may serve to keep it; that in de-

fault of such entry, recourse is had to eye-witnesses, and if a long time has elapsed, or if distances are great, then the proof is made by witnesses who have heard it said that the two persons were regularly married, lived, and cohabited publicly as husband and wife,—considering that the spouses Ridgway produce: 1st. An authentic act containing the copy of memoranda written by William Moore's hand, in the book called the family Bible, in which we read, 'William Moore married, December 13, 1757, to Sarah Lloyd,—and the following are their children: Thomas Lloyd Moore, born January 20, 1759, on Saturday, at seven o'clock in the morning; and Elizabeth, born March 13, 1764, at five minutes past two in the afternoon;' 2d, A certificate of comparison attesting that the writing of the said entries is in the same hand as that of the different documents and signatures of William Moore which have been preserved in public acts,—considering that this entry and the acts which have for object to certify authenticity form the proof of marriage of William Moore with Sarah Lloyd, and of the birth of Thomas and Elizabeth subsequently to that marriage,—that to corroborate this proof the spouses Ridgway produce numerous and various accessory documents which all agree in giving to Sarah Lloyd the title and the quality of spouse, so that in default of the more solemn proof of the family Bible these documents alone would form a complete proof of the notoriety of the said marriage,—considering that not only all the documents produced by the spouses Ridgway are unanimous in attesting this notoriety, but still that there is no indication, not even the slightest, made by their adversaries, tending to raise a doubt on the fact of the marriage, or to cast a suspicion on any of the acts and evidences invoked by the spouses Ridgway,—considering that although the proof of legitimacy is made according to the French law by different means, on account of the regularity which is observed in France by means of the registry of civil state; nevertheless the law substantially reposes on the same principles; that it takes care to not require from the parties more than it is possible to produce; that thus to establish filiation, article 320 requires from the child only proof of condition; that to establish



his legitimacy it is sufficient for the child to prove that his parents lived in the condition of married persons; considering that it follows therefrom that the plaintiffs prove the marriage of William Moore with Sarah Lloyd, anteriorly to the birth of Thomas Lloyd Moore and of Elizabeth Moore; considering that in regard to Robert Kerney Moore the plaintiffs establish the rights of the maternal line to the succession of the Duchess de Plaisance, and are not bound to produce proof of the decease of an heir who would be nearer in the same line; that the onus in that respect lies on the defendants; considering in what regard subsidiary conclusions, that the legislation of the United States does not regulate the succession in question; considering that the marriage contract of Elizabeth Moore cannot be opposed to the descendants of Thomas Lloyd Moore. Therefore, without being stopped by the opposing arguments raised by De Valmy and De Lery, which are ill founded, the tribunal declares that the proof to be established by the spouses Ridgway springs completely from the paper and documents furnished.

“Consequently the court orders that the title of the inventory prepared by M. Fould, notary at Paris, after the decease of the Duchess de Plaisance, at the request of the heirs of the paternal line, be rectified in conformity with the rights and qualities of all parties interested; that the said inventory be also reviewed and recollated in presence of M. Durant, notary at Paris, and that entry of the present judgment be made in the margin of the minute of the title of inventory.

“It orders that all the acts of notoriety which might have been made at the request of the heirs of the paternal line be rectified by the notary in conformity with the present judgment.

“It declares null and void all acts of division of personal or real estate which may have been made between the heirs of the paternal line alone.

“It condemns the spouses Ridgway to the expenses as towards the Willing heirs, saving to them their resource against De Valmy and De Lery.

“It condemns De Valmy and De Lery collectively in all the costs.

"The rest of the objects and conclusions of the parties it places out of the cause."

"In another part of our paper will be found a report of the proceedings and judgment of the Imperial Court of Paris, in the appeal lodged against Mrs. Ridgway's claim to be considered a relation of the late Duchess de Plaisance, and, as such, to share in the division of her inheritance. The property left by the deceased lady amounts to about 3,500,000*f.* (\$700,000), and, under the decision just rendered, our fair countrywoman becomes entitled to a third share of it. As our readers may not have followed the points of this interesting case in its progress through the French courts, the following summary of them may not be unacceptable: The Duchess de Plaisance was, it appears, the daughter of the late M. and Mme. de Marbois, and the latter, whose name was Elizabeth, was the daughter of William Moore and Sarah Lloyd, of Pennsylvania; and Mrs. Ridgway is the granddaughter of Thomas Moore, son of the said William Moore and Sarah Lloyd. The appeal was based principally on the allegation that the marriage of William Moore and Sarah Lloyd could not be legally proved to the satisfaction of a French court of justice; that consequently Thomas Moore must be considered of illegitimate birth, and that, therefore, Mrs. Ridgway's claim to relationship to the duchess through him could not stand. It was admitted that there was no formal registration by public authorities, such as are made in France, of the marriage of William Moore and Sarah Lloyd; but a family Bible was produced, in which William Moore had written that the said marriage took place in Pennsylvania, on the 13th December, 1757, and that two children were born of it,—Thomas, in January, 1759, and Elizabeth, in March, 1764. It was shown that William Moore and Sarah Lloyd had always lived together and been considered as man and wife; that Washington himself, who was a friend of theirs, had so regarded them, and that they had executed deeds in that capacity; and it was stated that according to American and Protestant customs, these circumstances must be considered proofs of lawful marriage; it was also shown that Sarah Lloyd, who was a

Quakeress, had been expelled from the Quaker community, partly for having been then too fond of dancing and of pleasure, and partly for having, contrary to the custom of Quakers, 'allowed herself to be married by a priest.' The Imperial Court on appeal decided that the tribunal was right in its judgment in favor of the American heirs, and it ordered the division of the late duchess's property to be at once proceeded to."—*From About's Volume.*

## AN UNCOMMON FAMILY STORY.

As the following relates to the family of a first cousin of mine, and as you may hear different versions respecting its import, it may be well for me to relate the particulars. In an English novel the events might form part of an intricate plot. They are not without interest independently of their connection with my relatives and family. In the second chapter of Part One, will be found brief allusions to my father's brother, James Smith, Jr., and his children.

*John J.*, the eldest, married Mary Roberts.

*Hugh Roberts* married Sally Logan Smith, sister of John J.

*George Roberts*, brother of Mary and Hugh, married a Miss Emlen.

*John J.*'s oldest son was named *George Roberts Smith*, after his uncle, and was a great favorite with him.

*George Roberts Smith* married Mary, daughter of Hugh Roberts and Sally Logan Smith (Roberts), his double first cousin.

*George Roberts* had but one child, a daughter, who married Harry Ingersoll. They had one son, and he was to inherit the very great fortune of his grandfather, if he attained the age of twenty-one, the mother, however, having a life estate in the property. In case this boy did not attain his majority, the property was willed to George Roberts Smith at the mother's death. Mr. Ingersoll, a lieutenant in the navy, had no interest at her decease. The boy attained the age of twenty and some months. But while on his way to New York by railroad, he was internally injured in the dreadful accident to the train

which occurred at Burlington, in 1855. Not knowing himself to be seriously hurt, he proceeded with the reconstructed train to Trenton, whence he telegraphed to his parents of his escape with only slight injury. But it proved to be otherwise, as he died that night, or very soon afterwards! Thus the property, the income of which is estimated to be forty or fifty thousand dollars per annum, was prospectively, at the decease of Mrs. Ingersoll, to go immediately to George Roberts Smith, or his heirs.

I have lived long enough to record that two years ago this heir also died, of disease of the heart, before his cousin, who is still (1872) in possession of the income. George Roberts Smith left heirs, but in case of their deaths, his brother Alexander is to succeed.

Now, here is an American case of inheritance resembling, in some particulars, and in the amount of the fortune, what we read of many European families, though in the instance under remark there is no title to accompany the entail. It needs this only to make it as remarkable as many examples we read of in history and fiction. The long continuance of my own life permits this record, which I could not have given in Part First, written twenty-two years since. It is told to you as a family event; but at present I have not talked of it to others. When this volume comes to be opened, at a distant day, it will be interesting to follow up the story to another generation or two. A part of the estate consists of the stores in Chestnut Street above Ninth, on the site of which once lived George Roberts, with his daughter, Mrs. Ingersoll, next door. Perhaps my grandchildren will remember that in one of these houses we once met to get their photographs taken at Wendroth & Taylor's celebrated gallery, now in the very centre of business.

I should have added, perhaps, that Mr. Roberts thoughtfully provided, by will, a sufficiency for his son-in-law Ingersoll. The accumulations of income beyond their wants will doubtless be his, should he survive his wife.

## CHAPTER IV.

## PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN.

“Our life’s a journey in a winter’s day:  
Some only break their fast, and so away;  
Others stay dinner, and depart full fed;  
The deepest age but sups and goes to bed.”

THE number of interesting Americans whom I have known, persons who more or less filled the public eye, was considerable. I shall defer to a future page a brief account of my second and third trips to Europe, in the latter accompanied, most happily, by my wife and daughter, and our relative Ellen Waln, in order to name a few of my friends with whom I was either intimate or on happy social terms. Sir Henry Holland tells us characteristically, in his very pleasant “Life,” that one day he astonished the present Lord Derby (then Lord Stanley, and Foreign Secretary) when his lordship was dining alone with Sir Henry, by informing him that forty-five years before that time he frequently attended his great-grandfather! Such is the rapid progress of generations upon the earth that such an event is quite in the natural course of things. I met the late Lord Derby in Philadelphia at a party, where it was usual to find many distinguished travellers. He was then a youngish man, and has lately died an old one, and been buried in great state at Knowsley. It is not unusual for me to hear names well known in your days, but when I ask more particularly, I find it is the sons who are spoken of, and not unfrequently the grandsons. Sir Henry writes at eighty-four, but I at seventy-four am experiencing much that he recalls of the lapse of time.

## COLLINS—GRELLET.

It would be highly improper in a story of this kind, were I to omit relating the intimate connection formed in our family

with that of Isaac Collins the elder. His is a remarkable family, as will appear as we proceed.

Isaac Collins, according to a privately printed quarto account, by his son of the same name, was born in 1746, near the Brandywine Creek, in Delaware. His father was Charles Collins, who emigrated to this country from Bristol, England, when sixteen years old. Both his parents died during his childhood, and his two brothers, and a sister, never married. Originally, he was apprenticed to a farmer, and afterwards to a practical printer in Wilmington. Working at this profession about eighteen months, in Philadelphia, he formed a partnership with Joseph Cruikshank, an estimable Friend; but learning of an opening in Burlington, New Jersey, he went thither, and, favored by Samuel Smith, the Historian, and others, he went into business there in 1770, and obtained the appointment of "Printer to King George III. for the Province of New Jersey," an office worth about three hundred pounds a year, quite a considerable sum for the time. Burlington was then the seat of government for New Jersey.

In 1771 he married Rachel Budd, of Philadelphia. In 1778 he removed to Trenton, where he was a very useful citizen, and prominent in establishing the academy, where his elder children obtained a good education for that day, the Latin language being familiar to them. He now printed books of great value, and a quarto Bible of extreme accuracy, the edition being five thousand, an astonishing number for the period. The proofs were read eleven times, his children assisting. A copy of this book is now in request, even as a curiosity. He also printed large editions of Lindley Murray's books, then and afterwards much used in schools, and by untiring industry became a successful man.

At Trenton he established a weekly paper called the *New Jersey Gazette*,\* published during the eventful period of the Revolution, and continued it until 1786. The files of that paper show him to have been zealously in favor of American

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\* The paper was first issued in Burlington.

independence. In 1776 he printed an edition of one thousand copies of the revised laws of New Jersey, and in the same year an emission of paper money for the State government, much of it signed by my relative, Richard Smith, specimens of which you will find among my collections. His performance of this duty was greatly approved. The combination of letter-press and copper-plate printing, with the variety of colors in each note, rendered counterfeiting difficult.

In 1796 he removed to New York, where he continued in the printing and book trade with success. The business was carried on, after his retirement, by his sons Thomas, Isaac, and Stacey, under the firm, long well established and profitable, of Collins & Co. This firm employed the original J. & J. Harper (firm Harper & Brothers), who from small beginnings have absorbed so large a portion of the book business. Swain, the great panacea manufacturer, was one of their bookbinders.

The wife of Isaac Collins died in 1805, of yellow fever, when the family had fled to West Farms, leaving a large number of deeply afflicted descendants and friends. Like her husband she was greatly esteemed, as is shown by the letters printed, from George Dillwyn and John Cox, addressed to her husband. Isaac Collins was, to a remarkable degree, an eminently respectable man, and singularly conscientious of his word. In 1808 he removed to Burlington, to a most comfortable mansion in Broad Street, naming it "The Retreat," where I knew him. Here, after a residence of eighteen months, he married my aunt, Deborah Smith, *née* Morris, the oldest daughter of my grandmother, and the widow of Benjamin Smith, father of Daniel B. Smith, enjoying for a few years the repose of a retired, hospitable life. But he was attacked by a disease incident to old age, and after great suffering passed away in 1817.

Of his seven sons and seven daughters, all were married except Rachel, who died young, and Anna S., who departed this life May, 1872. Rebecca, Charles, Sarah, Elizabeth, Thomas, Susanna, Anna, and Stacey lived to be more than eighty. William died younger than seventy, while all the others exceeded that age, and all were living when Joseph, the

youngest, was fifty years old. I added the fourth connection of the two families, by marrying, in 1821, Isaac Collins's granddaughter, now past seventy, while my nephew Dillwyn, son of Richard M., completed the cycle of intermarriages of the Smiths and Collinses (he a son of Susanna Collins) by taking, for the fifth, for wife, Elizabeth M. Morris, a descendant of Richard Smith No. 5, and of Margaret Morris.

The elder Isaac Collins's first wife was a near relative of the once celebrated Thomas Say, respecting whom there was a remarkable "vision" published, which had a large circulation. Benjamin Say, son of Thomas, was the father of the naturalist, Thomas Say. The latter was, in my time, a druggist, one of the curious firm of Speakman & Say!\*

Isaac Collins's first wife's sister married a brother of the Botanist Bartram, celebrated by Dr. Darlington in his very pleasing biography of this early contributor to the knowledge which comes of extensive botanical research; the friend of Collinson and Lord Petre. Thus my mother-in-law was introduced to the cousinship of the worthy Bartram family, as you have heard her relate. See memoir of Peter Collinson and that of Bartram. In the former is pasted a curious account of the Say Burying-Ground, in Philadelphia, still extant, and sometimes, though rarely used, and now in a dilapidated condition. It adjoins and was once a part of Friends' ground, Fourth and Arch Streets, but is fenced off, and the entrance is by way of an alley from Third Street. Very near it is the last resting-place of the once nearly united families of Thomas Lloyd, Isaac Norris, etc. James Logan was interred in the same ground. I have understood the exact spot, now unknown, is somewhere under a walk leading to the meeting-house. His family were subsequently interred on their estate, Stenton, in a family burial-ground, where also lies Sally Norris Dickinson.

It is rather remarkable that all the children of Isaac Collins retained their membership in and respect for the Society of

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\* The following accidental alliteration of names and business and residence came within my correspondence. The address of one of my customers was this,—  
"Dr. Dudley Diggs, Druggist, Dagsboro, Delaware."



Friends, as my wife and myself have also done. All were most estimable people, and their descendants you know.

STEPHEN GRELLET.

That remarkable and excellent, as well as useful missionary, Stephen Grellet, who married the eldest daughter of Isaac Collins the elder, has had a most able record of his life edited by Benjamin Seebohm, in two volumes, a work of so much merit that it has gone through both English and American editions, to the great edification of thousands.\*

He was associated in mercantile business in New York with my father-in-law, under the firm of Pearsall & Grellet, and in the capacity of a merchant displayed prudence and industry, accumulating a sufficiency for his family. When a sense of religious duty called him from home on distant missions whose duration it was impossible for him to foresee, he settled up his affairs, and leaving his wife and only child in the secure and comfortable refuge of my brother Richard's family, or in that of his partner, he sought in many lands the conversion of souls, and was undoubtedly the divinely-appointed instrument for the salvation of very many. In my brother's family the wife and daughter sought consolation, in his absences, in the study of the Scriptures, and the giving up of husband and father to perform the duties undertaken by him. In later years, by reason of age and infirmity, he retired from extensive travel. My wife and myself knew of his usefulness, and admired his character. We heard read his modest but informing letters, giving descriptions of interviews with crowned heads, and even the Pope himself, the prevailing aim being conversion for the unconverted. He visited the Patriarch of the Russian Church, and penetrated the secret recesses of the Inquisition at Rome, and its library. The Patriarch thought it necessary to array himself in pontifical pomp to receive the simply-attired

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\* 1891. William Guest wrote a popular life of S. Grellet for the series of "Men Worth Remembering." It was intended for the general Christian reader, and far more editions of it have sold than of any other work in the series. The author died very recently.

Quaker. "The sublime apparatus of haberdashery," said the *Eclectic Review*, July, 1863, "does not appear to have interfered either with affability on the one hand, or a faithful proclamation of truth on the other; but the picture would be a singular one which should exhibit these two sitting together,—the Metropolitan in his rich, large, purple robe, and other embroidered garments, his white tiara blazing with its cross of emeralds, diamonds, and precious stones, gold chain suspending the picture of one of the chief saints, his side decorated with small and large stars, and in his hands a string of amber beads."

When the Pope permitted his visit, our uncle was about entering the presence chamber with his hat on; but as he passed the portal, his head was quickly uncovered and the door closed on him, and before he could look for his hat, the time for doing so had passed. On returning to the other apartment his hat was given him, and excuses were made for having taken it away, stating that, this being done when Friends appear before the king of England, they thought they could not do otherwise on this occasion. The visit to the Pope was declared to have been an unusually long one, and the attendants therefore thought his holiness was much pleased. The interview, as related in the book, is an interesting one, as indeed is every page of the volume. Of the letters received and read aloud when I was but young, I remember best the impression made by the accounts of interviews with the Emperor Alexander, the Queen Mother and Prince Galitzin.\* I saw the latter many years later, riding with four horses and outriders, up to the old Schloss at Baden-Baden.

After his European tours he travelled in the then little civilized parts of our own Western country, in all ways seeking to bring men to Christ. In the great Hicksite controversy he took a decided stand on the side, of course, of the Orthodox. "His tenderness of feeling, which, in all climes and countries, even in the remote Cossack wildernesses, opened the iron gate-

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\* Some Englishmen trace the piety of the present Galitzins to the Grellet influence.  
E. P. S.

ways which fence the iron hearts of kings, also broke down the fences and palisades round the souls of boors and peasants." It was beautiful, as the same writer remarks, to think of him at home, sinking down into the valley of the shadow of death in perfect peace.

His domestic relations were of the most charming kind, as all who enjoyed his home-life may well testify. His daughter Rachel you all know, and justly admire for her patience under sickness and trials which deprive her of much enjoyment from the society of her friends, society which, with better health, she is calculated to embellish. She has some of the pleasing characteristics of the French, through her father, who in all circumstances was the thorough gentleman. Stephen Grellet, after a long, suffering illness, died in 1855, at the age of eighty-two. His was one of the most apostolic lives known to history. It is one of abounding interest, which all should peruse. Sorrowful it is to know that while inferior workers are greatly eulogized, this quiet but almost ubiquitous heart should be so little known to the world in general.

My wife, who knew the Grellets intimately, has added the following just testimony :

"The life of Stephen Grellett has been reviewed in *Frazer's Magazine*, perhaps with great fairness. But in one particular he has been entirely misapprehended, and I think a correction is due, not only to his individual character, but to the Christian cause in which he labored.

"His devotion to this cause did not estrange him from the domestic duties and adornments which go to make up the complete Christian gentleman. His home affections existed in rather an unusual degree. His wife was a woman of a most refined and delicate nature, and Stephen Grellet's attachment and devoted attentions to her were even lover-like, and were manifested, with French courtesy, to the very last of his being about the house.

"The character of the tie that bound this apostolic man, as husband and parent, to his gentle and magnanimous wife and warm-hearted daughter, was so refined that it seemed like sac-

rilege to have it brought before the public; and by a little care it was excluded from the published account of him, they little dreaming it could be misunderstood as a deficiency in his natural manhood. He has told me he could never sufficiently manifest his gratitude to his wife and daughter for the sacrifice they made in sparing him 'to be about his Master's business;' and in leaving home on his blessed missions, his first care was to arrange for their comfort, as it was theirs to provide every little nice accommodation for his travelling convenience.

"The sensitive nature of the venerable wife was fresh to the last, and the warm affection of the trio was a garden enclosed, a sacred treasure; which, however, was so well known by the circle of their personal friends that no deficiency, of the kind alluded to in the review, was noticed in reading the life of this truly dedicated man.

"RACHEL P. SMITH.

"GERMANTOWN, 1870."

"He his worldly task has done,  
Home he's gone, and ta'en his wages."

His mother lived beyond the age of ninety-three, retaining her mind perfect to the last.

There is no better incentive to a good life than the example of a good man.

#### THE FAMILY OF ISAAC COLLINS.

*Rebecca*, married Stephen Grellet.

*Charles* Collins, the next child to Rebecca Grellet, was an earnest and useful laborer in the cause of Emancipation. He would use no product of slavery, on one occasion refusing to borrow a cotton umbrella, though going out in a heavy rain. He left issue two daughters, now living, and one son.

*Sarah*, married Nathaniel Hawkshurst late in life, and left no children.

*Elizabeth*, my wife's beloved mother.

*Thomas*, married Ann Abbott, and left children.

*Susanna*, married my brother, and has heirs.





*Samuel George Morton*







*William*, married Ann Bispham, and left daughters.

*Benjamin Say*, married Hannah Bowne, and left children. He acted conscientiously and honorably as trustee for my wife until his decease.

*Anna*, never married.

*Isaac*, married first my cousin Margaret Morris ; second, Rebecca Singer, and has left children by both connections.

*Mary*, married Isaac T. Longstreth, and left sons and daughters.

*Stacey Budd*, married first Mary Dudley ; second, Hannah Jenks : has heirs.

*Joseph Budd*, married Sarah Minturn : has heirs.

DR. SAMUEL GEORGE MORTON.

In previous pages I have mentioned some individuals of former days, but a great number of others who interested me must not be forgotten.

Dr. Samuel George Morton, with whom I passed much time before and after he became a student of medicine, was a very agreeable and companionable gentleman. On his return from some years' study in Paris and Edinburgh, and after his graduation at the Medical College of Pennsylvania, I had the pleasure of introducing him to his future wife, my own excellent partner's younger sister ; and it shows the curious course of things that I also introduced his second son to a lady whom he soon afterwards married.

Dr. Morton was ambitious of usefulness and fame. He attained a very large practice in Philadelphia, was deeply interested in science, and became president of the Academy of Natural Sciences, to which my and his intimate and much-esteemed friend, Dr. Ruschenberger, has lately been elected. My sister Morton, as you know, was as lovely as she was beautiful. They brought up a fine family of sons and daughters. One, Brigadier-General James St. Clair Morton, was killed by a bullet through his heart while riding on horseback during one of the battles in Virginia, and was buried with military honors at Laurel Hill, beside his parents. Robert P. is a beloved and

honored member of his own family, and fills an onerous and responsible position in the firm of J. B. Lippincott & Co. Thomas is the rising surgeon of Philadelphia. You know them all, and value your cousins too well to make it necessary to particularize.

Dr. Morton's writings are well esteemed. When I delivered his letter of introduction to Lepsius, at Berlin, the latter fell upon my shoulder, delighted, as he said, to receive the brother of his friend. Dear old Humboldt, too, spoke of him with affection as a correspondent, but astounded me, soon after, by asking if his old friend, the first Dr. Rush, was still alive! He had been in his grave some forty years! \*

ROBERT PEARSALL.

In mentioning another brother-in-law, the record again reminds me of the rapid procession of one generation after another, which come upon this scene of life and quickly disappear. I was once at the house of my wife's grandfather, Thomas Pearsall, near Flushing, Long Island. Of course I knew her liberal-minded father, Robert Pearsall, well, and admired his excellence of character. With his only son, Robert, I was much thrown, both as a business partner, a companion, friend, and brother. His children you know, and now appears, with bright prospects and a clear mind, our great-nephew, Robert, son of William Pearsall. Thus we have been in very intimate relations with *five* generations of the name!

Robert Pearsall, my wife's brother, was a schoolmate with me at Westtown; went into a commission business in New York as successor of Pearsall & Grellet; came to Philadelphia to join me in the drug business, and when I left that, purchased, with Dr. Burgin, the great Millville, New Jersey, glass-works, now belonging to the firm of Whitall, Tatum & Co., of which my son, Robert Pearsall Smith, is a member. Both have

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\* See the letter of Humboldt addressed to Mr. Fay, the American chargé d'affaires, inviting me to visit him at Potsdam. After a long chat, he excused himself by saying he was engaged to dine with the king, as was his habit, and the hour had arrived.

been successful in this manufactory. Our brother married thrice,—Ann Shoemaker, Emily Fell, and Eleanor Warder, and left two sons of Ann's, one daughter of Emily's, now Mrs. Dawson, and four daughters of Eleanor's, now living with their mother, all in independence.

Our brother was distinguished through his life by great integrity of character. As a business man, a trustee or executor, we were sure he would do his duty. He was fond of science, and preferred the society of scientific men; was a useful and liberal member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, to whose exigencies for means to carry out their researches at home or at a distance, he was a free contributor. Dr. Morton, Robert Pearsall, and myself, three brothers, were nearly of the same age, there being a gradation of six months between us, and I the eldest, and long their survivor. The pleasantest intercourse always existed between us, very rarely shadowed by the slightest distance. I have passed much pleasant time in the society of both.

DR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD.

The trio of young friends most intimate at the period of Dr. Morton's graduation were himself, Dr. Robert Montgomery Bird, and the writer. Dr. Bird was a gentleman of varied accomplishments, of great symmetry and beauty of person and manners, and a most able musician, his instrument being the flute. We travelled together, met and supped, and talked many happy hours away. His novels and plays were successful. "Calavar" I always estimated as equal to Cooper or Scott, but they have ceased to be much read. He wrote his plays for Forrest, the actor, and there was some sort of understanding that the author was acquiring a royalty in them whenever performed, but somehow Forrest must have thought differently, for he did not pay much if anything beyond the first instalment. This ruffled Dr. Bird. He left the city and resided in Wilmington, Delaware,—Newcastle, I should have said,—where he moped away his time, being frequently seen on a deserted wharf gazing down the river by the hour. He rallied, how-

ever, returned to the city, and in conjunction with Morton McMichael, bought the *North American* newspaper, for which he wrote some admirable articles on literary and other topics. He was also an artist. Some of the productions of his pencil, especially illuminated pictures of the Mammoth Cave, were admirable, and should have been published.

I do not recollect Dr. Bird's presence frequently at Dr. Morton's evening receptions, which were held for the pleasure of meeting his scientific friends. Here one was sure to find the distinguished foreigners visiting Philadelphia, from William McClure, Prince Charles Bonaparte, the ornithologist, Agassiz, Prince de Wied, etc. I had the pleasure of introducing there Mr. Lasteyrie and Henry Lafayette, grandsons of General Lafayette, who came to this country in 1845 to dispose of the princely property given to their grandfather in Alabama. The result of the sale I was never able to ascertain. Mr. Lasteyrie was an elegant and well-informed gentleman, and has since been a member of the French Assembly. Henry was very un-conversable and peculiar. Dr. Morton's evening receptions included a few ladies, and formed a very pleasing phase of social life.

#### FROST, THE BOOK-MAKER.

Dr. Bird was intimate with another friend, whom I knew well and met often, John Frost. He was the most facile book-maker I ever heard of, producing volume after volume for the booksellers, on any given topic whatever, pouring the contents of one book into another with wonderful facility.

He received a college education, and established a young ladies' school, which being much needed, was successful and profitable; but he employed his time so much in book-making that the parents of his scholars took them away. He possessed a large wardrobe of wood-cuts, obtained from various sources of manufacture and purchase. These did duty in turn, and we used to think that slight alteration made costumes answer in the same cut, for pictures of either English, French, or American soldiers with which his stories were embellished.

In the "Book of the Navy," however, he could find but few old blocks, and for that work a new batch of engravings was no doubt made. His books gradually ceased to sell and, notwithstanding all his literary expertness, he died poor.

Amiable, and from his great acquaintance with books, agreeable in conversation, he was one of many I have known, who, in the attempt to live by manufacturing books, depended too little on their contents, and looked upon them as the book-seller does, as a means of obtaining a livelihood. It is not everybody that can distinguish between an original work, the fresh fountain running from a live mind, and a manufactured book made from the thoughts of others. In short, those who make mere merchandise of their powers, do not produce the best books. It is so in religion,—those who adopt it for mere worldly objects, receive not, nor perceive, its most holy influence.

#### LAST OF THE COCKED HATS.

Looking back, I am led to reflect what an important period of the history of the world my life has proved. When I was born, Washington was alive, and Franklin had been dead but a few years. This country was recuperating from the effects of the Revolutionary War, which had ended but a few years, say eighteen, before I saw the light. Though at seventy-four one does not forcibly feel he is very old, because he sees and hears of people still older living and dying around him, it is a curious calculation to make that had Goldsmith lived to my present age he might have dandled me on his knee. Dr. Johnson died in 1784, at the age of seventy-three, only fourteen years before I was born.

I early came into contact with a struggling race, many members of which had lost their property by the conflict. Money was a scarce article, and many attempts to make it more plenty by establishing banks, in the period ensuing, and up to and after the War of 1812, terminated more or less disastrously. I really believe one dollar, in 1810, went as far as three or four do now. Population was sparse. Philadelphia contained, when I came to it in 1811, say one hundred thousand inhabi-

tants. Compared with its present dimensions it was a village, and with many characteristics of a village life. I well remember a meeting of gentlemen, when I was about twenty years of age, when the question was asked, "How many inhabitants of Philadelphia are worth one hundred thousand dollars?" Each took pencil and wrote the names of such, and on all hands the admitted fact was that in all our borders only twenty were so very rich. At a large dinner party in 1872, the same question was raised as to the number now worth a million or more, and the result was declared; there were one hundred and fifty who could undoubtedly be asserted to be the possessors of one million dollars or more. Money depreciation will by no means account for this vast stride of wealth in our community.

There were nevertheless, as previously remarked, many courtly people, of court bearing and style of life, and one at least of the old *régime* of the cocked hats. This was the elder Dr. Mease, whom I remember well. His dress, hat, and manners were those of the period of George the Third's middle reign. It was some astonishment to the new-comer to find this staid dress contained a man of facetious conversation and jolly demeanor. He was the father of the Doctor Mease who attended my uncle Henry Hill in his last illness of yellow fever, and who described to me the death-bed in the parlor, when the family portraits were collected around him. He was the father of the Butlers who changed their name. Pierce Butler, a son of Doctor Mease, married Fanny Kemble, and their daughter married Dr. Owen J. Wister, some years our family physician.

MATHEW CAREY.

In another walk there flourished, in my younger days, in Philadelphia, an extensive publisher and bookseller, *Mathew Carey*, and later his son Henry C. Carey. With the latter I have often been in contact, and he has been familiar at my house in Germantown. The father possessed the warm temperament of his native Ireland. He was an enthusiastic protectionist of domestic manufactures, and headed a tariff plan which was to make this country independent of European

manufactures. To this end he wrote pamphlet after pamphlet, called public meetings, and stirred the blood by vehement speeches. At this time we had not shaken off an inherited feeling that we ought to get our goods, as we and our ancestors had done, from Great Britain. One argument was that we did not want to see here the squalid manufacturers who infested the great English producing cities.

A neighbor and friend of Henry C. Carey is William D. Lewis, now an octogenarian, whose genial manners and social disposition render him welcome in all circles. With him are two other neighbors of Carey, Charles Macalester and Adolph Borie.

The poet *Poe* I knew in a limited way. His appearance was good, in person tall and rather commanding, while his demeanor was modest and agreeable.

*Jared Sparks* spent considerable time in Philadelphia while arranging his matter for the Washington correspondence, and was much at the library.

*George Bancroft* also sought the assistance of the library, but was an infrequent visitor.

*Bishop McIlvaine*\* was a school-fellow of mine at the Academy in Burlington. The noise of his Greek recitations still lingers in my memory. He married the daughter of Rachel Smith,† a wealthy cousin of my father's, and it has been pleasant to follow his successful career. There were several brothers. Joseph, of my age, and a frequent companion in our boyish sports, inherited the talent of the family. He studied law, became Recorder of Philadelphia, and a politician; was elected to the legislature, and was very popular for his off-hand, pleasing manners, and great urbanity. Unfortunately, his political associations led him into some trouble.

*William McIlvaine*, a cousin of the above, was as thorough a gentleman as any man I have ever been privileged to know intimately. Well read, perfectly polite, elegant and scientific in

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\* Died March, 1873, only six months older than myself.

† Wife of William Coxé.

all his tastes and pursuits, his company was always a pleasure. Rich and at leisure, he was persuaded to take the position of cashier of the United States Bank, but soon discovered it was no place for him, and resigned. He and his sisters were largely the heirs of Edward Bird, and with great liberality gave away much of the ample means thus acquired. One of them contributed about fifteen thousand dollars towards paying off the heavy debt on St. Mary's Church at Burlington, contracted by Bishop Doane in erecting the new and costly brown-stone building. She afterwards gave some fourteen thousand dollars for the magnificent chime of bells which now hang in the lofty tower of the church, and provided a permanent fund wherewith to pay the ringer. The three were unmarried.

And now a word in relation to the (Second) Bank of the United States. It failed ignominiously: was shut up, and finally the building was sold to the United States government, which, under Jackson, had ruined it. When about to be taken possession of for a custom-house, rooms and cellars were found greatly encumbered with books, papers, and documents. To rid the premises of them, they were placed on board of Trenton packets and sent to paper-mills by the wagon-loads, to be ground up. Some of my acquaintances, learning their destination, hastened to the mills, and were allowed to select autographs. It is sad to record, but history may nowhere else preserve the fact, that sheaves of unpaid notes were thus recovered from deserved destruction. Among these were promises to pay from sundry distinguished statesmen whose names it may be well not to mention now; but they were partisans of the bank in Congress, who made much noise in their day.

Prominent among active citizens was *John Vaughan*, treasurer and actuary of the American Philosophical Society, and active, until old age, in all things relating to science and literature. Residing in the rooms of the Society, he was famous for giving literary breakfasts, at which most distinguished foreigners were to be found as surely as they arrived, with some citizens. His intimate was *Peter S. Duponceanu*, who regularly breakfasted there.



These meetings must have been something like those of Samuel Rogers, the poet, in London, where not to have been invited declared you to be undistinguished. To Mr. Vaughan's I was invited, in the latter part of his life, and took charge of strangers when age prevented him from being the cicerone to see the sights and people of our growing city. Many did he thus introduce to me, sometimes to my fatigue. In this way I was introduced to *Lady Franklin* on her short visit, and guided her in search of such American books and relics as interested her. Well do I remember the delight with which she accepted a fine copy of Binns's engraving, in fac-simile, of the Declaration of Independence, surrounded by the arms of all the States.

*H. T. Tuckerman*, the author, I numbered among my friends; and almost the last letter he could have written was addressed to me in 1871. Without powerful genius, he was devoted to literature, and was one of the few men who contrived, by his pen, to earn the means of living (as a bachelor) all his career, and to live most respectably in New York and Newport, as well as to travel and reside abroad. He was a friend of my friend *George Folsom*, minister to the Hague, and a great lover of historical literature. The latter married a Stuyvesant, a lady of fortune, somewhat by my assistance, as you have heard me relate. He and his wife were our guests on their wedding tour. Both are now deceased.

*Mr. Peter*, long British consul in Philadelphia, was a fine specimen of a learned English gentleman. He translated "*Marie Stuart*" from the German as an amusement, as well as other works. His parties were attended by the literary men, while his wife, whom he married in Cincinnati, charmed and drew around her the intellectual and benevolent ladies of the city.

To *A. Dallas Bache*, professor, and finally the superintendent of the Coast Survey, I was much and sincerely attached. We often met; and in later times, when his duties called him to reside in Washington, I had no surer friend to whom to introduce. My son Robert will remember his great kindness. His last illness was a softening of the brain, and melancholy it was to see such a mind unbalanced and decayed. He had been

staying with Mr. and Mrs. Pike, our minister at the Hague, and my wife and party immediately succeeded him as visitors to them, after his departure for home, only to die.

Another good friend I had at Washington in *Professor Maury* (died 1873), of the Observatory, and a very pleasant friend he was to me and mine. Unfortunately, his birth as a Virginian led him to adopt the Southern cause, and he fled from Washington, went to England, where he found refuge, but I know not his present whereabouts. He showed great kindness to my son Robert whenever he had business in the District, and I wish you to remember it.

Some members of the Philosophical Society were in the habit of walking home together to a little and simple supper, of which I sometimes partook. Those of Dallas Bache, Dr. Dunglison, Dr. Bethune, and others, have left a very bright recollection on my mind. Such symposiums! Are there any like ones now?

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## CHAPTER V.

### PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN.

Chorley—Baring—Cobden—Dilke—Wilde—Granville—The Halls—Jenny Lind—Sallandrous—Theatrical Experiences—Intercourse with Royalty—Visit to Leopold—British Museum—Rennie & Ransom—Kew Gardens.

ANOTHER gentleman, known in London at this time (1845), was *Henry F. Chorley*, musical critic of the *Athenæum* for more than thirty years, who exercised great influence in the world of song. To-day (March 2, 1872) the papers announce his death, and my intercourse with him is thus recalled.

In 1850, my active doings, assisted by commercial letters from the first merchants of New York, when in London on the proposal I made to bring to America the great Exposition of 1851, brought me interviews and friendships with several distinguished persons. *Thomas Baring*, and also the partner of Baring Brothers, *Mr. Bates*, an American, were especially kind,

and allowed me printed reference to their house when I issued my proposals in a pamphlet. Some thousands were printed at the celebrated office from which issued the Woodfall "Letters of Junius," and were extensively circulated from the office of the Messrs. Baring, but not a copy of this do I now find.

Thus I was favorably introduced to Richard Cobden, one of the Commissioners, who in a popular speech had announced my coming "to carry the whole affair, house and all, to America." He was too much engaged in parliamentary duties to spare me much of his time, but gave me introductions to his co-commissioners, among whom were conspicuous *Scott Russell*, the builder of the "Great Eastern," the elder Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Wilde, the Geographer, General Gray, and others. The last named was a favorite at court, and a most elegant and portly gentleman. He gave, as they all did, encouragement to the American idea of transferring the goods to America, and no men could have treated a foreigner with more respect, or more strongly endeavored to forward my views. Lord Granville was strenuous in encouragement, and on my return from the Continent with a full endorsement from the governments of France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Prussia, I found Prince Albert (whose plan it was to have the great Exposition), as well as the Commissioners, under great anxiety respecting the success of the undertaking. Some discouragement had been thrown over the project from the rule absolutely promulgated in the earlier stages, that no articles should be vended at the exhibition. The manufacturers everywhere were in rebellion.

When I first announced to Lord Granville my success, having repaired to him immediately on my return to London, he was more than rejoiced, declaring this settled the success of their affair. He said warmly, "You must see Prince Albert, who will be in town from Osborne on Wednesday." I assented, and waited, but no Prince Albert came. Meantime I was in receipt of a note from his private secretary, Captain Phipps, to go down and see the prince at Osborne. It is among my autographs.

Lord Granville pressed me much to go, but I was very anxious to get home, and had taken passage in the great new steamer "Atlantic," Captain West, then the finest ship afloat, and had paid for a first-rate state-room. Some friends to my project had furnished me a kind letter to *Jenny Lind*, who, with her large troupe, was to be a passenger; and having no time left for Osborne, I hastened to Liverpool, replying from Brown, Shipley & Co.'s, with regrets to Captain Phipps that the prince must await my return, which, however, only took place long after.

Sickness intervened, and the project fell into other hands. To Sir William Brown I showed my letter of regret, to ascertain that I had not employed the term "Royal Highness" erroneously. He said it was perfectly correct, but expressed great surprise and wonder that I should omit accepting *such* an invitation. "Why," said he, "an Englishman would have waited a long time for such an interview." But my passage was secured, and a number of the passengers were known to me. Then there was Jenny and my introduction,—it was not to be thought of. A gala voyage it was!

The songstress was very affable, and danced and sang the whole trip, the weather being perfect. She gave a concert for the benefit of the crew, who fairly fell at her feet. The sale of tickets realized about five hundred dollars, which was divided by good Captain West. For him she seemed to feel a magnetic attraction, and the love of a sister. The sailors, in return, gave her a concert one bright evening before we arrived at New York. Captain West and myself each took an arm and led her to the delightful scene. A capital improvisatore among the hands, composed extemporary songs, the burden of every chorus being,

"Captain West and Jenny Lind!"

She was a fascinating creature, and won all hearts.

But I must conclude my London memoirs of the 1851 exhibition participants. Mr. Sallandrous had been the agent of

Louis Philippe in getting up the Paris exhibitions which led the way to such useful displays, and was a remarkable man, and a gentleman in manners and bearing. Louis Philippe and family were residing near London, and Mr. and Madame Sallandrous were intimate with the exiles. The French had adopted a republic, and "*Liberté, Fraternité*" was posted on every corner of their capital. Louis Napoleon was President, and the people, supposing themselves to have returned to simple habits, and that palaces were no longer to be an expense, determined to sell in England their costly manufactures, which, being a government monopoly, were extremely scarce abroad, and to be obtained by royal favor only. To this end Mr. Sallandrous was sent as an agent to London. He hired a nobleman's house at the West End, flooring over the entire garden, thus producing extensive and handsome sales-rooms. His family occupied the adjoining elegant mansion. The sales-rooms were redolent of Gobelin tapestry and Sèvres china, with other works of French art. They at once became the fashion, and here one could see the Duchess of Sutherland purchasing tapestry, carpets, and rugs. The street was lined with the equipages of the "nobility and gentry."

Favorably introduced by the Barings, I interested Mr. Sallandrous in the American project, and he received the sanction of the French government, which went so far as to promise us the steam yacht to bring the goods to America, which vessel was afterwards the "*Eugénie*," and appropriated to the emperor and empress.

The great bazaar was what the public saw and patronized; but there was a more private interior, to which I had access, in the dining- and drawing-rooms of Mr. and Madame Sallandrous. The latter was an unusually elegant and agreeable hostess. Their rooms were furnished with all the richness of the best palaces, including tapestry curtains and even carpets, some good statuary, and every luxury. Here they gave a daily dinner party, no doubt with a view to business, but also for their friends. Very distinguished persons, both from Paris and London, met here. The table was of the most *recherché* char-

acter I have ever seen, and everything in the best style of French cooking and attendance. I remember one refinement; the centre dessert piece of the table was a pyramid of exquisitely made wax fruits, and always consisted of representatives of the forced fruits to be handed, whether apricots, peaches, cherries, or the small potted melon or pineapple.

My usual neighbor was the sister of our hostess,—a little, chubby, affable Frenchwoman, who always declined speaking in English, though she understood it from others, “for fear,” she said, “you will *low* at me,” meaning *laugh*! I thought if my French were no better than this, they must be very polite not even to *smile*. After an elaborate dinner, where the conversation was almost entirely in the best Parisian, the party broke up and retired to the drawing-rooms, drank coffee standing, and then sat down to conversation or whist. On one occasion the talk had been very much, during dinner, about a new panorama, the “Overland Route to India,” which was running to large audiences afternoon and evening. On rising, my friendly neighbor said, interrogatively, “Au spectacle, monsieur?” to which I answered, “Avec plaisir,” accepting, as I fully believed, an invitation to the panorama.

Sallandrous and wife had apologized for being absent when the company arrived, thus leaving us to a dull half-hour, mostly unknown and unintroduced to each other. They had hurried from the home of the ex-king and queen of France, where they had been for a morning visit, saying they left the poor king very unwell, though sitting up, and that they thought he could not live two weeks, which he did not; this to make the remainder of the story intelligible. The servants, after coffee had been served, threw shawls over the ladies, and, hastening to the door with Madame Sallandrous’s sister on my arm, carriages were found waiting for eight or ten of the party. My companion and I entered a Hansom cab, and were driven rapidly to, as I still thought, the panorama. On arriving, I offered to get out and procure tickets, but my companion exclaimed, “Non, monsieur, to the queen’s box!”

Odd enough, thought the American, if the queen has a box

at the Overland Route. But in Rome one does as the Romans do, and we entered by a private stair, ushered by full-dressed servants in the queen's scarlet livery. A small vestibule, and a ladies' dressing-room next appeared. My friend looked into a mirror to see that all was *en règle*, dropped a little cologne on her lace handkerchief, and in a moment she and I were occupying the Queen of England and Prince Albert's seats in the royal box of the theatre. My surprise may be imagined at this new situation,—a Philadelphia-born Quaker occupying the seat of English royalty! My presence of mind quickly returned, and I made the best of the situation by assuming what dignity I could muster. Turning to the lady, I said, "You are the Queen and I am Prince Albert?" "Oui, monsieur," she replied, with a shrug that indicated satisfaction.

And now it was apparent that most of the opera-glasses were directly aimed at our box, though surreptitiously. There were some German princes then on a visit to London, and it was suggested to Mr. Bates afterwards that I was taken to be one of these. Turning to Sallandrous, who was extended at ease on a cushion behind us, I asked an explanation of this *coup d'état*. The explanation, though easy, was another surprise. The king was too unwell for any of the ex-royalties to attend,—the Queen Amelie had lent Victoria's order to the royal box to Mr. and Madame Sallandrous, and here we were!

Here it will be as well to relate all my other theatrical experiences in Europe. On arriving at Paris I dined with Mr. Francis Corbin, together with some other Philadelphians, among whom were Joseph Clarkson, attorney, son of a former mayor, and Mr. Bryant, the collector of ancient pictures, in whose gallery I also dined a few days afterwards. After dinner, and before dark, two of Mr. Corbin's carriages drove up and we were invited to a drive. While on one of the boulevards we saw the coach and four horses of President Bonaparte hastening at a rapid rate. "By the way," said Mr. Corbin, "you expressed a wish to see the President. He goes to-night, for the first time, to the hippodrome, and there you shall see his Excellency."

Tickets were soon procured, but the crowd was impenetrable, and we should have seen nothing even if we had obtained standing place. So we determined on departing. On descending the wide stairway Mr. Corbin encountered one of Napoleon's household whom he knew, and who desired us to wait one moment till he could see what was to be done. He soon returned to us and said he had excellent places, "none so good," and we were ushered into a space used for the exit of carriages when chariot races were exhibited, but which on this occasion were not to be used. Arm-chairs were quickly furnished, and when we were comfortably seated, enter Napoleon and his staff from their dressing-rooms. He seated himself, with his friends around him, in a box within a few feet of our heads, and there we could view, occasionally, his imperturbable countenance, which exhibited no kind of emotion or astonishment at the most wonderful performances, including the "Elastic Arabs," then first introduced to the Parisians.

In 1845 I was taking tea sociably with Mr. and Mrs. Everett, he being the American ambassador to England, when in rushed Mr. Hackett, the actor, who had been waiting a long time to be introduced to the English stage, in the most favorable manner possible, by having an order to play before the queen and prince. He approached Mr. Everett with anxious, inquiring looks, and the accomplished ambassador kept him not a moment in ignorance of the success of the application, success undoubtedly owing to Mr. Everett's exertions. Hackett was of course delighted, and his pecuniary affairs were now all right. Taking him aside, I inquired what part of the house would best enable me to see the queen and royal party, and with proper introductions I secured the spot. From this I had a complete, and with a glass, a near view of the queen and prince. Hackett played *Monsieur Mallett*, which evidently pleased the queen, who followed the pathos and humor of the scene with great appreciation. While my glass was for a moment viewing her countenance, then younger than now, a man whispered in my ear from the seat behind me, "Sir, I beg your pardon, but it is not etiquette to look at royalty through a



glass!" Whether it is so or not I cannot say, but naturally it seems to me now that it is not good manners, and sure it is I desisted, but my curiosity had been gratified. Five years later, as above recited, I occupied the same box.

Here I may tell, more at large, the story of my interview alone with King Leopold of Belgium, and forever hold my peace about earthly royalties.

VISIT TO KING LEOPOLD.

Pursuing my continental tour to promote the interests of the Exposition which I desired to go to America, I found myself the guest of an old friend at home, the Hon. Mr. Clemson, ambassador to Belgium. I had told him my business, and also that Philadelphia merchants had instructed me to say that they would enforce my idea of a line of steamers from Antwerp to our port, by taking half the stock, provided the Belgian government would subscribe to the other part. King Leopold heard with favor of my two propositions, and early one morning I was writing letters home, when an order came from the palace for Monsieur Smith to be there for an interview at one o'clock. Mr. Clemson told me how I should dress and behave, got the only carriage fit to go in to court, and soon I was ascending the stairs of the palace. Ushered into the presence of some very polite military gentlemen, officers of the day, Mr. Clemson left me, and after a short examination of the surroundings, and some polite remarks from the officers, a knock was heard on a door, and the king called me in.

It was impossible not to be pleased with my reception. The king, in very good English, but with a German accent, after a few questions, began upon my topics, which evidently greatly interested him. He thought the Belgians would contribute largely to the expositions, and had no doubt his government would assist, to the utmost, the proposed line of steamers. This is brought the more vividly to my remembrance by seeing in the newspapers, within the week in which this is related, that the project is renewed. Mine failed because our Philadelphians, on reflection, thought better, or it may have been, as I believe, worse of it.

Unconscious that I was touching a favorite topic, I declared to his majesty that his people were the most industrious and cleanly that I had seen in Europe. This was a capital introduction to what followed. He took me round the palace, and exhibited paintings and carvings as evidences of the people's skill, and we were very good friends. At length we returned to near the entrance. Mr. Clemson had said twenty minutes would be about the length of the visit, and that I should be able to get away by the king's bowing me out. I felt that I might be expected to go as we approached the door, and with my hand on the breast, bowed, saying, "I thank your majesty from my heart," and was gone.

In the evening, at tea, Mrs. Clemson, who was a daughter of John C. Calhoun, placed me on the lounge and made me tell what the king said, and what *I* said, perhaps expecting I should have betrayed some embarrassment; but she declared I had behaved very well, had pleased the king by my remarks on his good people, and that I ought to be the next ambassador!

The Chevalier Wykoff, with his handsome face and good teeth, was present, and congratulated me on my interview. I afterwards saw him in Paris, the very *beau-ideal* of a man fitted for courtly intercourse.

Mr. Calhoun had presented a very handsome black youth to his daughter, on her going abroad, and a most accomplished house servant he was. Several times he was sent to guide me to the chief minister's office, and everywhere the best people bowed with hat in hand to my cicerone. In 1865 I learned that he had married the daughter of the best white confectioner in Brussels, was wealthy, and much considered. In 1850 he was the only black resident. The two carved bishop's chairs\* I brought are fac-similes of a pair the king expatiated on as evidences that his people carved in wood now as well as those artists of the middle ages so famous for this kind of ornamentation. Mrs. Clemson kindly superintended their manufacture,

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\* In 1891, forty-six years later, my friend J. R. H. writes she "hears the Brussels chairs are recovered with velvet." I reply, "No, they have faded to the modish color."—E. P. S.

and Mr. Clemson shipped them. She added the pair of sewing chairs, their companions.

## BRITISH MUSEUM.

On my first visit to Europe, in 1845, John Vaughan gave me letters to his remarkable bachelor brothers in London, to whose house all Americans properly introduced were welcomed to hospitality and information regarding their own particular pursuits or inquiries. *Petty Vaughan* was extremely useful to me. He made a party, to which all the principal London librarians were invited to meet the librarian of "Dr. Franklin's Library;" and here I may remark that the title of librarian, indicating there, and on the Continent, at least some pretensions to a knowledge of books, is a very good passport to a traveller.

Among the company was Thomas Hartwell Horne, author of the great work on the Scriptures, and other works. He was then engaged in the British Museum Library in assisting to make the great catalogue, piloted me the way to my lodgings, and extended a cordial offer to show me all I could wish to see of the great London Emporium of Books. Availing myself of his kindness, I made the friendly acquaintance of the officers, among whom were the Chief Librarian, Mr. Panizzi, and Mr. Watts, the latter recently deceased, one of the most learned men in languages, and only second to Mezzofanti, of Italian renown. Mr. Watts and Mr. Panizzi made me free of the whole institution, and detailed a sub-librarian especially to be at my service. On a third visit, in 1865, on being introduced to Mr. Watts's successor, a very delicate compliment was paid me by taking me to the great catalogue, and pointing out, with a flattering remark, that all my books were there,—an attention worthy of remembrance by other librarians. Mr. Watts is much regretted, and his multifarious services are much missed.

## RENNIE AND RANSOM.

By the kindness of *Petty Vaughan* I received a card of invitation to the annual party given by the president of the Society of Civil Engineers, Sir John Rennie, where all home notabili-

ties were expected, including Prince Albert and the Duke of Wellington. But the two latter did not attend, owing, as was stated, to previous state engagements. The Bishop of London, Blomfield, was present in costume, and made the tour of the room with a friend, to examine the fine pictures hung on the extensive walls. It was a little startling to an American to be rather rudely asked to get out of the way, as "the Bishop of London was coming" where I stood deliberately studying a fine picture of one of the old masters. Sir John was civility and kindness to all, beaming a welcome, and making all at home. He had floored over his large garden, and made of it a superb drawing-room which could not be distinguished from the most comfortable home surroundings. A number of ladies were present, dressed in the height of fashion, very much *décolleté*, as I thought. Present also was *Hudson*, the railway king, then in the zenith of his prosperity and popularity. I was struck by the frequency with which I was told which was he, for all seemed to consider him the great guest of the evening. He has since died in poverty and disgrace, supported by eleemosynary subscriptions. Not so Mr. Brassy, whom I knew on his visit to Philadelphia. He possessed equal enterprise and more honesty. He was a very social and pleasing man, and was delighted with Philadelphia society. He died last year, in possession, say the papers, of many millions of dollars if not pounds sterling.

*Mr. Ransom*, the agricultural-implement maker, to whom I had been introduced at Ipswich, by his partner, and my connection, Dillwyn Simms, fortunately for me, was also there, and was good enough to take charge of your father, and point out the celebrities, and cicerone me.

#### THE KEW GARDENS.

Here it may be as well to mention my very charming visit to Kew Gardens in 1850. Armed with a warm introduction from my friend Dr. Darlington to Sir William Hooker, curator of this great botanical establishment, by appointment with Sir William I met him, both of us arriving simultaneously at the gate, and then began a thorough tour. Mr. and Mrs. Chap-

man, with whom I was boarding in the Strand, begged to be of the party, an honor very difficult to be obtained by Londoners.

We were now taken to all the points of interest, passing six or seven hours in the tour. Our pleasant guide, since deceased, finding me posted a little on his topic, began a series of descriptions, every word of which was fraught with delightful information and facts. Here was a cocoanut-palm, but it would not produce fruit unless near the sea. There the limbs of a plant moved backward and forward like a pump-handle, and everywhere were new plants from the extremities of the earth. Many of the nobility and gentry followed in our wake, anxious for Sir William's talk, but so rapid were his movements they soon fell off, one by one. Dr. Chapman and wife held out bravely, but she showed signs of weariness, and when the last sight, the great water-lily house, then a novelty, was to be reached, she fell upon her knees, parasol in hand, utterly exhausted. Our kind guide waited a moment, and encouragingly helped her to her feet, when she performed the final tour, and told her friends she had never enjoyed such a day!

In one of the great conservatories Sir Edward Cunard came up, and our guide introduced him as one of his best friends, saying, "Sir Edward orders all my plants and cases to be brought from everywhere in his vessels without charge." The great steamship owner was soon fatigued, and dropped off. This was the most tremendous exertion of walking and sight-seeing I ever underwent, and forty-eight hours' rest were quite insufficient for recovery. I passed this time in writing my letters homeward. The son of this great botanist, Hooker, is now the curator, and continues the grand museum established by his father for the display of every material of the world which contributes her sources of wealth to the manufactures of England.

Mr. Penn, as elsewhere remarked, was officially invited to the annual ceremonies of Eton College, and here I breakfasted in his company with Dr. Hawtrey, the eminent head of the college, and saw Mr. Bunsen present a magnificent volume from his master, the king of Prussia.

## CHAPTER VI.

A Man with Brains should be able to do Anything in Reason—My First and Second European Tours—The Exposition of 1851: how conceived, forwarded, and given up from ill-health, etc.

“Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,  
That in a few short moments I retrace  
(As in a map the voyager his course)  
The windings of my way through many years.  
Short as in retrospect the journey seems,  
It seemed not always short; the rugged path,  
And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn,  
Moved many a sigh.”—*Cowper's Task*.

THAT a man with sufficient energy may accomplish almost impossibilities, was forcibly impressed upon me by an elderly lady, herself a person of much mental ability and force. In 1845 I was in despair of being able to procure time and means to take my son Robert a sea voyage ordered by his physicians, and was one afternoon sitting at the library, under great anxiety on this account, when the aforesaid lady entered into sympathy with my story, saying, that even a woman could do what she strongly desired, and if so, how much more *a man* should be able to accomplish. She related the case of General Meade's mother, who was at one time under similar circumstances, having insufficient means at hand to perform a similar duty; that she accomplished it, however, by pledging the once celebrated Meade collection of pictures brought by her husband from Spain, and thus recovered the health of her child.

The idea struck me forcibly, and I instantly resolved that I *would* myself take my son to Europe. This was on Saturday. My wife had just gone down to Wilmington. I at once wrote to recall her, and on the next Tuesday morning Robert and I were on board the good sailing ship “Saranak,” Captain Tur-

ley. The library was left under care of the former librarian, George Campbell, and my assistant. Letters of credit were easily obtained, through my connection as director of the Girard Life Insurance Company, and I was off for an absence of but little short of six months. The particulars are more or less minutely described in the two volumes published soon after my return, the "Summer's Jaunt," of which, as you doubtless have copies, I need not repeat the contents.

It had always been one of my greatest desires to make a tour in Europe, then a much rarer event and more difficult than now. At the age of nineteen I conceived the project, but my mother was so averse to it that she advanced means for me to enter business, in order to divert me from it.

That favorite desire was now realized, and for the time my ambition was satisfied. The enjoyment was intense, the information gained was lasting, my son was greatly improved in health, and I came to know and esteem the English daughters of my uncle William Dillwyn, of whom, when a youth, I had heard so much. I believe very few Americans ever visited Europe who enjoyed more, or saw more, in the same time, than your excitable father. The volumes that resulted and were published, consisted of the letters written for publication in a periodical which my son Lloyd had commenced, in addition to his business as a law bookseller, but many of them saw the light for the first time in the books. They were more generally written late at night, after the fatigue of sight-seeing, and describe truly my daily movements and doings during this most interesting tour. I also wrote another series of letters, intended only for the private inspection of my family, nearly, if not quite, equal in bulk to the published series. If you will count the number printed, and then multiply by two, I think you will say there must have been some "midnight oil" consumed in the process. I took considerable trouble to procure pictures of every scene visited. These compose three large quarto volumes of illustrations, lettered "Illustrations of a Summer's Jaunt." They were arranged in regular order by my wife, to whom they are dedicated.

## SECOND TRIP TO EUROPE.

Five years later, 1850, when the commissioners of Prince Albert and the queen were appointed to hold a great exposition of the works of all nations, the idea occurred to me to endeavor to transport to America the finest works of art and industry, for the instruction of my countrymen. In pursuance of this object I made my second visit to Europe (1850), with a letter of introduction from the American Secretary of State, John M. Clayton, "To all Diplomatic Agents abroad." With this, and many other most favorable letters from merchants of distinction and wealth, as well as from Congressmen and private friends, I visited London, Paris, Brussels, Cologne, Berlin, Dresden, Leipsic, etc., in all which these diplomatic agents, of all positions, paid me distinguished and flattering attentions, introduced me to ministers of the different governments and official persons of all grades, who all warmly approved of my project. At Brussels, as related at length on a preceding page, Leopold sent for me, and conversed freely and warmly on the topic, as well as on the steam line from Antwerp to Philadelphia. A brief account of a third voyage to Europe, with your mother and sister, will form a small chapter in Part Four.

I am advised that some particulars should here be added touching the part taken by me in the matter of bringing Prince Albert's great Exposition to America. It was solely my own idea, and as far as I went the undertaking was conducted by myself. Ill health, and the non-success of Mr. Draper in finding the large sum of money required, which, by an agreement made in Brussels the day of my interview with the late king of Belgium, he obliged himself to furnish, relieved me with honor of a project of so much magnitude as must have broken me down. The first idea I had in relation to it was, I may say, that the popularity of the scheme, both here and in England, would enable me to visit Europe under such auspices as would introduce me to the men of mark abroad; and underlying this was the utility to America. In the first I was entirely successful, and enjoyed my trip beyond measure. My former tour had been in the usual rut of Americans, since so much fre-



quented, and was a success. But I wanted to see behind the scenes, and here again I accomplished my object; and when the ground plan for the great operation had been laid, I was satisfied to allow it to slip into other hands.

I communicated my plan abroad first to Mr. Rawlins in Liverpool, stating that it was progressing in the favor of the American government, and with capitalists of the highest character. He at once wrote to Mr. Cobden, with whom he was intimate, and Cobden, on receiving the intelligence, and being one of the Royal Commissioners, immediately announced to a popular assemblage in London, and in Parliament, that the success was now assured, for he held in his hand the assurance that Brother Jonathan was on his way "to buy the whole concern, building and all, to remove to America." This added much to the popularity of the then incipient scheme, which further explorations of mine, with continental governments, completed.

It seemed to me that, besides assurances of means for the purpose, I should appear abroad with a *quasi* indorsement, at least, of the American government. To this end my friends, and members of Congress, furnished me with such documents and introductions to Washington as made this indorsement a fact. I obtained without difficulty a letter from John M. Clayton, Secretary of State. The importance of such a recommendation, and its usefulness, few can estimate who have not mingled in the highest diplomatic circles, where all are too busy with their own advancement to be more than very civil. The letter will be found among the Exposition papers, and is as follows, the whole in the handwriting of the Secretary:

*"Circular*

"To the respective Diplomatic and Consular Agents of the United States, in Europe:

"SIR,—This letter will be handed to you by John Jay Smith, Esq., of Philadelphia, a gentleman of character and standing, who is about to visit Europe in the prosecution of a project which he may take occasion to explain to you.

"I take pleasure in introducing Mr. Smith to your acquaintance, and in bespeaking for him, during his stay in your neighborhood, such friendly attentions as you may find it convenient to extend to him.

"I am, sir, respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN M. CLAYTON.

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE,

"WASHINGTON, 11th February, 1850."

I had an interview with President Taylor, at the White House. He was very friendly and even enthusiastic as to the project, but referred me to the Secretary of the Interior, to whom I made my request known. After consideration, the President very properly, as I thought, declined giving me an autograph letter, but on the 21st of February Mr. Ewing addressed me the following:

"DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

"WASHINGTON, February 21, 1850.

"In compliance with your request, I brought your proposition to the attention of the President, and am directed to say that, while he feels a lively interest in your enterprise and wishes you entire success, he declines to give any written communication in the premises.

"I am, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN J. SMITH, ESQ.,

"T. EWING.

"Philadelphia."

While on the subject of government help in this novel undertaking, I copy the document from the Secretary of War (obtained after my success in Europe), granting Governor's Island for the use of the Exposition. It shows, if anything can show, that my mission and my exertions resulted in success:

"WAR DEPARTMENT,

"WASHINGTON, November 26, 1850.

"GENTLEMEN,—I am in receipt of your letter of the 23d instant, in which you state that you have visited 'the principal

countries in Europe, and made arrangements with the different governments to hold a Grand Industrial Exhibition of the World, in the United States, in the year 1852, to which the principal articles to be exhibited in London next year, or duplicates, will be contributed,' and solicit the use of Governor's Island, New York, for this purpose.

"Your request is acceded to on the following conditions :

"*First.* This Department to retain the control of the Island, and to continue its occupancy by such number of United States troops as may be deemed necessary.

"*Second.* The plan of all buildings or works that may be erected for the Exposition shall be approved, and the spot on which they are to be erected designated, by this Department.

"*Third.* All buildings or works thus erected shall be removed, and the ground restored to its original condition, at such time as the Department shall direct, and at the sole cost and expense of the persons erecting them.

"*Fourth.* No buildings or works now on the Island, in any way to be interfered with, altered, or removed, unless by permission of this Department.

"*Fifth.* Previous to possession of the Island being taken, a bond with approved security, to be furnished, that the above conditions shall be complied with.

"*Sixth.* That the permission hereby granted may be withdrawn whenever in the opinion of the Department circumstances may require it.

"As regards the exclusive use of ferry privileges, this Department considers it a matter over which it has no control.

"With great respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"WILLIAM CONRAD,

"*Secretary of War.*

"To MR. JOHN J. SMITH, of Philadelphia, and WILLIAM B. DRAPER, of New York."

Commodore Goldsborough, whom I afterwards met at the Hague, was in command of the Island. Going over one after-

noon, I found him very civil, and jocularly ordered him to vacate the premises !

This letter of Secretary Conrad is a very business-like document. We were immediately beset at the Astor House, where we were invited to hold our headquarters in a good parlor, free of charge, by all sorts of people anxious to lay hold of any point that would be likely to bring them employment and money. I recollect one very enthusiastic steamboat owner, who offered to expend one hundred thousand dollars at once, and more if required, for the privilege of half the ferriage receipts, the other half to go to us. He brought plans by which each boat was to be a parlor, with a deck. It was to be run into docks, and was to be set out daily with fresh cut flowers, etc. My disappointment may be imagined when health failed me, and money to the extent required, say millions, was wanting on Mr. Draper's part. The people who now took it up, including my friend Mr. Stone, Abbott Lawrence's partner, concluded to go *up town*, which in my opinion was a mistake.

The plan excited much interest everywhere, but particularly in New York. The spirit of the place was roused. Coleman, of the Astor House, saw plainly how many people would flock to New York. One morning, at his suggestion, he and I sallied out to see what money could be subscribed. We visited a few hotel-keepers and stage-owners, and before dinner forty-five thousand dollars were down. The subscription paper is among the documents, and will show the spirit of the place. After I dropped the concern from absolute weakness of body, this class of men took it up and issued stock, which at the commencement was inflated to four or five times the original price. All this I watched from my sick-room with great interest. But enough,—let us return to the European phase. The mass of papers and documents is so great that to them I must refer you.

On my return to London from the Continent, my report, as already related, was cheering to the drooping spirits of Prince Albert. Lord Granville said, on my first interview, " You must see the Prince, and impart this to his own ear." In the follow-

ing order from the Prince's private secretary, Colonel Phipps, who afterwards was knighted, the writer suggests that I had wished to be presented, etc. This may have been the mode or etiquette for royalty, but the visit was Lord Granville's suggestion alone. The following is a copy of the royal command:

"Lieutenant-Colonel Phipps presents his compliments to Mr. Smith, and begs to inform him that Lord Granville having informed his Royal Highness, the Prince Albert, that he wished to be presented to him, his Royal Highness has been pleased to appoint Saturday next, the 24th instant, at one o'clock, to receive him, should Mr. Smith think it worth his while to come as far as Osborne for that purpose.

"OSBORNE, August 18, 1850."

I could not go to Osborne for want of time, being on the point of sailing from Liverpool. Lord Granville then said the Prince was coming up to London on a certain day, when we should meet. But he did not arrive until I was obliged to leave, and my regrets were expressed to Colonel Phipps from Liverpool. See a copy of my reply among the voluminous documents, bound up, but now of little value, except to amuse me by recalling the incidents of a curious episode of my life.

I should have said that Hamilton Fish, then Governor of New York, heartily entered into my project, and gave me a flattering circular letter to exhibit abroad among my various other documents. The mayor of New York also responded heartily with a circular letter.

I found Robert B. Minturn, and Grinnell, his partner, at first very favorably disposed, but afterwards they thought the project too large! But their letters, and their introductions to our minister in London, were warm and satisfactory. In the copies of my replies I notice that Cobden's remark to Mr. Rawlins is quoted, and that it reads thus: "I have faith in Brother Jonathan's accomplishing anything within the range of possibilities. I like Mr. Smith's bold scheme, and have no doubt he will carry it out with great advantage to his country."

Finding Grinnell and Minturn growing cool, and fearing that New York influence might not be sufficient, I arranged with Messrs. Myers & Claghorn, our great auctioneers in Philadelphia, to give their aid. Their instructions will be found in the volume already alluded to, with some letters of interest. These gentlemen procured me first-class letters to Baring Brothers & Co., of London. The latter were very much interested in the project, gave me introductions in London and to the Continent, and allowed my printed circulars to hail from their house. Mr. Thomas Baring was my frequent visitor, and Mr. Bates, his partner, an American by birth, was civil beyond expression. So the project, as far as I carried it, brought the expected result,—an introduction into very high and cultivated circles. But, like Mr. Minturn, I also became embarrassed by its vastness, and that, with the ill health combined, caused me to feel rather pleased at giving it up. I make this note of addition after again turning over what papers and correspondence I have preserved.

FROM A PUBLICATION OF THE CENTENNIAL COMMISSION, 1874.

“In preparing for the Exhibition of 1851 every advantage was taken of the mercantile and commercial enterprise of the country, the leading merchants in each city and town forming local committees, which proved of great service. Although not generally known, it is due to a citizen of Philadelphia that the next International Exhibition succeeding this took place in the United States. Mr. John Jay Smith, for many years the librarian of the Philadelphia Library Company, and a gentleman of literary attainments, was impressed with the idea that the Exhibition of 1851 above referred to could be removed to the United States. With that object in view, he secured letters from the government and the warm approval of President Taylor, and directions from the State Department for all diplomatic representatives to further his views. Merchants of New York and Philadelphia, including Messrs. Grinnell, Minturn & Co., and Myers & Claghorn, furnished all the financial credit; and, although Mr. Smith naturally favored Philadelphia for the

designated place for the exhibition, New York was ultimately decided upon. On his arrival in England, the project of Mr. Smith was presented in Parliament by Mr. Cobden, and supported by him in a speech at some length. Abbott Lawrence, United States minister, and Messrs. Baring Brothers took a warm interest in the idea, and Prince Albert himself became deeply interested. Scott Russell, so well known at this day, was then one of the committee conferring with Mr. Smith. The various Continental governments acceded willingly to the proposed plan, and the projector returned to this country successful. On his arrival here, the United States government granted to Mr. Smith the use of Governor's Island, near the city of New York; and all arrangements were made to have an International Exhibition suitable to our national position, when the serious illness of the projector threw the business into other hands, the result being the formation of a stock company and the erection of a building in Reservoir Square, at that time distant from the built-up portion of the city." . . .

## NOTE.

The project which, at this late day, seems to me a singular episode, and which I was so near accomplishing, has been jotted down at different dates, and may appear to be heterogeneously written. Perhaps, however, the real features appear. If not, the collected papers in another volume tell the story completely. It served the purpose I had intended,—a purpose which every private traveller in Europe will appreciate,—of bringing me to the presence and into some association with people whom in my former character of a mere traveller, five years before, I was not likely to come in contact with. The letter of the Secretary of State to all diplomatic agents abroad was a talisman which opened everything that it was desirable to see, and introduced me everywhere. Had I taken more time, the result would have afforded materials more worthy of record. But I hurried through with too much rapidity. One of the foreign ministers told me he heard I had such a letter as was never before written, and said that the diplomatists at first, and

before the object of my visit had been fully revealed, had heard a rumor that I was sent out by the government to report how they were performing their duties! But since then such a mission has actually been instituted, and perhaps advantageously. In my case the rumor was amusing enough.

The day after my interview with King Leopold, I bought the *Brussels Court Journal*, and was not a little surprised to find among the names of distinguished persons presented that of "J. Jay Smith, Membre de Congress des Etats-Unis." The paper I still have.

The story of the Exposition would be incomplete unless I mentioned that I parted with a portion of the prospects of the project to William B. Draper, long at the head of American merchants in Paris, who followed me to Brussels with a view of asking for an interest in a promising scheme. He paid me fifteen hundred dollars on the spot, for this prospective interest; but he failed in procuring the large amount of capital that I stipulated for, and which he unhesitatingly undertook to supply. His friends at home, when he returned to New York (he having pursued the journey on this account to the Austrian and other courts), thought, as my own did, that it was too onerous, too troublesome, and too large. With this discouragement, and, as already remarked, in very ill health, my plans drifted into other hands. A stock company was formed, and the success up to a certain period was very great, the stock commanding four or five times the original price. The building erected for it in New York, and much of the contents, were finally destroyed by fire. See a manuscript book containing my correspondence, etc., and documents resulting from this visit, which makes, in fact, a supplement to this history.

I believe I could have got together, on consignment, without advances, a most valuable collection, pecuniarily little less in value than fifteen millions of dollars, and that the plan would have been not only profitable, but useful. But ill health, and Mr. Draper's failure to procure the means for building, transportation, etc., were against me. My tour, however, I had, and memory recalls the brief enjoyment of my greatness, if that is







BOOK BOUND IN HERNE'S OAK.  
INKSTAND, ENGRAVED IN MEMORY OF THE POET GRAY, FROM AN OLD  
OAK BEAM AT STOKE POGES, WHERE HE COMPOSED HIS  
"ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD."





the word to describe the high introductions it brought to me, and some friendships which I shall always value. It was during the previous tour that I was solicited by the eldest lineal descendant of William Penn, and the head of the family, who heard of me in London, to visit Stoke Park, of which more hereafter, and now I was again the cherished guest of the Penns.

This alone would have paid me for all my fatigues and anxieties, and it was thus that it fell to my lot to become the recorder of the decadence and extinction of the very name of Penn in England. But this must comprise a separate chapter.

## CHAPTER VII.

Granville John Penn—Stoke Park and Pennsylvania Castle—Oxford—Blenheim—  
The Last of the Penns, and their Final Story.

“ We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works  
Die too : the deep foundations that we lay,  
Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains ;  
We build with what we term eternal rock :  
A distant age asks where the fabric stood.”—COWPER.

I HAVE said elsewhere, perhaps, that the Penn family, as it existed in 1845 and later, was almost a myth to us in Pennsylvania. Very few of our citizens gained an introduction there, in consequence of the members of the later generations being estranged by other habits, and thoughts, and pursuits, and because none of them had visited this country. They probably viewed their small remaining possessions here as a grandson would look upon an estate in the West Indies that had been worked out until no longer yielding the old returns. Many particulars I have related in print, more especially in the introduction to the Penn and Logan correspondence (Armstrong). In the latter I succeeded in tracing the descendants of William Penn through a long line of aristocratic families now more or less distinguished, and to that I must refer. But among the

many pleasing and interesting incidents of my visits to England, was the personal acquaintance and solid friendship formed for Granville John Penn, only five years younger than myself, and bearing the same relation of great-grandson to William Penn that I bore to James Logan. This proved one of the bonds between us, increased on my part by respect for the individual, and a wish to study more closely the history, and—must I say it?—the decadence, already begun, of so distinguished a family.

John Penn had left Stoke and its grand appurtenances to his brother Granville, who died shortly before my first visit. He found the estate encumbered, and Granville John soon found it necessary to investigate the state of affairs. He found they required immediate retrenchment of their manner of life. Up to this period I could not discover that more than half a dozen Pennsylvanians had visited Stoke on intimate terms. They were the second William Rawle, a friend of my own, who had often described to me the hospitalities of Stoke and the London house in Kensington Gardens; my kinsman Joshua Francis Fisher; General George Cadwalader (their American agent), and one or two others since the disastrous agent, John R. Coates, had been there received. He brought away the charters, etc., from King Charles, and bestowed them at Harrisburg, after having given a receipt, which I have seen, to return them to the owners.

I may relate, without tediousness, how my introduction was brought about. Dr. Charles D. Meigs, my friend and townsman, was in London with me in 1845, accompanied by his daughter, now Mrs. William Biddle, and Miss Ralston, afterwards the second wife of William B. Reed. This Philadelphia party, on their way to Windsor, sat alone in the railroad coach, with a very amiable-looking gentleman, who remarked that from their conversation they must be from America, and probably from Pennsylvania. This being admitted, he gave them his name as "Mr. Penn, of Stoke Park," and with rare English urbanity he invited the travellers to go over and lunch at the park, an invitation not to be slighted, and they went, and were of course delighted; for never, as the doctor told me, had they seen,

or hoped to see, so intimately, the inside of so magnificent a home.

During the visit Dr. Meigs mentioned that there was a great-grandson of James Logan then in London. Mr. Penn took my address, and desired I should be informed of his wish to see me at Stoke. He wrote immediately to me, and I replied. The day and hour were arranged when he would send the family carriage to meet me and my son, at the near railroad station, Slough, between Windsor and his house. The elegant family carriage was there, with servants in mourning livery, and the usual nice page, with the conventional cockade in his hat, immediately found us. We were most kindly received, even warmly, for new acquaintances, and everything that could be was done to make us comfortable.

The house and its appurtenances were superb, and to us, even stupendous: a very extensive park, with a farm adjoining; an admirable mansion and enormous library; fine pleasure-grounds, gardens, artificial water, with a corresponding style in every department, gave us a pleasing idea of the country life of an English family of the first class. I am now relating this reception in a more familiar strain than in the "Summer's Jaunt" (dedicated to my friend), or in the paper entitled "The Penn Family," written at the request of the Historical Society, printed in *Lippincott's Magazine*, and reprinted as the preface to the published "Correspondence of Penn and Logan."

At this visit my stay was limited to a day or two, but it was most highly enjoyed, and an engagement made, solicited by Mr. Penn, on our return from the Continent, to pay a longer visit, and be present at the Eton School celebration. Not content with this hospitality, Mr. Penn insisted on accompanying me to Oxford, where he had been educated, and he proved an admirable guide. We posted together to Blenheim, and at this magnificent and regal estate I enjoyed my first day of full sunshine in England.

I was happy in being able to meet my engagement on returning from the Continent, and again received a most kind and distinguished reception, remaining many days, every hour of

which was filled up in the most interesting manner possible. Mr. Penn was Lord of the Manor of Eton, and was consequently received on the occasion as a distinguished personage. We were shown to the high places, as we had been at Oxford, where my friend's cousin, Lord Pomfret, invited us to dine at the raised table or dais above the Commoners, at Christ's College, appropriated exclusively to the young lords, where we had a dinner by a French cook, a written bill of fare, etc. At Eton we were pressed to be present at the public dinner, for which I had two days before shot a fine buck in Mr. Penn's park, sent, as in duty bound, by the Lord of the Manor. Mr. Penn's modesty, however, led him to decline, and we spent some time in exploring, with Mr. Jesse, the author, and then the queen's ranger, all the recesses of the gold room, kitchens, private apartments of the queen, library, etc., of Windsor Castle. This I have described in the "Summer's Jaunt," as well as our visit to Colonel Vyse, of Egyptian exploration memory, Virginia Water, Windsor Forest, the Pinetum of Lady Grenville, Gray's house, and the church in Mr. Penn's Park, which was the spot celebrated by the poet in his immortal "Elegy in a Country Church-yard." To this church we twice resorted on Sunday. The pew of the Lord of the Manor was as large as some Philadelphia parlors. It contained sofas, a fireplace, and other comforts, and was so arranged that by drawing a curtain we were entirely screened from the clergyman and audience. On Sunday night, as I found usual in every private family but one, in England, the servants, a large bevy, were collected, and Mr. Penn read the services, prayers, etc., of the day, the portly butler making the responses, "Amen," etc., with unction.

Every luxury seemed to be here assembled. There was a billiard-room and a racket-court, the finest pleasure-grounds, summer seats, monuments, inscriptions, and young and old plantations, the work of John Penn. One morning, at my suggestion, we (Mr. Penn and I) planted two Cedars of Lebanon which he procured for the purpose, and named them the Treaty Trees of Penn and Logan. He informed me, at a later period, that they are growing finely. (This operation was repeated in



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my garden at Germantown, where the Penn Cedar still flourishes, 1872.)

On his coming to America, in 1851, I received a letter from Mr. Penn, announcing his near approach to Philadelphia on a visit, and his hope of renewing our acquaintance on this side of the Atlantic. He was about visiting Pennsylvania for the first time, in search of his property, and in pursuance of a wish long entertained to see the State founded by his ancestor. He arrived at Boston early in December, 1851, and wrote again from New York of his movements, which in a few days brought him to Philadelphia, where I had the pleasure of welcoming him, and bringing him at once to my house in Germantown, to rest a few days, and where he was a constant guest during his long residence in Pennsylvania.

He informed me that he had sold Stoke Park to Mr. Labouchere,\* one of the English ministry, and that after repairing and improving Gray's house on the farm, at an expense of one hundred thousand dollars, he had recently sold that also, the whole realizing four hundred thousand dollars, and that he now resided with his sisters in the west end of London, in winter, and at Pennsylvania Castle, Island of Portland, in Dorsetshire, in summer; that his mother and brother William had deceased, and that his brother-in-law, Sir William Gomm, had been appointed commander of the British forces in India, and had four hundred thousand men under him.

I passed the summer of 1874 with my daughter and son Robert, his wife and children, in England and France. Staying with my former friend, J. H. Tuke, the banker, at Hitchin, I found we were near Mr. Stewart, the new head of the Penn family. My friend knew him, and made arrangements to ride over to make a call. On the morning fixed on, Mr. Tuke entered my room with the London *Times* in which was an obituary of Mr. Stewart! I was too late. This Mr. Stewart's son succeeds to the position of the head of the Penn family, an honor now, but in a pecuniary sense nearly valueless.

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\* Since Lord Taunton, one of the ministry.

As soon as we first met, there grew up a sympathy between Mr. Penn and myself which quickly ripened into friendship. The particular services rendered to William Penn by his secretary, and the confidence which Penn placed in him, were known to me through the manuscript copies of their correspondence made by my valued cousin Deborah Logan, and first deposited by her in the archives of the American Philosophical Society.\* In them you will find that your great-great-grandfather Logan made sacrifices of his time and money to serve his master, which, if devoted exclusively to his own aggrandizement, would most probably have made his descendants much richer, though perhaps not happier.

The letters thus assorted and copied by my cousin, and selected with a view to their historical and personal importance, have been used by Janney in his "Life of William Penn," and have issued from the American press since this chapter was commenced. They will show you the relations in which Penn and Logan stood to each other. Dixon, in his "Life of Penn," calls Logan his agent, but their relations were much more intimate. If Dixon's and Janney's lives could be incorporated, they would make a tolerably complete biography. The first gives importance to matters in England, but too much neglects the Provincial portion, while the latter supplies the deficiency.

Let me here supply an incident inadvertently overlooked when mentioning the shooting of the buck at Stoke Park. On my arrival at Liverpool, to embark, I found the antlers of my victim finely preserved, ready to bring home to ornament my hall; a thoughtful and valued gift from Stoke, and still in good preservation.

ANOTHER NOTE ON THE PENN FAMILY—WRITTEN IN 1872—  
FURTHER PARTICULARS, AND PERHAPS SOME REPETITIONS.

I may add at this date, 1872, a few words touching the descendants of William Penn whom I knew intimately at Stoke

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\* A few weeks after this was written, I received from London Armistead's "Life of Logan," into which parts of these letters are copied.

and Pennsylvania Castle, as well as the head of the house, Granville John, on his two visits to America, whom my children will well remember as a very frequent and acceptable guest at our house.

The history of my connection with the Penns is pretty fully told already in the "Summer's Jaunt" and in the paper read before the Historical Society. I remarked in that article that a happier and more attached family I never saw. At Stoke, in 1845, the family consisted of the wife of Granville Penn, three sons, and three daughters, though the second son had great peculiarities, and was mostly in London. Richard was a well-read Oxford scholar, but had hallucinations at times. The estate, as mentioned in the paper referred to above, has gone to a nephew, Mr. Stewart, who seems disposed to act in a handsome manner in relation to the American property, what little remains, and to confirm, as he has done by a legal document, all the acts of his predecessors, their agents, etc.

We rode about the county of Buckingham with four horses, visiting the principal scenes of interest, Windsor Castle, etc., as I have recorded, and Mr. Penn waited on me to Oxford, where he had studied and graduated. Lord Pomfret soon after graduated, and took his seat in the House of Lords, but never made much figure. At the Oxford dinner, every one at the raised table, but ourselves, was a young lord. After dinner we inspected Pomfret's race-boat, and adjourned to his rooms, where there was a wine and fruit party, and a great talk about the merits of Lord Byron.

At the Eton celebration was my fat buck, shot in Stoke Park for the occasion, as the regular tribute of the Lord of the Manor. We were treated with marked respect; were put forward at the speechmaking of the graduates, and our coach was first in the procession to witness the boat-races and fireworks. Though also invited to partake of the venison, etc., at the annual dinner, Mr. Penn preferred a private party at home, where he assembled a number of young noblemen to meet us.

There was evidence at Pennsylvania Castle that large means were wanting for anything more than mere comfort. Mr. Penn

took with us some fine grouse from the London market, some forced grapes, and I verily believe most of the remainder of the dinner came from the neighboring watering-place, Weymouth, in Dorsetshire, the favorite seaside resort of George the Third and his court.

The dinner given to Granville John, when he arrived in Philadelphia, by a few gentlemen, was pronounced the most select and aristocratic, as to family representation, ever given in our city. Mr. Penn sat by me, and when toasted it required some considerable suggestion to induce him to rise and reply. But when he did so, he made a most successful and well-delivered speech, in the finest taste and manner. His speech in reply to the mayor's welcome in the State-House was equally happy, and was sufficiently replete with classical allusions to make it much admired. In fact, education had given great polish to a naturally indolent character and mind.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

Elizabeth Fry, William Forster, the Gurneys—Abbott Lawrence—Worthy American Diplomats—Madame Jumel—Faraday—Rank in England—Robert Walsh and his Son—Judah Dobson—Christopher Hughes—Gerard Ralston.

RETURNING to my short stay in London in 1850, I visited many private gentlemen at their own homes. But my history is expanding into a volume, when I only contemplated a manuscript pamphlet. I received a call from the secretary of Joseph Hume, the great reformer of the House of Commons, who, though carefully scanning and cutting down the government expenses, had recently said publicly that he would vote for all proper appropriations for Windsor Castle and all its appurtenances, as it was an honor to England. Even the Gold Room, with all its accumulation of unproductive treasure, received his approbation.

## ELIZABETH FRY, WILLIAM FORSTER, THE GURNEYS.

I visited somewhat among the best Friends in and near London. Among these was Elizabeth Fry, then feeble and getting old (1845). I attended her meeting, where she was indulged with a large mahogany arm-chair for her especial use; she made a beautiful prayer during the session. She resided near her brother, Samuel Gurney. With him I dined at the Ham House with a large company of Friends, on the Sunday of yearly meeting week. Among the guests were William Forster, the great preacher and missionary to this country, and his son, then a young man, but now a valued member of the British government. Samuel Gurney sent us three to London, thirteen miles perhaps, to get there at five o'clock for the afternoon meeting. "Now, Peter," said he, "thee has to set these Friends down at five o'clock, and there is no time to lose." As the clock struck the hour we were getting out of the carriage, after an hour and a half spent in the journey.

At Joseph John Gurney's dinner-table I met an old acquaintance, in his third wife, Eliza P. Kirkbride, an American,—the head of a table at which was assembled the most distinguished of the Quaker sect. Since her husband's death she purchased my late brother Richard's farm and mansion, West Hill, near Burlington, New Jersey, and there resides on an ample income bequeathed by her late husband, abounding in hospitalities and good works, and perhaps more admired and loved than when she was the beautiful toast of my set of gay young Quakers.

## ABBOTT LAWRENCE.

Abbott Lawrence was in 1850 our American ambassador at the Court of St. James, and, with his wife, was extremely kind to me, from the nature of my introductions from the highest American authorities, and from his wealthy commercial friends. He received his countrymen at a daily interview in his grand old library. It was said he paid more rent for his house than the amount derived from his entire salary. Certain it is he kept the best company, and visited the nobility on equal terms. One

day he was absent, having gone to Oxford with Mr. Prescott, who then and there had a degree conferred upon him.

It is just to Mr. Lawrence's character to say he was very popular among Englishmen. He looked the ambassador perfectly, and his suave and gentlemanly manners will be remembered by all who knew him. Among his friends much frequenting the house, was Mr. George Peabody, now called the philanthropist. He was noted for his kindness to Americans, and especially courted the embassies. His civilities were very marked, giving me a retired office at his building "down town," etc. I remember one or more fish dinners at Greenwich, on the Thames, when I was his guest, in company with Mr. Lawrence and his two sons, then passing some time in London; but especially his Fourth of July dinner at Richmond, which was a grand affair, attended by several new ministers, on their way to Russia, etc. Speech followed speech in true home fashion. Mr. Lawrence gave voice to some remarks which it was thought might give offence in Paris, by unfavorably comparing the French Republic with our own. Mr. Peabody was greatly afraid it would get into print, and, to prevent it, placed two others and myself in a return carriage at almost midnight, in company with the editor of the *Times*, whom we prevailed on to have this allusion omitted. We went directly to the House of Commons, where a member left his place to be civil to our party, the *Times* man going to his press duties.

While recalling these scenes I may note that in 1845 I attended a meeting of the Royal Society in London, and in Paris one of the sessions of the French Academy, and had the pleasure of shaking the hand of Arago.

#### WORTHY AMERICAN DIPLOMATS.

Of other American diplomats abroad I knew somewhat in my three visits to Europe. Mr. Benjamin Moran, so long accredited to London, and filling the post of chargé and really the representative of the country when there was an interregnum, was known to me through my cousin, Edmund Morris, by whom he had been educated as a printer, and was among my

kind friends in England. In 1865 he introduced me to Charles Francis Adams, at his residence, in company with Granville John Penn, who called with me. Mr. Adams seemed greatly struck with meeting the head of the house of the founder of Pennsylvania. Fresh from America at the conclusion of the Rebellion, we had much patriotic talk in relation to the late deplorable events. I presented him, as a novelty, a five hundred dollar note of the Confederacy, not worth the paper on which it was printed, with which he seemed pleased, as the first that had found its way to the embassy, and, smiling, said he would show it to Lord Granville and the Queen.

At the Hague, Mrs. Pike, our ambassador's wife, received us as old acquaintances of her daughter and family, and she valued a similar note of smaller denomination, as a gift likely to be acceptable, as a curiosity, to the Queen of Holland, with whom she was on very friendly terms. Paying a visit to Scheveningen, the watering-place near the Hague, one with whom we were conversing exclaimed, "Here comes the Queen." Our party rose and bowed, and the Queen and a lady in waiting walking with her returned the civility very gracefully. A stalwart officer or servant, walking at a short distance behind, denoted some dignitary. The Queen wore a simple dress and travelling shawl, and by a casual observer would not have been remarked from others.

These approaches to royalty seem to the American very near to something he likes to know, and always afterwards we identify and follow the history of those we have seen. Poor lady! She is not on good terms with her husband, and is living at the palace called "The House in the Woods," but in person attending important court ceremonies. She is the daughter of the king of Würtemberg, and a woman of strong mind, highly cultivated and intellectual. Her "House" is filled with valuable paintings and works of art, but we did not obtain admittance. We were told that once each year she entertained the King and court in grand style, at her own private residence.

Mr. Rives, ambassador to France in 1850, was particularly

civil, but I really had not time to accept his home civilities, being occupied in preparing the public and private mind for the American part of an exposition.

MADAME JUMEL.

While I write, the trial for the property of Madame Jumel, once the wife of Aaron Burr, is progressing, which reminds me that in my courting days I was taken to her residence on Washington Heights, then near New York, if I remember. It was a kind of show-house, to which citizens rode of an afternoon, and were admitted. On this occasion the lady received us herself, and ordered a servant to exhibit the rooms, even to the chambers, where I remember a bed with a mirror overhead attached to the top, so that, as Paddy might say, you could look at yourself while you were asleep! On the door being opened, a celebrated automaton—made, I believe, by Kempelin, the contriver of the Chess Player—in the form of a well-dressed boy, rose from the sofa, walked a few steps toward us, and then, applying a flute to his lips, played either one or two tunes, and returned to his seat. Madame Jumel seemed pleased to receive company, and was chatty and polite. Her furniture was in a style then little known in America, being of the highly-wrought and polished Parisian fashion.

FARADAY.

In London, in 1850, I attended one of the much-frequented and fashionable lectures of Faraday, at the Royal Institution, by invitation through a personal friend. The whole street was blocked by coroneted carriages, indicating the highest fashion. The large lecture-room was well filled by ladies and gentlemen. The young female nobility had each a note-book and pencil, and all were extremely attentive. A more accomplished lecturer, both in matter and manner, never appeared before an aristocratic audience. Precisely as the silver bell of the clock over the low rostrum struck one, Faraday appeared, and precisely as it struck two the lecture was over. The course was on the metals, and the particular subject on this occasion was



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mercury, which was explained in all its particulars, and a few medals containing the effigy of the founder of the institution were frozen before us, and handed to the near and delighted listeners. There was a buzz of approbation, but nothing very demonstrative. The highest accomplishment of language and manner marked every word and movement, no moment being lost in finding expressions, or the least hesitation in experimenting being apparent. This charming exhibition from a man of unusual talent and learning, who had once occupied the position of aid to Sir Humphry Davy, and many other public appearances which I witnessed, gave me a high opinion of European culture, and of its very general appreciation.

#### RANK IN ENGLAND.

It takes some time for a foreigner, especially an American, to discover the exact relations existing between the people, the aristocracy, and the middle ranks, just as it puzzles one in Paris, for instance, to judge by their dress of the standing of people one meets in the streets. They mingle, in a degree, and you cannot tell, by the manner or conversation, whether you sit by a lord or a commoner. But the differences of rank are marked, and are known to the natives, in gradations that it would be almost useless to attempt to study. There are titles by courtesy, and men called lords who are only judges, and "lords" by parlance. Then there is the difficulty of admission to society without the advantage of family and ancestors, even riches alone being disallowed, though there may be exceptions. Read the life of Faraday by all means, and profit by his truthfulness and example.

#### ROBERT WALSH AND SON.

The death of Robert M. Walsh, a few days before this is written, recalls a valued friend, Robert Walsh, his father, with whom I had very intimate and pleasant relations. He was consul-general in Paris in 1845, filling that office with great credit to the country. Mr. Walsh, the elder, was eminently literary

in his tastes. When the great struggle for the extension of slavery in Missouri agitated this whole country, the *National Gazette* was established to oppose a further extension. Walsh's friends made him the editor, and a very pleasant semi-political newspaper was the result. Its literary character was the attraction to me. I remember subscribing to it at the instigation of Roberts Vaux, who successfully went round with the subscription paper. After entering on the library duties, I was made free of Mr. Walsh's editorial rooms, which were the large chambers of the great old Willing mansion, at the corner of Third Street and Willing's Alley, the publication office being near by in Second Street.

The opportunity of free intercourse with this gentleman gave zest to my literary studies and pursuits, and put me in training for employment by the booksellers, who were in the habit of getting me to pass many books through the press, write prefaces adapting them to America, or making up whole volumes. In this way I remember many profitable literary operations, as the compiling, from other works, of "Celebrated Trials of all Countries," published by Carey & Hart. This friendship prepared me for conducting "Waldie's Library" and many other literary ventures, while in the absences of Mr. Walsh I wrote the editorials of the *Gazette*.

Bishop White having long been ill, I recollect preparing his obituary in advance, and its appearance in the *National* the afternoon of his decease, a feat then not at all practised. This has been followed, in the great advance in the power of diurnal productions, by the editorial preparation of biographies kept ready to publish the moment prominent men depart. These, one of my editorial friends tells me, are now kept in alphabetical order.

But in my early efforts at enlightening the world, the public was satisfied with rather a meagre allusion to public events, and some papers, like Poulson's *American Daily Advertiser*, had but little editing except with scissors. This paper was bought for Poulson, a poor printer, by William Sansom and my uncle James Smith, Jr., and others. Proving a commercial

success, the cash was returned with interest, and "Claypole's" newspaper became "Poulson's," and had a long and prosperous career, but Charles and John had no particular talent for the business.

The paper stopped issue one day, was in vain attempted to be revived, and soon closed. Charles Poulson collected pictures of old Philadelphia houses and places, which are now in the Philadelphia Library. He left one son and a daughter, clever people.

JUDAH DOBSON.

Judah Dobson married the only daughter of Zachariah Poulson, and was a character of our day. Full of information, and speaking many languages, as well as scientific in his pursuits, he kept a book-store, and published for his friends, but was never able to do more than keep his head above water. He was a most agreeable companion, ready to help anybody linguistically or otherwise. Mr. Dobson gave much assistance in publishing the posthumous volumes of Nuttall on the "Trees of America," a most valuable addition to Michaux's great work on the "Forest Trees," in which my son Robert and myself were interested.

NUTTALL.

Nuttall I knew during his many residences in Philadelphia. He passed most of his waking hours, when among us, at the Academy of Natural Sciences, in study, or in preparing for his publications. He was one of those scientific naturalists, like Say, who seem to have no regard for money, and indeed never possessed much. It was a subject of curiosity where he lived, but no one could find this out, till one night he was followed from the Academy to his lodgings in the poor oyster-cellar of a colored man, where he must have sought for cheap entertainment. Mr. McClure, the liberal patron of studious scientists, probably paid his small travelling expenses when on his botanical excursions. When his labors in America were about concluded, and they were severe ones which he encountered in

studying a whole continent, a relative in England left him a home near Liverpool and a fair income. But he lived there as simply as he had done in the woods of America, passing most of his time in his garden, and hybridizing the rhododendrons of India with those of America, thus introducing the wonderful and beautiful specimen long contributed to the London horticultural exhibitions by Waterer and Godfrey.

But I am running away from Robert Walsh and Paris. He took great pains to go with me to the library and other institutions, and to introduce the literary men of France at his own receptions, while his wife was beyond measure kind in getting an English housekeeper for my sick son Robert, taken seriously ill at our boarding-house. Dr. Charles D. Meigs was then in Paris, and was indefatigable in his attendance, ascending the long stairs thrice a day in the character of physician and interested friend. The nurse, on Robert's first better day, was ordered to administer chicken broth. The bird was procured, and I left them for a long day's excursion to Versailles. On my return I found that no food of any kind had been given. The chicken was not even on the fire. The nurse was full of excuses, and was soon discharged.

We felt very helpless among a set of venal strangers; but Robert rapidly recovered, and with his young cousin, Isaac Collins, Jr., returned to London, while I pursued my travels to Switzerland, Germany, and Belgium. But for the kindness of Dr. Meigs and the attentions of Mrs. Walsh I should have lost my boy.

Robert M. Walsh, the son of my friend, was an accomplished gentleman, and has been much employed by our government in a diplomatic capacity in many countries. He has lately written light articles for periodicals, but died last month, February, 1872, of the prevailing epidemic, small-pox, which is taking one hundred and twenty and sometimes more per week from the population of Philadelphia. His father increased his support in Paris by a lively and much-valued correspondence with the *National Intelligencer*, of Washington, now defunct.

## CHRISTOPHER HUGHES.

Among my ambassadors I must not forget our minister to the Hague, Christopher Hughes, a predecessor to Mr. Pike. He was the gay missionary of our government to Holland, and returned to America in 1845. We had met before, and his friends had often been mine. The "Great Western," in which we returned together, contained a full complement of passengers, among whom were *William Forster*, and his brother *Josiah*, and *George Stacey*. The two brothers occupied a double-sized state-room, William mostly in his bed, and requiring attention from my son Robert and *Joseph Crossfield*, fellow-passengers and companions. This double cabin was the place of holding a meeting on the two first days we were on board, one of which I attended. On the next occasion Mr. Hughes heard of the assembling,—as he heard everything, and knew everybody, and his business as well. He said he loved the Quakers, but had never been to their meetings, though he had an old aunt who had attended one. His curiosity being roused, he begged for my seat on a trunk, and attended. Neither his great animal spirits nor his snuff-box could keep him awake during the silence, and he told me he had slept considerably. The sermon he liked much, but he was sure they were all glad when it was over, for he could see their delight when they shook hands. He thought this would be his last, as it was his first, experience of attending a Quaker meeting.

*Kit Hughes*, as everybody called him, was a ready wit. At sea everybody appreciated the quick and sparkling humor of our minister, and there was quite a friendly disputation whether he ever could be caught unawares. The trial was given to an Englishman to make. Finding Mr. Hughes, one cold, foggy morning, peering through the ship's glass at a distant object, the questioner touched Kit on the shoulder and asked, "What ship is that?" "Don't know," was the quickest of replies, "but I hope it is a *Peruvian bark*, for I find it monstrous *chilly*!" The Englishman admitted that Americans may have wit.

The access he obtained to the heart and secrets of every

passenger was little less than marvellous, for every one had imparted his history and plans before forty-eight hours had elapsed. But then he had a trial, for a pale face made its appearance on deck for the first time, and he pretended to be quite sure he had just got on board, for everybody else had been thoroughly interviewed, and he declared he knew every soul in the ship.

Alas ! how different *ambassador* Hughes and *minister* Forster !

GERARD RALSTON.

*Gerard Ralston* was the consul-general of Liberia during two of my visits to London. Being an old acquaintance, and a Philadelphian, we were thrown together. A consulate confers honor in Europe, and even the Liberian has claims to enter society. He took us, in 1865, to see "Rag Fair," perhaps as odd an exhibition as London can produce, where dealers in second-hand clothes hold a weekly sale of all descriptions of articles worn and cast off by men, women, and children, and where robbery is rife. He informed us that he had lately walked the president of the Liberian republic through the principal streets, warning him of the character of the place. But before they were half through, the president's gold watch was irrecoverably gone ! All this traffic by Jews in the heart of London on Sunday !

Mr. Ralston was on intimate terms with the benevolent Miss Coutts, now a baroness, and stated that begging letters arrived daily by the bushel. On a late call he was shown up to the drawing-room, and, retiring in half an hour, said to the door porter that this seemed to be a great post day. Holding up a huge pile, "These," said he, "have all arrived since you passed up." Such is the appetite for attacking a desire or duty to give, to those, like herself, surcharged with riches. The descendants of John Jacob Astor have related to me many amusing anecdotes of this propensity. It seems to be a natural one, though one that requires checking. Perfect strangers often apply for most ridiculous donations. Miss Coutts was, however, very benevolent, but she had to keep one or two secretaries to answer requests.

Gerald Ralston will long be remembered for his kindness to Americans. He had succeeded me, many years before, as a member of the Board of Health of Philadelphia. He deserves commemoration for his long advocacy of cheap ocean postage, which at last is a success.\*

The income of Baroness Coutts is said to be one million per annum.

“RELICS.

*“The Numismatic and Antiquarian Society’s Meeting Last Night.*

“A stated meeting of this society was held last evening at its hall, President Hon. Eli K. Price in the chair.

“The president exhibited an autograph letter (kindly loaned for that purpose by F. M. Etting, Esq., of Philadelphia), written by the celebrated Dr. Semtaire, dated at New York, August 6, 1767, in reference chiefly to a collection of coins in the possession of a gentleman of that city,† and addressed to John Smith, the grandfather of John Jay Smith, Esq., and son-in-law of Mr. Logan. The letter is beautifully written, and betrays in several places its having been written by a foreigner.

“On motion the thanks of the society were extended to Mr. Etting for his kindness in exhibiting the letter.”

DEBORAH LOGAN TO JOHN JAY SMITH.

“MY RESPECTED COUSIN,

“I return the Packet of old Letters which thee was so obliging as to send me, with many thanks for their perusal;—some of them afford a glimpse of the transactions of our (then) Province, about the middle of last century, an intervening period between its interesting settlement and the Revolutionary War, that has not been much noticed hitherto—but that deserves to be en-

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\* He asked me to help in this important work. “No man had succeeded, but he was sure a lady could do it.” Being persuaded to try, I wrote to the right gentlemen in Washington, and they promptly gratified Mr. Ralston. (See his letters.)  
E. P. S.

† A collection of coins, most of which were my father’s, is still in the Philadelphia Library.

quired into, if we would discover the hidden springs of actions which have now become History.

"I have also returned the Journal of thy excellent Grand-mother, which well merits preservation as presenting a lively picture of the alarm and perils of that dark period of the war in which it was wrote, and indeed so graphic is its delineations as to awaken many similar recollections in my mind—But I am now going to use a freedom which I hope thee will excuse as I am in the habit of using candour when I am favoured with the sight of any manuscripts of my friends:—Take the trouble to again copy it and omit the appellation of 'Rebel' as applied to our army or country as coming from the writer in any respect, it does not occur in this way often, but it will create a distrust and prejudice, which she should have her memory secured from,—it occurred, I do not doubt, from hearing its most frequent use, among her neighbors of the 'good city of Burlington' at that period; for her brother whom she tenderly loved, was fully implicated in the cause of his Country and would have stood a good chance of experiencing the weight of British vengeance had that Party unfortunately prevailed. But though I would omit this offensive term, or substitute another in its place, I would hold the rest as it has been left, and neither add, nor diminish from the work, only where there was an implication on individuals, the name should not appear.—I trust thee, my kind Cousin, will excuse this.

"With respect to the Letter which I promised to give thee to my friend Rob<sup>t</sup> Walsh: the manner in which he has introduced what I gave for his Dictionary, into the first number of the 'Review' lately published, leads me to hope that he will continue to find a way to gratify the public taste for Biography with some of the various collections he has made for that work; and that our eminent Ancestor, (truly so from his integrity and virtue, as well as from his learning and acquirements) will not be overlooked.—If we should find ourselves disappointed in this, I will do all I can in furtherance of thy design, and shall be much pleased to see it perfected.

"In the hope of enjoying a few hours in your company be-



fore long, and with a sincere feeling of love towards thy amiable wife, I remain

“Your affectionate kinswoman,  
“DEBORAH LOGAN.

“STENTON, 16<sup>th</sup> 3<sup>d</sup> m<sup>o</sup> 1827.”

PUBLICATIONS OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.\*

CORRESPONDENCE between William Penn and James Logan, Secretary of the Province of Pennsylvania, and others, 1700-1750. From the original letters in possession of the Logan family, with notes by the late Mrs. Deborah Logan. Edited, with additional notes, by Edward Armstrong, M.A., etc. Vol. II. Philadelphia, printed by J. B. Lippincott & Co. for the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, 1873. CATALOGUE of the Paintings and other objects of interest belonging to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, 1872.

If the world were not moving so very fast, it would be worth while to devote considerable space to an examination of these books; but as it whirls so rapidly that news a day old is not worth the paper it is printed on, we must be brief. Yet to the citizens of this State, and indeed of the whole Union, the history of the settlement of Pennsylvania should be more familiar than it is, for from William Penn's "Great Law" dates the introduction and establishment of our liberty of conscience. "Nor shall he or she at any time be compelled to frequent or maintain any religious worship, place, or ministry whatever, contrary to his or her mind, but shall freely and fully enjoy his or her Christian liberty in that respect without any interruption or reflection." The descendants of the emigrants in the "Mayflower," who landed at Plymouth Rock, and who have had so many eulogists, were burning witches and Quakers when this great lawgiver was promulgating the doctrine whose influence has extended through all the States, and will be felt in the future ages of the whole world. The basis of the proprietary government was not Christianity restricted to particular tenets, not a church establishment with tithes and spiritual courts, but Christianity with liberty of conscience to all men.

Again, at the very period when persecution even to death was awarded in Massachusetts for doctrine, and people were driven away for conscientious belief, this liberty was proclaimed; and even the Roman Catholic Lord Baltimore gave shelter and comfort to the despised and beaten religionists of Boston, who found the very persecution the Plymouth folk pretended to have fled the Old World to avoid. Truth prevails; we of Pennsylvania have not sounded our trumpets so loudly as some others, but the walls of prejudice must fall and Jericho be conquered, whenever history plumes her pen and tells this story aright, as also that the first protests against slavery and drunkenness came from Pennsylvania. Our emigrants, without swords at their sides, led the way to the civilization that this country now has so much to be thankful for; and this doctrine of liberty of conscience led the way to the casting of the bell that was to proclaim political liberty to all.

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\* Germantown Daily Chronicle, January, 1873.

That there was a liberal and learned body among what may be termed "the Quaker governing class" it is not difficult to show. The first classic ever translated and published in America came from James Logan. "Cicero on Old Age" was issued from the Philadelphia press of Franklin, and, by the way, was printed by the latter in London as his own, with his name and his portrait, a species of literary theft that was thought by his contemporaries to be characteristic of the man who contrived to carry off all the honors under the very eyes of his neighbors.

In the "Pennsylvania Pilgrim," by Whittier, noticed lately at some length in this paper, there is a note so truthful and so well expressed that it is here inserted:

"Among the pioneer Friends were many men of learning and broad and liberal views. Penn was conversant with every department of literature and philosophy. Thomas Lloyd was a ripe and rare scholar. The great Loganian Library of Philadelphia bears witness to the varied learning and classical taste of its donor, James Logan. Thomas Story, member of the Council of State, Master of the Rolls, and Commissioner of Claims under William Penn, and an able minister of his society, took a deep interest in scientific questions, and in a letter to his friend Logan, written while on a religious visit to Great Britain, seems to have anticipated the conclusions of modern geologists. 'I spent,' he says, 'some months, especially at Scarborough, during the season of attending meetings, at whose high cliffs and the variety of strata thereon, and their several positions, I further learned and was confirmed in some things—that the earth is of much older date as to the beginning of it than the time assigned in the Holy Scripture as commonly understood, which is suited to the common capacity of mankind, as to six days of progressive work, by which I understand certain long and competent periods of time, and not natural days.'

"It was sometimes made a matter of reproach by the Anabaptists and other sects that the Quakers read profane writings and philosophies. Sluyter and Dankers, in their 'Journal of American Travels,' visiting at a Quaker preacher's house at Burlington, on the Delaware, found 'a volume of Virgil lying on the window, as if it were a common hand-book.'"

These Quakers were modest men; they made no boast of their own course or merits, leaving both to the historian. They would not fight for their principles, and till the millennium comes and men are what God would have them sometimes to be, non-combatants must stand aside. The Penn and Logan correspondence has an incidental little passage which we quote. Isaac Norris, speaker of the Assembly, and who married James Logan's daughter,—not his "only" daughter, as the Historical Society has it,—writing to a friend in Ireland, remarks, in alluding to the French raid on Lewistown and the privateers that were expected to come up and sack Philadelphia:

"Those of the Church of England grew uneasy and unneighborly in their expressions, because of the defenceless situation of the place. They are for a coercive law, that all may be obliged to bear arms, or else they themselves will do nothing. They manage this craftily in order to lay Friends aside in government, the holding of it in which is extremely difficult to most Friends; and we can hardly judge which has the worst prospect, whether to hold it under such difficulties in most points as daily fall in our way, or resign it to some men who are of no honorable principles. There are some of the Church we could be very easy with and under, but their

number is so few for the many offices of place and trust, that we have reason to fear an inundation of men of loose morals and low fortunes to top upon the industrious and sober."

Just so, and we are now realizing the fear. An ocean of ink is not required to recapitulate the excellence of the Pennsylvania pilgrims led by their principles to flee from persecution; depend upon it, future ages will recognize the difference between the persecuting emigrants and the promulgators of religious liberty, and will place William Penn on a higher pedestal than any Massachusetts or Connecticut governor, and it will prefer Governor Thomas Lloyd to any of the smoking, rowdy Knickerbockers; there is no fear of this; the truth is mighty and prevails in the end. As Pennsylvanians have the truth on their side, they should not be mealy-mouthed in telling it.

Let them, however, be as accurate as possible when they publish. The "Correspondence" has cost a great sum, first in the time and labor of love of Mrs. Logan in deciphering and copying three huge volumes; second, in editing and printing what is proposed to promulgate the virtues and statesmanship of Penn and Logan, as well as their strict integrity and exactness. The very introductory paper to the first volume was written by request of the society after years of research to trace the family of Penn through its later branches of respectable and titled personages, to the very oblivion of the name. What will the gentleman who took all this pains, and was the only person that, by his intimacy with the family, was able to do it,—what will he think when he sees in the last publication of the society that his ancestress is utterly ignored; killed, forgotten, a non-entity never born? We trust his eye may not rest on the paragraph, page 45, of the "Catalogue," which does this. Hannah Logan was the ornament of the colonial circle—court, if you so please to designate it. She was married to a most estimable gentleman at the meeting-house of this village of Germantown, and has left numerous descendants whom Philadelphia, in its whole after career, could ill have spared. She was an especial favorite of the Penns, husband and wife, as is proved by their bequest to her of their unique silver tea service, still in possession, as we happen to know, of her descendants. The Historical Society knows not of her existence! A little more care and accuracy and the world will value more highly the publications of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. They commemorate the virtues of men better, as we think, than the Plymouth Rock folks, for they promulgated and followed the doctrines of the "Rock of Ages."

There is a note in this second volume by Mrs. Deborah Logan, which is so apt and which strikes us as so true that we insert it.

"In order justly to estimate the character of our illustrious founder, we must take into consideration the times in which he lived, and the difficulties with which he had to contend, and not judge him altogether as we do one at the present day, when principles are acted on and considered as unquestionable, which were then struggling for a reception amongst mankind, and which, when avowed, cost the gallant Sydney his life.

"We should remember that the present times are profiting by the exertions of those generous spirits; 'for in the progress of human affairs, mankind built in every subsequent age on foundations formerly laid,' and if it be true that 'so gradual is the progress of improvement that human knowledge can only be matured by the ex-

perience of ages,' what veneration and respect must we acknowledge to be due to the man who, living at a period when the principles of civil and religious liberty had to contend for their existence with a base and sordid despotism, voluntarily stepped forth as their champion, and triumphantly rescued and handed down to us some of the proudest distinctions of his country! A man who spent his whole life and all the means which he possessed in endeavoring to benefit mankind, and finally by exhibiting to the world a scheme of government founded on the benevolent principles of Christianity, and which was administered by himself in the same spirit, has shown, by the unexampled prosperity and success which has attended it, how consonant such principles are with the true interests of society. Is not a character that could effect such noble purposes entitled to the gratitude and esteem of the latest posterity?"

The correspondence might, perhaps, have been somewhat shortened, but Mr. Armstrong has done faithful duty in producing it entire as Mrs. Logan left it. We are free to say it deserves a niche on the shelves of every American library with any pretensions to historical value.

We have not noticed any other important errors in the catalogue, and apart from this and some minor inaccuracies, it makes the most of the interesting collection of the society, a collection which was fortunately begun years ago, and which could not be replaced.

In this connection it seems but fitting that we should say a word in commemoration of a gentleman long associated with the Historical Society and with this very Logan correspondence, whose death was recorded in our paper only a few days ago. Mr. Joshua Francis Fisher was a direct descendant, in the fifth generation, of John Fisher, who came over in the "Welcome" with William Penn in 1682, while his father's mother was the daughter of William Logan, the eldest son of James. Mr. Fisher's father, Joshua Fisher, was the head of an old and prominent commercial house, and his mother was a daughter of Tench Francis, at one time attorney-general of Pennsylvania. He graduated at Harvard, and studied law under Joseph R. Ingersoll. He was admitted to the bar in 1829, but never practised, an ample fortune enabling him to devote himself to scholarly pursuits. He was for some years vice-president of the Historical Society, and vice-president of the American Philosophical Society, and was the author or editor of a number of valuable papers printed among the collections of the former society. Mr. Fisher was also for many years a director of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and was well known and esteemed in cultivated society in Philadelphia. He was sixty-five years old at the time of his death.

J. J. S.





DEBORAH LOGAN.







## CHAPTER IX.

## MORE OF PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN.

Deborah Logan—The Logan Law—The Dennie Club and Nicholas Biddle—Judge Hopkinson; the Athenian Institute—Dr. Rose—Longfellow, Cooper, Sparks—Members of the Athenian—Professor Nichol—Charles Wilson Peale and Family.

To continue a little longer among the people I have known, I shall enumerate a few who, in future years, may happen to be remembered, and others whom, from my post of observation at the library, I have observed or watched as having run careers under correct or erroneous pilotage. The study of people's errors and virtues, their mistakes and excellencies, when applied to contemporaries, may be useful if pursued in a manner not to sour humanitarian sympathies. Perhaps it has been my misfortune to have everything and everybody presented before me stripped of adventitious circumstances, the motives laid bare, and my own unhappiness has been promoted by too low an estimate of human nature. Nevertheless, *true* goodness and virtue always received my homage, as they ever will command it.

## DEBORAH LOGAN.

One of the greatest fascinators of my early manhood was our lovely cousin *Deborah Logan*. It is hopeless for me to attempt a portraiture of her mind, or her extraordinary loveliness of manner and person. They were such as would have graced and ornamented the most refined court in Christendom. To a person lovely even in age, she added a most engaging address, and conversational powers rarely equalled, with a thorough insight of character. She adapted her varied reading, acquirements, and knowledge of the world and of mankind to the parties with whom she conversed, in a manner which led each one to love and appreciate her well-stored mind. From her

youth she had moved in the best society; had mingled freely with the great men of our country from Washington downwards. Her husband, Dr. George Logan, the father of Albanus, was a Democrat. He was intimate with Thomas Jefferson, and under his administration performed a secret mission to France, which gave him little credit with the Federalists, though its exact object I never learned. Jefferson occasionally visited the family at Stenton. Dr. Logan is believed to have visited France in the character of *pacificator*. For an account of his mission, and of his interview with Washington, see Sparks's "Washington," vol. xi. page 383 *et seq.*\*

Deborah Logan was the sister of Joseph P. Norris, and consequently aunt of the numerous family of that name whom you know. By some means the share of the vast Norris estate to which she was entitled, escaped her before it was ripe for sale, I believe in consequence of the land near Richmond, etc., having been left by her bachelor brother Charles to Joseph P. Norris. My acquaintance with her was principally after her husband's death, when I was in the habit of passing whole afternoons at Stenton, in her library, reading her copies of manuscripts of the Penns and Logans, or charmed by her ever-instructive conversation of those times, with which she had so intimate an acquaintance. Though her experiences of life extended through the struggle of our Revolution, and her knowledge embraced all the particulars of colonial history, and possessed a just discrimination of the characters who figured in our eventful chronicles, yet she was by no means confined to these topics. Her mind ranged with profit and delight over the whole field of English literature, the translated classics, and public and private history of English statesmen and statesmanship. Her voice, one of the most musical, was perfect in its cadences; and she often quoted correctly from the best poets and historians. She employed her pen in various contributions to the press, enlightened Watson [John F. Watson, Esq.]

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\* And many other accounts. The Historical Society has one in press by Miss F. A. Logan. E. P. S.

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in writing his "Annals of Philadelphia," and left behind her, besides numerous other productions, books of characters, drawn by her own hand, discriminating in the most masterly manner between the poets and prose authors most worthy of her attention, embellishing the whole with portraits. Some of these it was my humble privilege to supply. Her warm welcome in the quiet of Stenton, then hers alone during her life, was one of my great enjoyments. I used to wish that the world could be made up of such characters as my mother and my cousins Deborah Logan and Susan Emlen. But under such circumstances this world would be too lovely, and we might fail to make preparation for a better one.

Dr. Logan left Stenton farm, and the income to be derived from it, to my cousin. She was generally surrounded by a few young and congenial friends, among whom were Sarah Walker, Margaretta Morris, Elizabeth Keppele, now Latimer, etc. Here was a most intellectual treat always prepared for the fortunate visitor, and here I imbibed a favorable view of human nature, such as was not too often repeated in the bustling scenes of life I have encountered.

Of my relative Dr. George Logan I knew but little, as he was much of a recluse, and did not, like his wife, extend his sympathies to his younger relatives. He was something of a politician, and his politics were not considered the loveliest of designations in our circles. He was buried in the family ground on Stenton farm the day of my marriage in New York. His wife soon adopted mine as one of the family, and I really believe loved her as a relation, a favor to which she was eminently entitled.

#### THE LOGAN LAW.

Allusion is often made in historical works to Dr. Logan's visit to France on a self-constituted embassy; and a law was enacted to meet similar cases in the future. The annexed extract is from a partisan journal of the present day, 1872, and comes to hand as an opportune reminder, explanatory of

*"The Logan Law.*

"It is insinuated by the senatorial henchmen of the administration that Senators Sumner and Schurz have had correspondence with some agent or agents of a foreign power relative to the sale of arms and ammunition by the War Department to France, and are thus amenable to fine and imprisonment under the laws of the United States. The precise statute in point is the old Logan law of January 30, 1799. During the administration of the elder Adams a Dr. George Logan, of Philadelphia, a member of the Society of Friends, undertook a self-constituted embassy to France, with a view to conciliating the government of that country, then, 1798, apparently on the verge of war with the United States. The doctor being a strong Jeffersonian in politics, and party feeling at that time running very high,—as witness the famous Alien and Sedition acts of this same year, 1798,—the attempt was resented, and by Act of Congress of January 30, 1799, it was provided that if any 'citizen of the United States, whether he be actually resident or abiding within the United States or in any foreign country, shall, without the permission or authority of the government of the United States, directly or indirectly commence or carry on any verbal or written correspondence or intercourse with any foreign government, or any officer or agent thereof, with an intent to influence the measures or conduct of any foreign government, or of any officer or agent thereof, in relation to any disputes or controversies with the United States,' he shall be guilty of a high misdemeanor and subjected to a fine not exceeding five thousand dollars and imprisonment for not less than six months or over three years. This law is still of force, and Senators Sumner and Schurz are menaced with its penalties on the charge of correspondence or intercourse with the Marquis de Chambrun, law officer of the French legation in Washington, with intent to influence thereby the action of Germany toward the United States.

"So much, then, for the menaced application of this statute to Messrs. Sumner and Schurz. . . .

"It thus appears that Secretary Belknap has done the very

thing the senators are charged with doing, and with the same man. He has conferred with the Marquis de Chambrun relative to the sales of arms to France, and, as the alleged guilt of the senators is to be investigated, why is not the confessed guilt of the secretary to be punished? The Logan law applies, we fancy, as well to secretaries as to senators."—*World*, 1872.

It is but rarely that you will find the family interfering in politics after the dynasty of the Penn Quaker period; but the foregoing is necessarily a part of my story.

#### THE DENNIE CLUB AND NICHOLAS BIDDLE.

The men with whom I was thrown during my residence in Philadelphia comprised the best-educated and most intellectual portion of the community. Among them was *Nicholas Biddle*, the once conspicuous president of the second United States Bank, the termination of whose career was so unfortunate. Mr. Biddle was a gentleman of good capacity and fine belle-lettre attainments, who had married a lady of fortune, Miss Craige. He was one of the Dennie Club, so called from its founder, the editor of the *Port Folio*, for many years the best literary periodical in America, and to which the members were large contributors. *Ewing*, a lawyer, was a prominent assistant, and after Dennie's death the work was conducted by Ewing's nephews, the Halls, in whose hands it fell through. *Judge Hall*, though a clever and successful writer, and the author of many Western sketches, scarcely possessed the qualifications necessary to keep up with the advance of public intelligence in America. The last meeting of the survivors of the Dennie Club was held at my house in Ninth Street, when Judge Joseph Hopkinson, Dr. Rose, and Nicholas Biddle met at my supper-table for the last time. In a short period thereafter all three were in their graves. Dennie lies under a marble monument in the burial-ground of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, his tomb inscribed with an epitaph written by John Quincy Adams, one of the most eloquent and touching in the English language.

Mr. Biddle was a gay young man, fluttering in the fashionable circle of Philadelphia, much admired for his personal and social qualities. He wrote an article on finance, which hit the public fancy, and, a new president of the bank being wanted, he was put forward and elected. Things went smoothly for a time, the bank being popular and successful. Mr. Biddle was the observed of all observers, and was called the *Emperor*. His appearance in Wall Street, New York, was always announced in the newspapers as portending an easier money market or some financial change. His house was the resort of the intellect of the country. John Quincy Adams, Webster, and the great politicians of the nation were entertained at his dinners, when coruscations of wit, and bright sallies abounding with anecdote and information, were continually occurring to enliven these festive gatherings. They were the most agreeable symposiums imaginable, such as I have rarely enjoyed elsewhere. Mr. Biddle was an able converser, and possessed the great art of bringing out the information of his guests. I was for many years so intimate with him as to be received at his house in town and country on the most social footing, and never did I leave his society without admiration of his talents and his superior social powers.

When the bank failed, and he was disgraced in public estimation, his heart was broken. The flatterers who had overpraised him now pursued him with vituperation to his solitude at Andalusia, his wife's country-seat on the Delaware. He had at first been overpraised, and now he was over-abused. Power such as he attained was a dangerous possession. I am not prepared to say he did not commit errors, though I am free to add my belief that the errors were caused by bad advisers, or the result of Jackson's hostility to the bank. When his disease had assumed a serious character, few persons visited the house. It was in winter, and on Christmas he invited his brother, Commodore Biddle, Mr. Bernard Henry, and myself, to dine and pass the day, which proved a stormy one. He came down stairs about noon, and we had some very pleasant chat in his fine library. The commodore said, "Now I

feel that you are getting well; you have your old and hearty laugh."

The old family billiard-table had been brought into the library from its summer quarters, to allow indoor exercise to the invalid. I played a few short games with him and the commodore alternately, and, as it seemed to us, he enjoyed it much. However, he was evidently weak, but kept up a flow of very cheerful conversation. At dinner he carved well a pair of capons, left the table before we did, retired to his bed, from which he never again rose to go down stairs, and soon breathed his last, a victim of General Jackson's hostility to the bank, and feeling keenly the utter reverse of public opinion.

There was something extremely touching in this loss of public confidence, and the consequent heart-broken death of Mr. Biddle. I was among the *few* who followed the remains from the house of his brother-in-law, Francis Hopkinson, in Chestnut Street, whither the body had been brought for interment in Christ Church ground, where they were deposited in the family vault, and where the commodore joined him in a few short years. The followers of that solemn cortège must have had, with myself, many striking reflections on the vanity of human ambition and the darkening of the brightest dreams of public adulation.

His wife never entirely recovered her equanimity after his death. His own property was found to be gone, so that one scandal against him was silenced. She had now an independence, and for her health was advised to take a voyage to Europe, in which she was to be accompanied by the commodore, her three daughters, and youngest son, Craige Biddle. The commodore, however, received orders to make a cruise to China, and reluctantly gave up the charge. Hearing I was going out in the same ship, he asked me to do what might be in my power for their comfort, and I had the pleasure of paying the family some small attentions in requital of their hospitalities.

Mr. Biddle's Agricultural Addresses, his Essays, and some playful poetry, may well place him in the foremost rank of American writers and thinkers. As an orator he was terse,

energetic, and playful, though his efforts in this way were not numerous. The many losses in private life, by the failure of the bank, are still felt, no less than those from investments in Lehigh and Schuylkill Navigation Company stocks and loans, and the various subscriptions to Western States and other projects. It is supposed that these abstracted from Philadelphia capital one hundred millions of dollars, striking a blow at our prosperity which would have soon been fatal, but that our trade was sustained by the influx of money derived from coal and iron. These industries have raised up a new congregation of capitalists, forming a wealthy and powerful circle.

JUDGE HOPKINSON—ATHENIAN INSTITUTE.

*Judge Hopkinson*, the author of "Hail, Columbia," was a most genial and social companion. We were thrown much together, and he was always among the spirits that cheered the social circle of my times, until his death. He was president and I was treasurer of the *Athenian Institute*, of which I was one of the earliest and most active promoters. It had for its object the delivery of public lectures once a week by able thinkers and speakers, among whom were all of our circle who had a fancy that way. It was at first declared that we could not secure audiences. I stoutly contended that we could, and, after battling the field for some time, the course was settled on.

The lectures were commenced by my friend *Joseph R. Ingersoll*, in the Masonic Hall. One of my opponents to the measure, who had denied the possibility of success, made his appearance at the door where I was active in packing away the rather unexpected crowd, and complained bitterly that he was unable to find a seat! I had the pleasure of reminding him of his expected deficiency of hearers. So immensely popular did our lectures become that I was besieged at home and at the library, by ladies of the most fashionable circles, who begged me to sell them tickets. We overflowed the Musical Fund Hall, taxing it to its utmost capacity for several winters, when the popularity began to flag. We accumulated considerable money, which was finally expended in paying lecturers, and in a loan to the



American Philosophical Society, then in great need, from the results of an unfortunate speculation in real estate. Their bond will be found among my own securities, as there is now no institute to receive the money, and nobody to pay it to, and hence I presume the debt may be considered as cancelled.

The Athenian Association was a source of much pleasure to me. The members comprised our intellectual men. We met constantly, and as we gave our services gratuitously, and had no ultimate object in accumulating cash, we felt at liberty to expend our funds on occasional dinners and suppers given to lecturers or to ourselves. Very pleasant were these celebrations. Orations, wit, and classical humor enlivened the evenings, such as would have interested Burke or Sheridan.

At the president's, too, we, council and officers, were often entertained, and enjoyed a social intercourse not easily forgotten. The object was to instruct the public. We took it upon ourselves to confine the circle of orators, for a long time, to Philadelphians; but we admitted among us a few choice spirits lately settled in our city, among whom stood conspicuous the learned clergyman the *Rev. Dr. Bethune* and *Dr. Duglison*, two very agreeable conversationalists.

DR. ROSE.

With *Dr. Rose*, of Susquehanna County, the other member of the Dennie Club, I was a correspondent; and when he came to the city for a rare visit, we were intimate. He was a very remarkable man, with some eccentricities. He had succeeded in forming round his large landed estate on Silver Lake, in that county, a settlement quite unique in its character and accompaniments. A large, handsome house, designed and built by himself, with outlodgings for his numerous visitors, accommodated all intelligent travellers who came, or whom he could attract to the neighborhood. They were lodged in an outbuilding furnished with rooms somewhat like a ship's cabin, and met the family or not, as they chose, at the breakfast-table, which was set for several hours. But at the regular and always handsome dinner, to which each was expected to come in full

dress, all assembled to meet the summer visitors or celebrated strangers. In this secluded spot it was necessary to supply the ornamental in advance. Barrels of oranges, almonds, and raisins were sent up, and good foreign servants, and silver forks, gave an air, then rare among us, of a nobleman's mansion in the country. But the charm of the house was the owner's remarkable library, which comprised, besides all the good new books, English as well as American, a collection of the best works in English and French.

My correspondence with the doctor will show his fondness for books and literature, the rarer portions of which I sometimes sent him. He was an enthusiastic patron of "Waldie's Library," about the conduct of which he occasionally wrote me. Dr. Rose brought out various sets of immigrants from the Continent, Scotland, etc., and at one time undertook to make a settlement of blacks on his lands, but without succeeding to the extent of his wishes. He always had one or two educated foreigners in his family, as tutors of his children, or as companions. In educating his sons he allowed the tutor entire control, sometimes placing them in a separate house away from the mansion, and allowing all hands to do as they chose. Shooting and sports formed their principal occupation.

Unfortunately for the neighborhood the doctor was removed by death from the scenes he had rendered so attractive,—probably by apoplexy, brought on by extraordinary inactivity of body. Not long afterwards his fine mansion, with all its contents, including the books, paintings, greenhouses, and conservatories, was burned to the ground, scarcely anything being saved. The family, thus deprived of a home, became more or less dispersed.

My lamented son Albanus was a favorite at Silver Lake, admired the free hospitality prevailing there, the beautiful lake and romantic scenery around, and possibly one of the young ladies made an impression on his young heart. At this charming retreat he passed one or more long vacations from college, and during his brief subsequent career it was a theme he frequently recurred to with delightful memories.

Among the immigrants induced to come over from Scotland at the doctor's bidding was a brother of Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who undertook, with moderate success, a sheep-farm on Dr. Rose's land. This brought about a correspondence with the bard. A most characteristic letter of many pages, from Hogg to Dr. Rose, will be found in my collection of autographs. If I mistake not, it was printed, by permission, on the cover of "Waldie's Library."

## LONGFELLOW, COOPER, SPARKS.

Another individual, of greater note, I was fortunate in calling my friend. *Longfellow*, the poet, with Mr. Sumner, made me visits, and was a valued companion whenever we met. He long continued to call on me and I on him, though our intercourse now is not frequent. Several pleasant letters from him, during the period of our younger life, will be found among my correspondence. Both poetically and personally I admire him more than any of my literary acquaintances.

*Cooper*, the novelist, of whom I have heretofore written, was one of my frequent library visitors, as was Dr. Rose, whenever in town. They would sit with me during the long and dull summer afternoons, and greatly relieve the tedium of my confinement. To each, as well as to *Jared Sparks*, and various authors of less note, it was occasionally in my power to impart information, and my good fortune also to be thrown into intimate relations with many of them, amounting sometimes to friendship; so that if I conclude to add to these a list of our great men in diplomatic situations abroad, you must say, when reading these pages, without imputing vanity to a pen engaged in writing facts for your amusement, that I had a favorable lookout on the movements of the spirits that contributed largely to stir up the thoughts and enterprises of the times.

## MEMBERS OF THE ATHENIAN.

A few more of our Athenian circle should be mentioned, with whom I was for many years intimately associated,—Professor *Robert M. Patterson*, afterwards Director of the Mint, and

his brother-in-law, now *Judge Kane*, *Colonel Clement C. Biddle*, *John F. Watson*, the annalist of Philadelphia, to whose book I contributed no insignificant portion. Other friends were *Charles J. Wister*, of Germantown, a well-informed and most agreeable neighbor to me, as chemist, botanist, astronomer, horticulturist, and gardener; *Dr. Darlington*, the botanist; *Dr. Hare*, the chemist; *Gouge*, the author of a book on banking, and at one time editor of the *Philadelphia Gazette*; *George Emlen*, a most one-sided thinker, but an agreeable companion; *Dallas Bache*, already noted, the descendant of Franklin, etc. Such are among those with whom I was identified in one enterprise or another, and whom it is no effort of memory to recall in scenes to me of great and vivid interest.

PROFESSOR NICHOL.

*Professor Nichol*, the astronomer and writer, from Glasgow, who brought me letters of introduction on his visit to America, was among my most agreeable casual friends, and was much at my house. He was perhaps the most fascinating *homme de société* I have ever known, and by his conversation gave much pleasure to my friends and family, and in his lectures, much information to the public.

CHARLES WILSON PEALE AND FAMILY.

These public men remind me of a boyish pleasure which I enjoyed exceedingly. A cousin of the husband of my great-aunt, Milcah Martha Moore, was the second wife of Charles Wilson Peale, who founded the long-celebrated Philadelphia Museum. He lived in the house now occupied by the American Philosophical Society, or rather in the northern portion of it. My aunt paid them an annual visit to tea, and occasionally (it could have been but twice or thrice) my mother and I accompanied her. After tea we all went,—delightful thought to a boy!—without paying, to the great museum, saw the sights, listened to the organ, and perhaps heard a lecture on chemistry from one of the sons, with some brilliant “experiments,” saw the old eagle alive, with “*Feed Me Daily One Hundred Years*,”

inscribed on his cage, got our profiles cut by the yellow man, and came away, at least I did, with unbounded admiration of the genius that could accomplish so much, and little dreaming that thirty or forty years thereafter I should be elected treasurer, and have control of all these wonders.

Once we visited Charles Peale at his country-seat, on the farm of my relative, William Logan Fisher, in the house and grounds now occupied by William Wister, where still remain some of his mementos and gimcracks. Here I saw and fed a living elk, and first rode on a velocipede, an instrument or vehicle which every one predicted would soon supersede horses! Old Mr. Peale had covered his garden walks with boards, and played the boy with me to admiration, riding with great glee these hobby-horses,—not the only ones he possessed.

Mr. Peale was a self-educated painter, and had made for his museum a large collection of portraits of American heroes of the Revolution. They were the only likenesses extant of those they represented, and were consequently valuable. In the subsequent wreck of the museum they were sold, and finally many of them perished in the conflagration of Barnum's silly Philadelphia Theatrical Museum, then located on the very lot (north-west corner Seventh and Chestnut Streets) sold by my father for the box of linens.

The elder Peale, among his other accomplishments, played the dentist,—imperfectly, however, as was to be expected in a new and difficult art, then in its mere infancy. Probably, as I believe, he made General Washington's artificial teeth, which were supposed to have given to his face the altered appearance remarked by all his contemporaries whom I have known, by enlarging or bulging the cheeks. This was said to be perceptible in Stuart's celebrated portrait.

Mr. Peale's youngest son, *Franklin*, with whom I was somewhat intimate, has received just biographical notice in a paper read before the American Philosophical Society by the son of my friend Dr. Patterson, which see and read. The sons of Charles Wilson Peale possessed varied talents that were very useful in making the museum attractive. Franklin was of a

mechanical turn, very marked. He handled tools with the expertness of a master, and developed great ingenuity in practical works. His last years were passed in collecting the stone works of the native Indians, in studying them and attempting descriptions. The collection is left to the American Philosophical Society, above whose rooms his father and mother for some time resided. Here he was born, and as a very young infant was carried to a meeting of the philosophers, to be recognized as its first *living* fruits! My daughter will retain a kind remembrance, as I do, of Franklin Peale. It is satisfactory to record that he died a consistent Christian. To me his memory will ever be dear. He married a niece of Stephen Girard, who was scarcely recognized in her uncle's will.

## PART III.

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### CHAPTER I.

Thoughts on the Decadence of the Families of the Early Settlers—More of my Father; his Conversational Powers—Franklin Park Again; the Stag's Escape—The Logans and Pleasantses of Virginia; the St. Johns, offsets of Lord Bolingbroke's Family; the Carters, etc.—Authorship—My Literary Reminiscences—Map-making—Two Literary Anecdotes.

“How various his employments whom the world calls idle.”

DURING my possession of the librarianship, the society of gentlemen offered great attraction. Literary associations were numerous, and to these were added the various lovers of country improvements, horticulture, science, whatever could interest. Among them all I had many social pleasures. In this portion of the jottings will be found the names of some more prominent individuals into whose intimacy or association I was brought. To enumerate more would be tedious.

#### THOUGHTS ON THE DECADENCE OF THE FAMILIES OF EARLY SETTLERS.

The Friends, or Quakers, discovered it a difficult task, if they ever attempted it, to found families that would be of long continuance. We look almost in vain to see the names of the early Pennsylvania governing class now in possession of the places, the wealth or standing of their ancestors, whose prudent and inexpensive habits were not often transmitted. The landed estates of William Penn's followers are not found in possession of the great-grandchildren. From them they are irretrievably gone, or if lingering among a few, those few make no display, and perhaps we might say they too are virtually gone. As a class, the Quakers lost heavily by the Revolution, when they

were a second time persecuted, as were the originators of the sect; this time for not joining the advocates of even defensive war. There is a certain *prestige* attached to the respectability of the "Old Quaker Families," considered in forming marriage alliances and so forth. But, as in all communities, the loss of property brought them somewhat down, and the places of honor are filled with new blood.

The parchments with the broad seal of William Penn, which still remain among my useless possessions, serve only to mark the fact that very large portions of the "old" city of Philadelphia were purchased of the Proprietary in huge blocks, subsequently retailed out in lots, while the original deeds remained to attest the original purchase. These parchments are often enormous; and yet I can recall no dissipated heir. If this be so, how much more rapid would be the lapses had there been a spendthrift? Not one such do I recall to memory. Each generation wants money to invest in business, or for household expenditure. Prices advance, the lands, the lots, are sold, and the proceeds are lost in trade, or spent in foreign travel, and the coming generations must toil. Among the now more prominent of George Fox's Society, traces are found of the blood of the early immigrants who sought this land for the enjoyment of freedom of conscience, but we find not, among too many, the land originally acquired. Elsewhere I have recorded the extinction of the very name of Penn. When we remember their great landed possessions here, we may cease to wonder that the fate of his followers has not been so very different.

#### MORE OF MY FATHER—HIS CONVERSATIONAL POWERS.

As I write, I feel constantly indebted to my elder sister, whose knowledge of the family and whose recollections extend further back than my own. Occasionally I am able to draw out from her pen her reminiscences, and I deem it fortunate to have procured from her the following particulars, which else would have been buried in oblivion. Governor Pleasants, of Virginia, was, I believe, a connection of ours, as also were those



of this respectable name in Philadelphia. These allusions to remote branches of our family may at some time be found useful to you.

“There is but little information I can supply, my dear brother, in return for the privilege thee has furnished me of seeing these letters. They are both interesting, and suggest new ideas to me. Our Richard M.’s fancy about the martyr I think would not be novel to me, entirely, were there truth at the bottom of it; for I certainly think some hint of it must have reached my childish ears had it been so. And yet I was a mere child when I *might* have had the opportunity, had my father’s interest and turn of mind led him among such thoughts. But this, I apprehend, was *not* the case.

“Our father’s *conversational powers*, I think, were remarkable, so that when I was quite a child, and suffering so much from diffidence that it was *pain* to me to enter our own parlor when we were alone, I well remember that, when a friend came that promised a good dish of talk, I used to creep noiselessly in by a door behind his chair, where I was completely screened from detection, and, crouching down, enjoyed listening, and wondering, and admiring my father’s eloquence and wisdom. I felt even then it was a privilege to hear him. I hope never to lose a recollection of the reverence and sweetness that filled my young soul as I listened to his most agreeable and soft, yet melodious voice, as he uttered his first prayer in our little Fifth-day meeting at Burlington.

“I sat where I could not see the person kneeling, and had no idea that it was my own dear father until in the afternoon, when Uncle and Aunt Cox, and their two girls, came over, and we children had resorted to the long row of cherry-trees for fun and amusement, my poor flippant cousin Hannah suddenly exclaimed, ‘Oh, wasn’t Uncle Johnny’s prayer sweet this morning?’ In great surprise, and with a shock that she should speak so lightly about her uncle, I queried, ‘Was it father?’ and, after a few more of what felt to me as greatly irreverent speeches, we wended our way quietly along the green sward under the walnut-trees that lined the lane leading to the house.

“But why am I telling my brother all this, which he cannot understand as answers to his several questions? I believe it is simply because I love to recall those bygone scenes and feelings, and that I have few left to listen to them. From the sad time when our father was taken away, I felt it a duty laid upon me to try to make some lasting impression on my two little brothers that should remain with them, to recall our lost parent, and during the short time that his remains were in the house (only from Seventh-day night till the following Third day) I many times carried you into the darkened chamber to talk about him, or to make you touch the cold clay. Morris, eighteen months old, I hardly could hope would remember. I had more hope that *Johnny* would, but very soon after that dear form was removed, I grieved to discover that no vestige of him had been retained in his memory! But my fatiguing loquacity must come to an end.

“FRANKLIN PARK AGAIN.

“Yet I will try to tell thee all I know about our grandfather’s purchase of the Franklin Park place. I have heard the old people say that he was sick,—high fever had made him delirious,—and being disturbed by the bellman in the street, crying the park for sale (which I suppose was the primitive way of auctioneering), he put his head out of the window and offered a bid. The auctioneer, no doubt glad of a bid from one so well able to pay, immediately struck it off, and it became John Smith’s property without further ceremony. I never heard that he regretted it, though so hastily done; but have been told that it was often made an object for his afternoon ride, and that he was fond of taking the captains who sailed his vessels to see it and the deer it contained.

“On the top of his house, in the main street of Burlington, there stood a lookout (since my memory taken down by Nathaniel Coleman) whence he could see far down the Delaware, and was wont to watch for the coming up of his vessels; and it was on the occasion of one of these arrivals that he took the captain out to look at the deer, when a fine stag came up and

stood familiarly in front, shaking his great antlers, and surveying the *red* jacket of the seaman, which it was supposed offended his kingship, so that after satisfying his curiosity he bounded off, and at one tremendous leap cleared the ditch and the fence upon it, which I think made six feet together, and was gone into the woods beyond, never again to be confined within the diminutive bounds of a hundred acres secured by any ditch and fence only six feet high. I suppose my brother has heard this story before, but I could not be sure; and I know he was too young to listen to our dear father's account of how they were accustomed to indulge the fancy of these animals for *stealing* their food, by enclosing patches of ground where wheat or some grain had been purposely sown for them. A slight fence, which they could easily dispose of, made it very tempting to their appetites, and thus they were fed.

"Our Richard's plan (Richard M. Smith's) for a family history seems amusing, and the story of the Bugge Bible looks plausible enough. But its foundation is too uncertain to lean upon. Yet I believe it is quite as good as that of a great part of the histories of bygone times and persons that our children study for truths in our schools and books. This belief has so entirely destroyed my liking for this kind of information, that it is very long since I laid aside all history. True it is that I now feel my ignorance to be very great and very undesirable.

"THE LOGANS AND PLEASANTSES OF VIRGINIA; THE ST. JOHNS, OFFSETS OF LORD BOLINGBROKE'S FAMILY; THE CARTERS, ETC.

"Of the Logan family in Virginia I *know* almost nothing. I *suppose*, however, that J. Logan had a son named Charles, who married a Pleasants, and from whom sprang two girls of that name, who were placed at Westtown when I was there, one of them very beautiful, and lineally descended, it was the general belief, from Pocahontas. On leaving Westtown they were placed at John Griscom's then celebrated school, where I was again their schoolmate. The oldest girl was the intimate friend of Amelia Smith; but after our school-days I knew nothing of

her. She was under the care of her relative in Philadelphia, whom we were taught was *our cousin Mary Pleasants*, an aristocratic old lady whom, though I knew, yet I guess I had never dared to speak to. *Who* she was, or when she departed this life, I am unable to tell.

"Harriet Logan was another member of the Virginia family, a scholar with me at Westtown, a weak-minded but affectionate girl, whom I greatly pitied, but who, I believe, I had not then any idea was at all akin to me or mine. I think it was *her son*, a Mr. St. John, who married Sophia Michaux, a beautiful Virginian, who was some years a pupil in the Hilles School, and very much beloved by us all.

"Maria (Logan) Woodson was, I think, a sister to the Harriet mentioned above. She came up to spend a winter among us—an attractive woman. She spent part of the time at West Hill and part at mother's, in Pearl Street. Her two little girls were dressed, Virginia fashion, in cotton plaids, grown and manufactured on her plantation by her own slaves, and she was a widow. She told me that, herself and children being the only white persons on the place, she was in the habit of protecting herself by always sleeping with pistols under her pillow, and that she sometimes fired them off from her window in the night when she heard disturbances in the negro quarters.

"In the year 1812, I think it was,\* that the steamboat 'William Penn' was burnt near her wharf in Philadelphia. One or both of Maria Woodson's daughters were on board, coming up on a visit to her mother's family. Among the rest of the passengers she jumped overboard to wade through the shallow water they had reached. The luggage was left behind, and the poor girl alighted at our cousin H. L. Smith's door minus her shoes, and in her dripping clothes, the only garments she had left; so that to replenish her wardrobe became an immediate necessity, and a family contribution was got up, in which

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\* This burning was long subsequent to 1812. The boat took fire a short distance below the Navy-Yard, and was run ashore on the mud-flats, into which the passengers jumped and so saved themselves. The boat was destroyed.—*Copyist*.

we at No. 302 Arch Street joined with S. N. Dickinson, etc. The next notice of these cousins I have was that curious application to M. D. Logan for relief in their poverty, after Cousin Sally was gone.

"Some years ago my S. H. and self had a delightful ride through some grand old forests of Virginia; and at Capon Springs met some of the F. F. V.'s there on a visiting committee from the neighboring town of Winchester, to see the boarding-house put in order for 'the season,' which was just then commencing. It was a wild, uncouth place, where we were terribly eaten up by enormous mosquitoes, from which there was no net to defend us. But the discomforts were compensated by our *fording* the 'Lost River,' or Capon River, just where it entered a wall of slate rock and disappeared, rising again to the surface on the other side, which, however, we did not see. Among the very polite gentlemen we met there was a *Lloyd Logan*, a striking combination of names, unless he was one of our kin, which I did not attempt to ascertain. We learned since that he was a rank *secesh*, and went off to the South in the war."

## AUTHORSHIP.

But to return to personal reminiscences. The following list of my publications is copied from Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors," vol. ii., page 2147:

"*Smith, John Jay*, a great-grandson of James Logan, and born June 16, 1798, in Burlington County, New Jersey, was from 1829 to 1851 Librarian of the Philadelphia and Loganian Libraries. *Author of*: *A Summer's Jaunt across the Water*, Philadelphia, 1846, 2 vols. 12mo; *American Historical and Literary Curiosities*, First Series (with Watson, John F.), 1846, r. 4to, some large paper, r. fol.; 6th edition, 1861 (see *Historical Magazine*, 1861, 31, 38); Second Series, New York, 1860, r. 4to, 100 copies large paper, r. fol. (see *Historical Magazine*, 1859, 131, 161; 1860, 128); *Notes for a History of the Library Company of Philadelphia*, Philadelphia, 1831, 8vo; *Guide to Laurel Hill Cemetery*, 1844, 4to, 8 editions; *Letter to Horace*

Binney, Esq., respecting the Founder of the Philadelphia Contributionship [John Smith], 1852, 8vo, p. p.; the lives of Dr. Franklin, D. Rittenhouse, Brigadier-General A. Washington, R. Montgomery, and Simon Kenton, in the National Portrait-Gallery, vols. ii., iii., and iv.; Short Account of the Library, prefixed to the Catalogue of Philadelphia Library; Preface to Catalogue of the Loganian Library. *Editor of*: *Laconics*, 1827, 12mo; *Life of Napoleon*, by Scott (with Dr. S. G. Morton), abridged, 1827, 8vo; *Celebrated Trials*, 1836, 8vo; *Animal Magnetism: Report of Dr. Franklin*, with additions, 1837, 8vo; *Two Hundred Designs for Cottages, etc.* (with Walter, Thomas U.), 1846, 4to; *Guide to Workers in Metals and Stones* (with Walter, Thomas U.), 1846, 4to; *Designs for Monuments and Mural Tablets*, New York, 1846, 4to; *The North American Sylva*, by Michaux, Philadelphia, 1852, 3 vols. imp. 8vo; 2d ed., 1857 (see Nuttall, Thomas, No. 6); *Letters of Dr. Richard Hill, etc.*, 1854, 8vo, p. p.; *American Gardener* (see MacMahon, Bernard); *Pennsylvania Gazette*, October, 1827–April, 1828; *Saturday Bulletin*, 1830–32, inclusive; *Daily Express*, 1832; *Waldie's Select Circulating Library* (*Journal of Belles-Lettres* on the covers), 1833–49, 14 vols. 4to; *Waldie's Portfolio*, at intervals, 2 vols. 4to; *Smith's Weekly Volume*, 1845–46, 3 vols. 4to; *Littell's Museum*, for one year; *Walsh's National Gazette*; *Downing's Horticulturist*, July, 1855–January, 1860.”

Additions since the publication of Allibone's "Dictionary,"—viz., *A Lost Poet*, some Account of Samuel J. Smith,\* 8vo; *The Penn Family*, read before the Pennsylvania Historical Society, and printed in the *Penn and Logan Correspondence*.†

Mr. Allibone adds, "Mr. Smith has superintended the publication of about one hundred volumes which do not bear his name." On this subject I shall have something to say hereafter.

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\* Read before the Historical Society of New Jersey, and printed in their *Memoirs*.

† Lippincott's Magazine.

## MY LITERARY REMINISCENCES.

In looking back I am led to remember how much time I have devoted to the press. Of all my employments I think it was in this I took the most pleasure. Mr. Allibone, in his "Dictionary of Authors," after pretty accurately giving a list of my publications and editorial labors, a list supplied by my son Lloyd from the library catalogues and recollection, has added, from what he may have heard me say, that "Mr. Smith has also superintended the publication of about one hundred books which do not bear his name."

Taken literally, this would be so, but it requires explanation to any one interested for me, or in the topic. When in the occupation of librarian, and the library open only in the afternoon, I enjoyed much leisure, and in the morning shut myself up alone in the rooms, surrounded by what are called the best books. Naturally the mind dwelt on literature and its pleasant themes. Known to all the booksellers and bookmakers in Philadelphia, and not unknown elsewhere, and also fond of literary matters, I had many applications for help of various kinds in bringing out works of current interest, in compiling, prefacing, and sometimes in abridging foreign works. There were few persons of sufficient leisure or research, at that time, among us, whose services could be obtained for such work; and I may say, that in addition to some original matter, I had something to do with a vast amount of printing. In fact, it became a somewhat lucrative business.

In this way I passed through the press Michaux's great work, with the French plates, on the Forest Trees of America, two editions; compiled the Celebrated Trials of all Countries from various sources, and made some books by a sort of touch, to please the bookseller or the public. When "Waldie's Library" was conceived, as a happy thought of sending books of good reading by mail to every place where there was a post-office, by another quick thought I suggested to Waldie that the types, once set, could be leaded, or widened between the lines by thin or thick leads, and a book at once produced. In very many instances this was done, and with success and profit. If

Waldie had been a book-publisher, and not merely a printer, as I found him, this source would have supplied him with a most extensive exchangeable stock. But, not possessing the facilities of a bookseller, he sold these editions as they successively appeared, to the best advantage he could, and was done with them. A look at Waldie's series, and at the "contents," will satisfy the reader that Allibone may not be very far out of the way in his assertion. When Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Napoleon" came out, with its advertised tons of paper employed, it struck Dr. S. G. Morton that a careful abridgment, in a single readable volume, would be successful. No sooner thought of than commenced. Together we kept a large printing office going with rapidity, and at our own cost produced the abridgment very soon after the original appeared. How to sell the edition was the question, for booksellers did not desire to run counter to Carey & Lea, the publishers of the greater work. But a firm in New York, Collins & Hannay, were willing to take the whole, and to them it went, with a moderate profit to the abridgers. Thus Allibone swells my list of works with name attached, supplementing it with the rather startling assertion of a hundred volumes not named.

#### MAP-MAKING.

I was constantly dabbling in literature in this way; and having in my employ at the library, as a sub, a clever civil engineer from England, named J. C. Sidney, I kept him at work in the morning, in the upper library rooms, making maps of the city, of ten miles around it, etc. I reproduced Holmes's map of the original survey of Philadelphia, which the lawyers much wanted, and of which but one or two copies were known; a fine map of Philadelphia, and many county maps of merit, all of which were successful ventures. I had no office-rent to pay, very few expenses, and Sidney worked with tolerable accuracy. The most successful of our maps was "Ten Miles Around Philadelphia."

This was of small size; and here my suggestive thoughts came in aid of a good sale and profit. The printer made



copies on silk pocket-handkerchiefs, which for a considerable time sold as fast as they could be printed. When the sale of these drooped, I procured linen, and then muslin, by the box, and run them off on two or more presses, until almost every retail dry-goods shop presented a display in the window of these *mouchoirs*. They were literally sold by the thousands. Unfortunately, no printer could supply fast colors; and after everybody had the map, the sale became less and less, and the printing was stopped. It was a semi-literary publication, not a book, with a sale equal to some better ventures on paper. There was some demand for other cities, and for country towns, but these had to take their own way, supplying the demand as it rose. If a good business man had had it in hand, it would in all probability have reached a circulation equal to that of a *Waverley* novel. It is an idea that may some time be repeated for this city and other places, and with fast colors, might be very profitably introduced into schools for teaching geography, and even for other purposes, as natural history, etc.

Of the books, maps, etc., which were thus published, I have unfortunately rarely kept copies; a *last* copy or two is apt to be given away or sold by the owner. Few of them, indeed, would now be of moment, their value having passed away, and improvement superseding them. In all this, which may appear like turmoil, I was happy in generally having good agents, and very few knew who it was that issued books and maps in such variety and numbers. It was a necessary duty, to provide an education for my children.

What a contrast all this now appears to the calm and tranquillity of the twenty-five years passed in our retreat at Germantown, where everything has contributed to repose and leisure for better studies and pursuits! But at the period when immersed in literary occupations, an outlet for active energy was needed. Probably I should have attached myself to such pursuits for the pleasure which success affords. I cannot now recollect more than one or two of my publications that were not more or less remunerative, while some attained the honor of repeated editions.

## TWO LITERARY ANECDOTES.

In the proper place I might have related two anecdotes of Waldie's "*Journal of Belles-Lettres*." We published in this cover of the library two at least of Marryat's most amusing tales, "*Peter Simple*," and "*Japhet in Search of a Father*." In America they appeared first in this publication, and were deservedly popular. The periodical was delivered in Philadelphia on Wednesday mornings, and as it happened, to a young and accomplished friend of ours, and afterwards a relative by marriage, at just the hour when the habit of all the family was to attend Pine Street Quaker Meeting. But so great was her anxiety to peruse the fascinating novel, that she often stayed away from worship to get the earliest possible perusal!

The other story was of Japhet and his search. Two packet-ships, sailing respectively from America and England (we had no steamships then), met in mid-ocean, when the American hailed the English liner through a stentorian trumpet, not with the usual question, but, "Has Japhet found his father?" Appearing as a serial, the transatlantic voyager hoped to have the latest news of the result from his British cousin. There is scarcely to be found a better literary anecdote of its kind. It was universally published at home and abroad, and acted as a puff only can when it is genuine and apropos.

## CHAPTER II.

## CHANGES I HAVE SEEN, ETC.

James Logan and Benjamin Franklin—An Empress and her Family—A Bonaparte.

## LOGAN AND FRANKLIN.

GENTLEMEN with whom I was thrown much in contact, in public institutions and in private society, lived with and knew both General Washington and Benjamin Franklin more or less intimately, and understood them. Of the former there was an unwavering good opinion, and much respect, though some human traits were not forgotten. Some of the older class who conversed of them in my presence were Dr. Thomas Parke, who married a Pemberton, Joseph P. Norris, a kinsman of my own, and grandson of Speaker Norris, and Zaccheus Collins. The first, especially, knew Franklin intimately. Each agreed in ascribing to him a greed for fame which lessened him in their estimation, and a worldly selfishness inimical to a quite fair distribution of the honors which resulted to founders of institutions and promoters of the public good. A subtle disposition, in fact, was always attributed to him by his contemporaries and others whom I knew. He seemed to work for what would tell well, was their view. In the founding of the Pennsylvania Hospital and the Philadelphia Library they felt that those who did most of the work had the credit due to them carried off or appropriated by the greater adroitness with which he seized the glory and published it before their eyes. He had many enemies among his Philadelphia townsmen, who were free enough in telling of his various defects. But in justice I must give James Logan's opinion of him, from an unpublished letter addressed to the Proprietary, Thomas Penn. Logan, it is true, was not the strictest of Quakers, as he approved of defensive war. His opinion, at this time, was influenced by Franklin's

known efforts for the defence of the province. The letter is dated in 1749, not long before Logan's decease. He says :

"But I should scarce have wrote this letter had it not been in regard to the inclosed proposals of my very good friend, Benjamin Franklin, whom I cannot but esteem on many accounts, especially for his excellent judgment and natural ability, crowned with the utmost modesty (!) He it was who set our Public Library first on foot, with some other little assistance" (Logan's especially), "but he and the rest of the members desire that what by their charter they are obliged to pay yearly, may be reduced from ten shillings to five shillings or less, for they already are at a loss how to dispose of their money in English books. He it was who, by publishing a small piece called 'Plain Truth,' in 1747, with his further controversies, occasioned the raising of ten Companies in Philadelphia, all furnished with arms, and above one hundred companies in the Province and Counties, without any Germans in them, except in the city, for one Sauer (Christopher Sower), a Dutch printer in Germantown, who published a weekly paper in his own language, is so much of the Quaker, that he writes against bearing arms on any account. But such numbers of these people are now pour'd in upon us, this year especially, in above twenty large ships, that they are now accounted to exceed both ye English and those from Ireland. He (Franklin) it was, who set on foot two lotteries, for erecting a battery, and purchasing great guns, mounting them on carriages, with other implements, etc., in which thy assistance is expected, and all this without appearing much in any part thyself; but he is the first and principal mover, and the very soul of the whole.

"JAMES LOGAN."

Franklin's greed for fame is illustrated in a remarkable manner by a book, a copy of which is in my possession. The title reads, "M. T. Cicero's Cato Major, or Discourses on Old Age. Addressed to Titus Pomponius Atticus. With Explanatory Notes. By Benjamin Franklin, LL.D. London, printed for Fielding & Walker, Pater-Noster Row, 1778."

Now, neither the translation nor the explanatory notes are by Franklin! But the crowning theft is accomplished by the title-page being faced with a great portrait of Franklin sitting at ease, with electrical bells behind him! The only excuse for such stealing is suggested by the idea that the bookseller thought Franklin's name, as being more notorious, or better known in England than Logan's, would sell the book. It is, however, so consonant with my opinion of Franklin's character, that I cannot but believe in his complicity; and as he nowhere explains it, such must be the verdict of posterity.

In a former chapter I have remarked upon the Quaker Governing Class. This first translation of a classic printed in America\* will assist in forming an estimate of the character of their pursuits. It may be doubted if many other colonies, at that early period, could produce men addicted to such occupation, implying taste and learning. The topic being one of literary interest, I pursue it a little further.

In writing to one of his friends in England, Logan says he finds, in a catalogue, Wilson's translation of the work, and thanks the correspondent for the loan of it, never having doubted that it was well done; and if he could also have seen Hemming's attempt at rendering the text into English, which he had in vain sent for at divers times, "I should not have doubted to find it a much better than either this of Wilson's, which I knew nothing of before, or my own. Mine was not done with the least thought of its ever being published. I entered upon it first merely for my own diversion, *and added the notes* for the entertainment of two or three of my friends, equals in age, whom I thought the discourse itself would very well suit, and they were so well pleased with the whole together, that they wished to see it in print, if it were but for the sake of those illustrations, which they thought would greatly recommend it. Our Proprietor, John Penn, when here, having accidentally seen it, was so pleased with it that he desired that he

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\* Sandys's translation of "Ovid" was done in Virginia, and printed in London in 1632.

might take, and accordingly was at the charge of having a fair copy taken of it, which is the same you have there, and this was the only means by which you ever came to have a sight or any knowledge of it. . . . I translated not for the schools, but for the entertainment of persons in the advanced stages of life.

"As to the publication, I am not at all anxious about it. I would by no means have my name to it, and yet would wish to see it well printed or not at all. I seek no reputation for it; and on the other hand would not, if known, receive any discredit for it. The piece itself is highly valuable, and if the notes should further recommend it to the common English readers, for the learned want them not, it is all that can be proposed from it, and there I entirely leave it.

"JAMES LOGAN, 1737."

In 1742 Logan writes to his friend Peter Collinson :

"I forgot to mention my 'Cicero de Sen<sup>te</sup>.' Our ingenious printer, Dr. Franklin, about three or four years ago wrote to me that he was inclined to print it, on which I reviewed and altered it, in some parts for the better, and some time this last past winter he sent me the first sheet of it; and this is all I know of the matter. If he ever finishes it, I mean in my lifetime, I shall not fail to answer thy request."

In another letter, of near the same date, is the following :

"My version of Cicero's 'Cato,' with some considerable alterations, has been for some time in our ingenious printer (B. F.'s) hands, but he has them so full of more profitable business, by Whitfield's means, that he could not attend to it, and now I advise him against it, as I think he must certainly lose by it."

And to the same gentleman, in a letter dated Stenton, 8mo. 13, 1745, he says :

"I am fav'd with thine of Feb. 15, acknowledging the receipt of my version of Cicero on 'Old Age,' in commendation of which I think thou art but too lavish." He continues, that Franklin, "above seven years since, sent me word that with my leave he had a mind to print it, which was far from my thoughts when employed on it, for I have no ambition that way. . . . B.

F. well knows I ever discouraged him from printing it (for profit), but after several years, some leisure occurring in the winter of 174¾, he gave the edition of it, with a preface of which every word is his own."

That preface closed as follows, and this text closes the preface of the English edition, with no intimation whatever of there being any other translator than good Dr. Franklin. Thus it is:

In the Philadelphia edition the Introduction to the Reader closes with, "I shall add to these few lines my hearty Wish, that this first translation of a *Classic* in this *Western World*, may be followed with many others, and may be a happy Omen, that Philadelphia shall become the seat of the American Muses.

"B. FRANKLIN."

So that the philosopher left it to be understood by the English that he was the translator! *Eripuit* might be applied to this stealing as well as to the lightning he got the credit of bringing from the clouds. He was an adroit old rogue, thought many Philadelphians. Do we not adduce the evidence that the epithet was justly applied?

Elsewhere the fact has been recorded that my Uncle Henry Hill and John Jay were Franklin's executors, and that I possess a chest, with some relics of Franklin and his sisters, etc., of no great moment, however curious. The papers are intact, but the chest begins to feel the touch of Time's devouring tooth and the boring of the worms. It has already outlasted some generations of men; and as good wine requires a relay of corks, it may be well to provide a new one, and deposit my own paper relics in one receptacle, arranging and marking them for a future antiquary. Though various, they will not be found cumbersome. It was from the contents of such a family chest that I acquired a love for stories of the past.

#### AN EMPRESS AND HER FAMILY IN PHILADELPHIA.

On a former page will be found a renunciation of further mention of royal people. But there was an episode in Philadel-

phia fashionable society which I remember well. I saw the parties more than once, and with one of them I came in frequent contact at the hotel or at the fashionable club-house. The fact is recalled to remembrance by the following newspaper paragraph of September, 1872:

*"Don Angel de Iturbide.*

"The Mexican newspapers announce the death in the City of Mexico on the 18th of July of Don Angel de Iturbide, son of the Liberator of Mexico, Augustin, who, after a brief reign as emperor, was deposed, and, upon attempting to regain his power, put to death by the people whose independence he had achieved. The Iturbide family, after the death of the emperor, received from Mexico, in recognition of his previous services, a handsome endowment both in lands and in money, and for many years they resided mostly in this country, and particularly in Philadelphia. Don Angel married here a lady of Georgetown, D. C.,—Miss Green, who survives him,—and by her was the father of one son, Augustin. This child was adopted by Maximilian as Prince Imperial during the second empire. Of the immediate family of the Emperor Augustin there are now living only one son, born shortly after the execution of his father, Don Augustin Cosmo de Iturbide, a colonel in the Mexican army, but now a resident of Paris, and one daughter, Señorita Josephine de Iturbide, long and well known in Philadelphia, where she still has many friends in the best circles of society. Señorita de Iturbide was recognized by the Emperor Maximilian as an imperial princess, and during the second empire she resided with her little nephew in Mexico. She is now living at Bayonne, in France. Another son of the Emperor Augustin, Don Salvador, died some years ago, leaving a son who bears his name."

On the death of the Emperor Iturbide, his family came to Philadelphia, and resided there a long time, at first at Head's Hotel. My friend John William Wallace, son of Joshua M. Wallace, of Burlington, president of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and reporter to the Supreme Court at Washington, knew them, and on application has furnished the following



particulars. "One son whom I knew was a reticent, quiet gentleman, thought by the whist-players to be a man of talent. He found whist to be the fashionable game among the gay and wealthy Philadelphians, and, in entire ignorance of its intricate and tempting merits, undertook to acquire a knowledge of its mysteries. To this end he shut himself up in his chamber for a long time, to study them alone, and came out a proficient, quite the equal of the oldest players. We frequently joked with him about his possible return to Mexico, and his reinstatement in his father's office as emperor. He received the jocularly as it was meant, and would declare that a certain Mr. Lex should be his minister of finance, for by his superior skill he was successful in taking a good deal of cash from the members of the club."

But even the name of this son has faded from memory, and probably no one else has thought of recording any particulars of their residence among us. The ladies were recognized in the first circles, and were frequent visitors in fashionable houses only. They dressed in the very height of the mode, a little exaggerated, perhaps, as to high colors. At Head's Hotel they occupied private apartments, and were unseen by the other boarders. At the house in Spruce Street below Broad, where they long boarded, two large dwellings were converted into one by doors between them. The Iturbides occupied one exclusively, and had their meals furnished by the landlady. Mr. Wallace tells the rest of his recollections as follows:

"Of Madame Iturbide: there were certainly three sons, and my impression is, four, in Philadelphia, about 1833-35, under care of the Rev. Mr. Foulhouze, a most accomplished French priest of the Roman Church, who lived in Pine Street below Sixth. He taught me French, and thus I knew him. About 1835 we made a party and went to Niagara,—he, I mean, I and those four boys. It was the days of coaching. I don't remember now even the names of the boys, except one. That was the youngest, a pretty but mischievous little dog named Augustin, whom Mr. Foulhouze used to style *un vrai démon*. The son of one of the boys was lately in Philadelphia. Foul-

houze himself finally renounced the church, went to New Orleans, studied law, I think, and became a judge there.

"There were, so far as I remember, three daughters,—Isis (pretty), who died young, Josephine, and Sabina. Josephine went a good deal into society. I saw her chiefly in the houses of Mrs. Samuel Davis, Mrs. William Boyd Page, Mrs. Ellen Willing, Mrs. James Rush, and Mrs. Frank Grund. With all these people she was on terms of more or less familiarity. I have not heard that Sabina, the other sister, died. She was very dark, and perhaps less pretty than either of her sisters. The mother was a reserved person, I think, whom I never, that I recall, saw in society. I cannot think that the Mexican government ever allowed them one hundred thousand dollars a year, or any other large sum. They lived, when I first recall them, at Head's Hotel, afterwards at a boarding-house in Spruce Street below Broad, and finally at one in Eighth Street; but never anywhere, certainly not at either of the last two named places, with any considerable expense or style. I was not, however, intimate with any of the family, though I often met Josephine, and knew *her* sufficiently well."

In a subsequent letter Mr. Wallace gives the following additional particulars:

"Meeting Dr. W. B. Page a day or two since, I asked him what the oldest of the Iturbide boys was named? 'Augustin,' was his reply. And the youngest, what was *his* name? 'Augustin also.' Both named Augustin? 'Yes, both, though the little fellow was only coming on as the oldest went off!'

"The fact seems singular of the two having one name, but probably they were known in the family by some one of a score of other names, such as are common with royalty, especially in Southern and Catholic countries. Dr. Page also informed me that the other sons were Philip Salvador, and I think he said Angelo. On his mentioning it, I recalled the first two. He told me, also, that it was Sabina who died, not Josephine, who is now in France. My acquaintance with the family was only general, except my journey with Foulhouze and the boys."

Whether the Mexican government furnished the large sum

of one hundred thousand dollars annually, as was believed, or whether it did not, there seemed to be no lack of funds. The probability is that they possessed means of their own, as the successive revolutionists of Mexico, of different parties and little money, were not likely to give a perennial supply.

A BONAPARTE.

Another royal personage, *King Joseph Bonaparte*, resided for some time in Philadelphia, especially during the winter, but in a very unostentatious manner. He was known intimately by several of my friends, who esteemed him as a gentleman of elegant accomplishments and acquirements, and as a man of taste. Several pictures, "procured" while he was king of Spain, adorned his house in Chestnut Street, and one, a Murillo, was presented to Dr. Chapman, whose parlor it long embellished. The family lived at Bordentown, and there also lived young Murat and his wife, who, to support him, opened a school. Judge Hopkinson was intimate with the ex-king; but, as I never came in contact with any of these fugitives, I may leave the record to some one better acquainted with the curious events of their exile. The tavern-keepers of Bordentown were intimate with young Murat and other attachés of ex-royalty. They could relate a curious history of these people.

## CHAPTER III.

## MORE CHANGES I HAVE SEEN.

Modes of Obtaining Light—The Tinder-Box—The Phosphorus Light—The Friction Match—Wood and Coal—The First Coal Fire in Philadelphia—Warming our Houses—The Daguerreotype—Medicines and Medical Practice—My Grandmother the First Female Physician—Ornamental Trees; Penn's Manor in Bucks—Improvements in Machinery and Clothing—Riding in State; Ice Not to be Had; Ice-Cream Invented; Ice Exported to England—The Watering-Places—The Advantages of Travel; How to See Foreign Countries—Slavery—Ocean Steamers—Triumphs of the Nineteenth Century.

"I am older than Methuselah, for I have seen what he never saw, the locomotive, the telegraph, the railroad, and the steam printing-press. He counted his age by centuries; and now every year is a century of progress."—DANIEL WEBSTER.

## MODES OF OBTAINING LIGHT.

SOME incidents previously related are evidences of the changes in habits and comforts which have taken place in my time. Perhaps it will seem, when this is read, that when I was even a grown-up man, we approached the savages in our method of procuring fire. The savage rubs two sticks together to obtain the source of warmth. The burning-glass was sometimes a resort with us; but the almost universal process before 1820 was the tinder-box and flint. A piece of old linen was set on fire, and the burnt portion, reduced almost to ashes, was placed in a round tin box. The box contained a common gun-flint and a rude piece of steel. From these a spark was struck, the tinder received and retained it, when a blaze was procured by blowing. At length a sulphur match, or paper pointed with sulphur, was used. Thus we lighted the kitchen fire, as well as every other fire, segars,—in fact everything,—often abrading the skin of the knuckles in the effort of knocking out the spark.

There were fancy adaptations for the pocket; a string and roughened wheel was one. Spunk well dried, and other forms

of matter, like dried leather, were sometimes substituted by *dilettante*.

Our comfort in this respect was at length somewhat promoted by a chemist named Milnor, who invented a phosphorus match, to be dipped in a vial of vitriol, which contained asbestos to prevent its becoming too liquid. Allison set up a manufactory of these new and greatly popular fireworks, and did, for that day, a considerable trade during a long period. A box of matches and a vial of vitriol were sold in great numbers for one dollar each, the wholesale price being nine dollars a dozen, and many gross did I sell when a druggist. There were probably not more than one hundred matches to each dollar's worth, and many of these failed of ignition. The cork of the bottle, though well waxed, was always giving out. Thus the machinery was rude and imperfect, at the same time it was costly, and at best a nuisance. But it was an advance, and was extensively used.

At length came the *lucifer*, and those only who have done without it can appreciate the neatness and convenience of the perfect fulfilment of supply for a great want. To-day the subject is brought vividly before me by the report from Washington that the abrogation of the *tax* on matches alone, one cent on each box, will reduce the income of the government two million two hundred thousand dollars each year! Probably the sales of the phosphorus contrivance never reached ten thousand dollars per annum.

#### WOOD AND COAL.

All this period of my youth, up to mature life, we had no means of warming our houses, or of cooking, but by the consumption of wood. Wood-land was considered a good family investment and inheritance, and was cut over and allowed to grow for another crop during a period, at the shortest, of twenty years. My father's estate in Burlington County, New Jersey, was partly in such lands. When coal began to be talked of, these were sold by my mother. The money was invested in Philadelphia Bank stock at a high price. A few months after-

wards this bank was robbed under circumstances of great atrocity, and one-half the proceeds of the "woods" was gone, disappearing more rapidly than if the property had been burnt over.

The introduction of coal from our neighboring counties, the cost of railroads and canals, with the repeated destruction of the latter by heavy freshets, is a curious chapter of Philadelphia history which more expansive pens must write. Such has been the loss on this description of property, Lehigh and Schuylkill, that fortunes have changed hands with necromantic suddenness. I was strongly advised by a manager of the Schuylkill Canal to purchase the stock as a permanent investment at the low price of one hundred and fifty-two dollars, after it had reached a much higher figure. To-day it goes a begging at sixteen dollars for the "preferred." People who had all their property in one of these baskets were ruined by the investment, as others were by the last United States Bank and very many other stocks. These losses were not confined to Friends or Quakers; but these particular corporations were favorites with the sect, which, in its individual members, has been brought down by the losses thus sustained. Much real estate, which would now produce millions, was sold to purchase stocks wherein a few dollars only can at present be found. Long previously, with no better result, people stood or sat up all night, and fought all next day, to secure a few shares of turnpike stocks which are now worse than useless, having been abandoned to their fate. It was so of many other bubbles,—Mississippi stock, etc., in which millions of private property were swallowed up and sunk.

#### THE FIRST COAL FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA.

The first good exhibition of an anthracite coal fire in a suitable grate was in the parlor of my relative Caspar Morris, in Prune Street. So great was the public rush to see it, that Mrs. Morris complained of her carpet being entirely worn through, though covered at first with a drugget! My friend and next neighbor, Joseph S. Lewis (brother to my cousin Mordecai

Lewis), was long president of the Schuylkill Navigation Company. His monument at Laurel Hill was erected by his friends, at my suggestion, and by my exertions in procuring subscriptions. It was one of the earliest there erected, and was much admired. He, as president, had a gala barge, in which he annually made several excursions on the canal, with provant and champagne. It was considered quite a distinction to be invited to one of these excursions, and to undergo the martyrdom of slow progress by horse-power in a blazing sun.

What changes for the better since! Our Park Commissioners are publicly charged, this week, with building a banqueting hall before they have safe connecting bridges with it and the West Park.

In short, the last half-century has witnessed the most important revolution in the relation existing between man and the planet on which he dwells, that has occurred in human history. Had a pair of wings been added, by some super-Darwinian effort, in the articulated members of the human frame, the result, in all probability, would have been of less magnitude as an element of change, than that which the application of steam to locomotion will ultimately yield. When the first locomotive seen south of Trent was tried by Robert Stephenson, and a very small party, on a level portion of the London and Birmingham Railway, the effect produced, at least upon some thoughtful minds, was that of positive awe. To what could the introduction of so grand a discovery tend? To those who are growing up, as familiar with the idea of railway travelling as their fathers were with horses and with coaches, this expression may seem strange. As yet, however, there is good reason to believe we are witnessing only the commencement of the mighty social and physical revolution in course of accomplishment by the steam-engine.

As I write these hasty sketches (1872) public opinion is declaring the expenditures for the Park, especially its enormous area, unjustifiable in the present deplorable condition of our city finances. As I aided in the inauguration of this public

ground (see previous pages), it is with some reluctance I am now appearing as the opponent of such reckless expenditure and excessively extended purchases.

#### WARMING OUR HOUSES.

It seems to me but a short period since we could have even moderate or comfortable indoor warmth in very cold weather. Furnaces, or "heaters," were not. The consequence was, entries and chambers that had no fires in them, were just about as cold as out of doors. It was an exertion and an exposure, of a cold evening, to go from parlor to library or kitchen. A "stand" was drawn up near a blazing wood fire, in the drawing- or sitting-room, with candles to read or work by. Here one side of the unhappy guest was over-warmed, perhaps, while his back was in an uncomfortable, if not freezing condition. The candles flared with the drafts up the chimney, and the snuffers were a requisite for seeing. Going to bed in the freezing atmosphere, and plunging into cold linen sheets, are not pleasant experiences to remember. On special occasions, or for visitors, a copper "warming-pan," filled with hot wood-coals, was rubbed between the sheets by the chambermaid, but the process of going to bed in a flannel nightcap was attended with much discomfort. At Stenton, and a few old-fashioned mansions, there was a contrivance for a wood fire in the great bricked hall, but no house was warm. Now, furnaces and gas have transformed all this; the opposite extreme, of too high a temperature, is the error. Living so long as I did without gas, it was odd to hear one of my grandchildren ask lately, what a candle was! She had believed that the candle was the *stick*!

#### THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

Daguerreotyping, so modern, is a revolution in the arts. See one of the first likenesses (it happens to be of myself) ever taken in America by this process. The sitter looks as if he had been drawn through a horse-pond. Numbers of persons witnessed the process, and it was considered a great triumph when Dr. Goddard, who presided on the occasion at the "bath" up-stairs,



sent word that he knew the original,—it was surely John Jay Smith! One of the odd anecdotes of this art occurred in my presence. When a girl was to pay for her fifty-cent likeness, she refused to do so because her mother had told her to have the pock-marks in her face left out!

Electrotyping, now so common and so useful, need not be dwelt upon. The decease of the inventor the world is this day mourning. It sprang with a bound into general use. In short, what with steam and its application to the printing-press and to railroads, the telegraph, bearing news even under the sea as well as over the land, and very many domestic conveniences, the earth is transmuted into a much more desirable place than when I first saw it. The question recurs: Is man any better, or any nearer to God for all this? A question I leave you to solve.

#### MEDICINES AND MEDICAL PRACTICE.

Almost the entire business of the druggist has undergone a total change since sixty years ago, so that my knowledge of its then secrets would be altogether valueless now. Large doses, and nauseous ones, have given way to the essence of the thing to be exhibited, without disgust to the sick; no more “Jesuit’s bark” in bulk, or its imitation, and no red and rancid West India castor oil. Quinine, and the oil so pure and so prepared as to be pleasant, no longer sicken the patient’s stomach. The neat preparations of opium into morphine and narcotine were unknown. Doses are much reduced in quantity. Calomel we used to sell to the West in quantities so large as now to be barely believed. It was given without being weighed, and frequent distressing salivation resulted. In short, the practice of medicine is so greatly changed as scarcely to be credible, and this within the space of one life. Bleeding for a cold, or any and everything, was almost universal on the occurrence of the slightest symptoms. “Spring” bloodletting, and purgative “spring” pills, were in high favor. Most physicians carried a pocket-book of lancets for the purpose of quick application, all of which, being matter of history, need not be enlarged upon.

## MY GRANDMOTHER THE FIRST FEMALE PHYSICIAN.

Thomas Gilpin told me that my Grandmother Morris was, long before her second removal to Burlington, recognized as a skilful doctress. On one occasion his mother was attacked in the Friends' Meeting with faintness. "Mrs. Morris" was at hand, but, no lancet being found, she bled the patient with a common razor, and thus relieved her. See, in the printed "Revolutionary Journal," my ancestress's account of her relieving the poor Hessians and their wives from the fleet bombarding Burlington. If I have not previously recorded the fact, I will here mention that at one time during her residence at Burlington, when physicians were scarce, so great was the demand for her services that she visited her patients in a carriage, which was regularly brought to her door for the purpose. Whether any charge was made is unknown to me, though my elder sister believed that compensation, in those days of small income, was more than probable.

The daughter of a physician, Dr. Richard Hill, she had observed his practice, and was considered as possessing a natural family gift for healing. This is perhaps the first recorded instance of a female physician in practice. After sixty years a battle has been fought and fairly won, giving this proper occupation to woman. My grandmother was known to have thirty small-pox patients at one and the same time.

## ORNAMENTAL TREES—PENN'S MANOR IN BUCKS.

Ornamental trees, as now known, were not practically introduced in my early years. There was too much demand for hard wood for the employment of ornamental out-of-doors planting. The taste for evergreens, etc., was not at all cultivated. One great reason, undoubtedly, was the difficulty of importation from distant countries, occasioned by the slowness of sailing vessels. On the introduction of steamers, quick voyages allowed of importations before the life had been stifled out of the trees, or time had caused their death. At the moment, or soon after, Downing appeared as the apostle of trees and planting, and all improvers quickly followed his lead. The

invention of the Wardian, or closed case covered with glass, lent great facility to procuring young trees from every country. Nurseries to supply seedlings were established, and were extensively patronized, until now we successfully rival the planters of Europe. This has long been my hobby, as you will ascertain from my writings in the *Horticulturist*, in the editorship of which I succeeded Downing, after it had been well conducted for a short time by my friend P. Barry.

But there is much to be done for this country in the way of trees being planted to prevent freshets and droughts. On this subject my pen has not been idle, as may be seen in several publications of the day. Indeed, I am now in correspondence with the managers of the Northern Pacific Railroad on this matter. But I am too great a lover of my own home to comply with their wishes for personal exertion. See letters from them, hastily thrown into the family chests. See also my expensive editions of Michaux's "Sylva," and a short article in this month's number (April, 1872) of the *Horticulturist*, in Meehan's *Gardener's Monthly* of the past year, etc.

The old-fashioned cherry-trees and the native walnut were formerly considered highly ornamental for avenues. At my natal home were four such, mostly old when I remember them. "Cherry Lane" had a double row of half a mile in length. The variety was the prolific "honey" and "black-heart," which we boys picked by bushels and dried for winter use. At Pennsbury, or the Manor, William Penn's country-seat in Bucks County, there was a counterpart avenue of the same variety. Penn's great-grandson and myself visited the old spot in 1850, and cut canes, to be taken to England to Richard Penn, then alive. They were cut from the last living tree, and from the last and only living limb that remained of all the grandeur once assembled there. Faint traces of the old brew-house's foundations were all that time had spared in remembrance of the Manorial Lord.

#### IMPROVEMENTS IN MACHINERY AND CLOTHING.

After the War of 1812, strong opposition was manifested against the introduction of labor-saving machinery, because, it

was said, this would deprive workmen of employment. A gentleman about to establish a newspaper sent his prospectus for subscribers to the paper-manufacturing district of Chester County, Pennsylvania. But he met with no success there, as it was known that the gazette was to be printed on machine-made paper. In fact, the agent was scouted. This is but one instance among very many of the feeling of the day. It had taken another direction, however, before the period of the introduction of the sewing-machine. Better ideas, as regards political economy, began to prevail. The ingenious sewing apparatus met with little or no opposition. Like other successful inventions, it soon became popular, as the sewing women found their advantage in it. Six hundred and six thousand of these machines were made in the single year 1871. The business profits of the sewing girls have greatly increased. Such changes, and so rapid, are curious and not infrequent. Steam, it was predicted, would materially lessen the demand for horses, and so reduce their value, but they have greatly multiplied in number, and their price is more than double. In 1815, to be known as wearing artificial teeth was disgraceful. Ladies rang the poor dentist's bell with hesitation, and would as readily have admitted sporting an artificial limb as that they wore porcelain teeth. The invention was many years arriving at any perfection.

As a rule, adults, as well as children, indeed the children especially, were not supplied with clothing of sufficient warmth. Shoes were coarse, and of imperfect fit. Growing boys suffered torments inexpressible from the tightness that was usual. As another instance of the imperfection of contrivances, skates were put on so awkwardly as to impede circulation. These are but a few instances. Such imperfections pervaded all mechanical trades. Importations of shoddy woollen goods and poor hardware were the rule. During the War of 1812 the country was poorly provided with manufactories of nearly all kinds. Its necessities, however, forced from it a few indispensable articles, and the impetus was then given which has since resulted in independence of the "old country" now witnessed in every department of production.

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RIDING IN STATE—ICE NOT TO BE HAD—ICE-CREAM INVENTED  
—ICE EXPORTED TO ENGLAND.

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At the period of my earlier recollections of Philadelphia, what is now the city was farm land, and was divided into several districts, very much of it now built on. Mayors were about as plenty as foreign consuls. There was the mayor of Southwark, of the Northern Liberties, of Kensington, etc. The elder Hamilton had but recently driven to the city from his country-seat, now the Woodland Cemetery, in a coach and four, with one or more outriders in livery, keeping up a state now not very usual even in England. It was said his ground-rents in Lancaster were sent in specie dollars to Philadelphia, and were stored in barrels in his cellar, as we now store potatoes for winter use.

I may mention that in 1822, and afterwards, ice was to be obtained only from a single person. *Robert Wharton*, long an energetic and popular mayor, filled a rather capacious house in his own garden, Third Street below Spruce, and sold in moderate quantities to all customers, but never delivering the article at private houses; all must send for it. On no account, not even for the extremest case of sickness, would he open the door on Sundays. The doctors might bluster, but he was not to be moved. A little before the above date ice-cream was introduced, and began to find customers, and ice-houses, badly constructed in private cellars, increased. The frozen luxury was deemed very dangerous to health, and was cautiously taken in small quantities. I remember the indulgence was looked upon as almost sinful, as its use might endanger life! But it became gradually known that the doctors were indulging in it, and before long it was prescribed in sickness, and thereafter it was universally consumed by the public.

In 1845 ice began to be imported into London, and was there sold at a shop in the Strand. The vendor put a huge block of glass into a pewter dish with water beneath. It was curious to hear the English ask each other if they had seen *that ice*. I heard the question, even in Scotland. The people did not seem to reflect on the impossibility of the identical

block remaining for so many weeks in the same place! In 1865 we saw ice delivered by rail at York and other places, in small lumps, sewed up in sawdust and bagging!

#### THE WATERING-PLACES.

My first visit made to Cape May was about the year 1814.\* The mode of access, at that time, was either by land or by sailing packet. Both modes were tedious and fatiguing in the extreme, as compared with the present railroad or steamboat. By leaving Camden very early in the morning, in a stage, it was possible to get to the sea-shore in a day and a half, the journey being over a sandy, dusty road, and in a shackling conveyance. Some went in their own carriages, lodging at miserable taverns on the route. The majority of Philadelphians preferred a sailing sloop. Mostly, days were consumed in the voyage, more or less according to wind and tide. Parties were made up for a jolly time. When the wind and tide proved unfavorable, the vessel cast anchor, and the passengers went ashore, amusing themselves by robbing orchards and melon-patches. At the landing, a half-day must probably be passed awaiting the assemblage of the country wagons. I well remember there was but one tolerable hotel, the Atlantic, at Cape May, at the above date, and this was barely equal to a good sailor's boarding-house. It stood quite low to the sea, on a spot now swallowed up by the waves. The food and cooking were wretched, but there was plenty of fish and oysters. We shot quantities of plovers where the town is now situated, and made parties to hunt wild-fowls' eggs, being generally successful, in a great degree, in this pursuit. Crabbing completed the amusements, unless a courageous party would fish for sheeps-head, generally without good result. All boarders washed in the same basin and wiped on the same wet towel. Our young party asked at the dinner-table who was the doctor of the small settlement, and all exploded with laughter when we were answered, "*Dr. Whale*," a name so appropriate to our new

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\* J. J. S., then sixteen years old.

sea-belongings. As it turned out, Dr. Whale was a boarder, and at the table. We were afterwards introduced, apologized, and found him quite agreeable.

Long Branch was a little better, because some rich and rather exclusive families had built a boarding-house by concert of action, each owning its own rooms. To this house strangers were admitted as a favor, when it was not full. Others boarded at farm-houses along the coast, and their homes were invaded by vast numbers of country people, who came in their own wagons to spend the day, bathe and dance, and eat their own provender. I recollect taking lodgings at Corlies's in a corn-crib, and being thankful to get even that. In warm weather it proved a cool and comfortable refuge. Long Branch was reached from Bordentown, the nearest point, in stages of great discomfort.

On one visit I was fortunate in borrowing a private room at the caravansary of the indulged few. The elder Pierce Butler sat at the head of the table of highly-dressed guests, and complained bitterly that they had had, so far in the season, no fish of the delicious sheeps-head species. On this hint my companion, Elliott Cresson, and myself, hired an experienced fisherman, and made a lucky haul of half a dozen of the desired article. The toast of Mr. Butler was, "May our young fishermen live to do as well for a thousand years." Alas! all guests but myself at that festive board are long since dead.

Bristol, opposite Burlington, had a watering-place very much patronized by Southern planters, who came up in their own carriages, often with four horses. It was a little in the rear of the town, and the name was "Bath." In the height of the season it presented as gay a scene as Saratoga did some years later, when steam and better roads led the health-seekers to Ballston Spa, and finally to Saratoga. Bath was pronounced unhealthy, and probably with good reason, and died of slow decay. Here I first saw billiards played, when spending a day with a Burlington party, all older than myself, at a decorous dinner, and in observation of the fashionables.

## ADVANTAGES OF TRAVEL—HOW TO SEE FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

Three trips to Europe (supplemented by a fourth with my daughter and grandson Albanus in 1874, which gave me an opportunity to witness the great religious enthusiasm and love of the English for my son Robert and his wife ; the story is an interesting one), each considerably varied as to routes and places, should give some acquaintance with the pleasures and enjoyments of travel. The first, in 1845, impressed me more strongly than subsequent journeys. In fact, the first impressions of an American are to be always remembered. *Antiquity*, to us who have never seen an old cathedral or a ruined abbey, is profoundly impressive. I landed first, by stress of weather (1845), from a sailing ship, at Belfast in Ireland, and next morning proceeded to the Giant's Causeway. Dunluce Castle, near by, still haunts my memory. St. Patrick's Cathedral, with its flying buttresses eaten away by the tooth of time, was an astonishment not at first understood. So one wanders over Europe, at every place to find historical recollections revived, and the mind excited for further knowledge. To be at the grave of Stella, to stand in Swift's pulpit, and so to run through scenes hallowed by the poet, the historian, the great ! One has to tax his reading, and then to regret he knows *so little*, or has forgotten *so much* ! And yet I would advise all who can comfortably travel, to take even a hasty survey of the old countries, with their wealth and poverty, their past and their present. If one is fond of the fine arts, or of architecture, Europe must be seen. The accumulated treasures of ages in pictures, statuary, everything ; all that wealthy and idle men could procure from the labor of talent ; all that could soothe the short passage to the tomb ; all that the early savage man has left behind him, and that religion in all ages has constructed,—surely no education is complete without a sight of the art-galleries, and all that man has done. The contrasts with one's own country, and the difference between the modes of expending means and labor, how great ! There will be no more grand cathedrals. When they were the fashion, and all thoughts were given to their embellishment, the world had no railroad to build, no America to



conquer and subdue. The temple of God is in the heart, and not in houses made by impious hands.

When first I began to write for the public, Europe was very far away. To reach it, a tedious voyage was to be endured, and when reached, equally tedious journeys by land ensued. My friends who went abroad took years in the exploration of "the Continent," and the novel idea struck me that sometime all this would be utterly changed, and that we could travel so rapidly that a summer only would show us the principal cities. I wrote out such an idea, but it was considered preposterous. Even when I consulted Dr. Lardner as to a feasible route, he assured me that Holland could *never* be traversed by the rail, it was too much intersected by canals! So little, even in 1845, was the destiny of travellers known. I have since traversed Holland in a rail-car, and it may be done in less than a day of twenty-four hours.

Americans are famous for their flying visits. I was standing at the gate of Meurice's Hotel in Paris, in 1845, when a gentleman hastily alighted from a voiture, and running to me asked if I could tell him where he could hire immediately a *valet de place*, for he had but the few hours of the afternoon to see Paris! He had hastened to and from Rome to be in time for the steamer from Liverpool. Having finished a fatiguing morning of sight-seeing, I offered him my courier, who was rejoiced to earn a second five francs. See Paris they did, flying from one object of interest to another, and calling on me, late in the evening, my American declared he had seen and was satisfied!

It is wonderful how much a glance of the eye will do. With the small experience of one half-day's ride in any principal city, it is possible to read about it afterwards with increased understanding of its points and character. For most American cities which have no art-galleries or many fine buildings, this is sufficient. Not so, however, of Florence, Venice, or Rome. My rule, to save time, has always been, when abroad, to travel with a courier, and also to keep a local *valet de place*. With these appliances, and a carriage, there will be no difficulty in making a single day accomplish the work of three or four days.

All progress in our country pales before the wonderful conquest of the Rocky Mountains,—the railroad to the Pacific Ocean. I was six years old when Lewis and Clarke made their world-renowned invasion of the Western wilds, and twelve when Pike's Expedition commenced exploring them, and lost its way. At that time Ohio was our *ultima thule*, and emigrants to that distant region seemed to be going to the world's end. Their preparations were as extensive as those made by the later Mormon emigrants in their wagons for Salt Lake. Now the road with its Pullman cars and their comforts surpasses any easy excursions in Europe. All this in "my time!" The contrast in this and in other things is astounding. But my narratives relate more to the past than to the present, and I leave the record to be continued by others who may follow me.

#### SLAVERY.

But all changes in my time dwindle into insignificance when we reflect upon the liberation of the slaves. We of the border States had, I confess, become somewhat callous on the subject, from witnessing some of its ameliorating features, and from intercourse with the best examples of the bondsman's master and mistress. But farther South, where I have made many tours, it was impossible not to see the evils of the system. It was of a milder type in this than in Spanish countries. On the plantation, negro quarters were comparatively comfortable homes; but when I saw the utter degradation of the blacks in Cuba, my whole soul revolted at the spectacle. On the sugar estates a high wall enclosed the miserable homes of the poor creatures. From these there was no escape, night or day, except in the presence and at the command of the overseer. Huts of palm-leaves were in the midst of filth and wet, from which there was no escape by drainage, and it is so even now. As the miserable creatures came from their hard labor to their squalid resting-places, they carried on their heads and backs, in long procession, great loads of produce, to save time and transport. As they passed a stranger, there was no turning of the head or eyes in recognition or curiosity; it was simply a drove of

cattle going to their worse than stable, in utterly hopeless bondage.

To some extent this might have been said in our own South, but there some vestiges of human enjoyment were vouchsafed, varying, of course, with the temper and caprice of the employers. But in Cuba slavery is the embodiment of hell upon earth. Let the nation rejoice at the change the war for suppressing the Rebellion has effected. As successive generations view the statue of Lincoln at Fairmount Park, holding the emblematic pen which gave liberty to four millions of human creatures with souls, let them reflect with thankfulness upon his noble act. The decree liberated not only the colored man, but it emancipated his white master from most degrading influences, such as that most inhuman and diabolical practice known to history, the selling of his own flesh and blood to endless bondage, and himself to hell.

#### OCEAN STEAMERS.

My newspaper, June 9, 1872, announces that *nine* steamers for Europe left New York in one day, all crowded with passengers. It seems but a few years, as in fact it is, when the *one* which arrived *bi-monthly* was considered of such vast importance that the captains were lions, fêted and caressed. The old packet system which prevailed so long is of the past. We enter on a new era, whose peculiarities and conveniences may also be only just begun. Old people have been charged with decrying the better present as compared with the past. I rejoice in not being of the class, but gladly accept the present mighty advances, believing that rapid transit must ensure the carrying of a knowledge of the only true and civilizing religion to the very ends of the earth.

But reverting for a moment to slavery and our Southern States, I omitted saying that there was in that section a wealthy and cultivated class, many of the best of whom it has been my fortune to know. Externally they would not be distinguished from the best and the highly educated of the North; but truth compels the declaration that there was generally a dark spot in

their hearts, the result of their education and habits. Peace to their memories! Their wealth and power have departed. The rebellious war saw their young men with murderous weapons on their shoulders; the school was neglected for the drill and the camp, and, those four or five years lost to educational studies, the race is changed and depreciated by poverty and ignorance, and may never regain its former status in society, or its once remarkable ascendancy in national politics.

#### TRIUMPHS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

If I have dwelt longer on what may appear to be petty changes, it has been because these matters enter into our daily lives and habits, and as reminiscences that few care to record. The greater changes of the age must be left, for they are too striking, and too extensive, for a transient notice.

The nineteenth century has been one of unprecedented progress. We have witnessed the virtual destruction of the Inquisition, and, even more, of slavery. Man is gradually emancipating himself from tyranny, and thinks for himself. Feudalism may be said to have been destroyed. Christ is preached understandingly, and nearer and nearer seems to be the promised era when his gospel shall be promulgated everywhere. Japan is but to-day thrown open to an advanced civilization. Though there are still so many evils inseparable from human government, all must admit that our race is advancing in those ameliorations which tend to modify and to soften the various hard conditions of humanity. Republicanism, as an idea, is spreading even over Europe.

In the language of a distinguished Spanish writer, this great century, the author of so many wonders, might exclaim before the tribunal of history, "If I did not invent modern art, like the fifteenth century, with the renaissance; if I did not form the modern conscience, like the sixteenth century, with the Reformation; if I did not train modern reason, like the seventeenth century, with philosophy, I did more than these. I used in the cause of justice the progress of three centuries. I am, therefore, the century which created modern society; the cen-

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tury which has established, in institutions, the sum total of ideas, and has given to man, in a series of reforms either realized or promised, the full enjoyment of his being."

In America we have liberty of conscience, first promulgated by the Quaker, Penn, in his Great Law; a blessing to man never to be forgotten. Abroad, no longer do the nobles water their abandoned lands with the sweat of the people. Labor is asserting its dignity. The blessings promised and expected to flow from the introduction of improved machinery, by which human toil was to be materially lightened, are already extensively realized. In my youth labor was continued from sunrise to sunset. The struggle for ten hours only was as strongly contested as that now going on for eight. Humanity must ultimately conquer, for the earth was made for man. Education will teach him how to produce, and how to improve and enjoy an increased leisure. In some way he will doubtless be required to labor all his life long; but how much, and what time, will in the future be saved by application of the inventive faculty, who will venture to foretell? The schoolmaster has yet much to do.

Much is said, at this writing, of the capacity for journalism of the recently deceased *James Gordon Bennett*. His career was a rare one, and no doubt he exhibited genius in developing the power of the press over the public mind. But the true genius of the press has yet to appear,—a man with Bennett's enthusiasm for his profession, but with a talent for teaching truths political, financial, and economical, and who will at the same time convince his readers of the greater truths which underlie and ennoble all the events of life. Bennett's course was demoralizing. The new apostle of journalism must have higher aims.

## CHAPTER IV.

## MORE PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN.

Thom, the Sculptor of Old Mortality—Corcoran, the Banker, and Alexander H. Stephens—Dr. Nott and J. K. Tefft—The Gilpins, Horace Binney, John Sergeant, Charles Chauncey—Bishop White—Downing, Henry Winthrop Sargent, N. P. Willis, Lurman, Carroll, Ridgley—Richard S. Field, Commodore Stockton, Delancey Kane, Hunneywell—Charles Thomson—Bishop Simpson—Elias Hicks, Jesse Kersey, Richard Jordan—Arch Street Meeting-House and Burial-Ground.

“He that attends to his interior self,  
That has a heart, and keeps it ; has a mind  
That hungers, and supplies it ; and who seeks  
A social, not a dissipated life,  
Has business ; feels himself engaged to achieve  
No unimportant, though a silent task.”—COWPER.

## THOM, THE SCULPTOR.

THOM, the untutored sculptor who executed the statues of Tam O'Shanter and Old Mortality, Sir Walter Scott and the Pony, was a poor Scotch stone-mason, whom God had endowed with a genius, and that genius turned to sculpture. His groups had excited great interest in England and Scotland, where they were exhibited from city to city. Though the patronage was apparently great, and the comments of the press very favorable, yet the poor fellow did not reap the reward he hoped for. Finally he was advised to go to America and exhibit his productions, which he did, with the previous average success and the inevitable expenses attending upon all such shows. New York barely yielded expenses, and he determined to try Philadelphia, and, if possible, sell his productions. But, unfortunately, in lowering the statues from a second story, the rope sustaining the pony gave way, and it fell to the pavement, utterly ruined. He then had no other figure of Sir Walter than a plaster bust.

Discouraged and disheartened, he arrived in Philadelphia,

with a letter to his countryman Nottman, the original architect of Laurel Hill. When he had viewed the cemetery, he said it was the place, of all others, where he would wish Old Mortality to find his resting-place, and after some delay we purchased Old Mortality on condition that he would recut the pony and a full-length of Sir Walter. The Franklin Institute bought Tam O'Shanter, and with the proceeds, and the sum we advanced, he purchased a fine redstone quarry in New Jersey, and went to work on his contract. This he fully carried out, delivering the whole in good order. The figure of Sir Walter was at once pronounced an admirable likeness by those who had seen or known him in Edinburgh.

We set the group under a suitable canopy. It proved a great attraction. This, with the novelty of a rural cemetery, and a few handsome monuments that began to rise very slowly, became so popular that for a long course of years we were obliged to issue tickets of admission, and two men made a good support by watching the numerous horses hitched outside, while two other stalwart men were required to take tickets at the gate, and keep out those not fortunate in getting admissions in the city.

Poor Mr. Thom! With the cash received in Philadelphia for the admirable products of his chisel, he purchased the quarry, procured the contract for much of the stone (the whole of it, I have heard) with which Trinity Church, New York, was rebuilt, and did much of the fine work on that beautiful building, the corbels, etc., superintending other departments himself. The stone proved to be the best for statuary or building purposes. Thom made money, and cut a colossal figure of General Washington, which stood for a few weeks near our cemetery entrance; built himself a comfortable house near his quarry in New Jersey; took Washington and set it up near its front, and died a young man. Just before his decease he executed, with his own hands, a plaster bust of himself, which is still at Laurel Hill, and the most accurate and striking likeness I ever saw of any human being. The very vim and thoughtfulness of the artist are there. His statues will be in existence long after I am

dust, and this little history may be worthy of remembrance when you and I are forgotten. To-day, after writing the foregoing, I have had his bust repaired, and have placed it as one of the group of Old Mortality, his Pony, and Sir Walter Scott.

CORCORAN, THE BANKER, AND ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

As I write, March 20, 1872, the cable informs the public that *Mr. Eustace*, the rebel son-in-law of *W. W. Corcoran*, banker, of Washington, is just dead. The only child of the latter, with great expectations, married this Southerner, and now Mr. Corcoran is left with a great fortune, and grandchildren to bring up. He is a remarkable man, and, as I have enjoyed his superb dinners, I may record his proper feeling in regard to his ancestry. The son of a shoemaker, after he had become the millionaire of Washington, he is said to have offered a large reward for the recovery of his father's sign-board, but without success. It would have been an odd addition to his grand picture-gallery. One of his dinners I especially recollect. It occurred about a year, perhaps more, previous to secession, and there was present a large assemblage of senators, all, if I am correct, of the South. But I record it as the only time I was in company with *Alexander H. Stephens*, whose figure and voice were counterparts of those of John Randolph. At the elegantly appointed table he sat not far from me, and I started at the first sound of his insignificant, squeaky voice. Other senators talked more, but I heard nothing of secession.

DR. NOTT AND J. K. TEFFT.

Of Southern scientific men, *Doctor Nott* was a frequent visitor of Dr. Morton, and, as his friend, I was handsomely entertained by him at his home in Mobile, on my return from Cuba. In appearance Dr. Nott strikingly resembled Dr. Morton. His wife was one of those easy Southern ladies who at once make a guest at home. We had the pleasure of welcoming them at Germantown.

The same suavity and ease marked the intercourse of Mr.



and Mrs. *J. K. Tefft*, of Savannah, with whom we have had very pleasant intercourse at our own home. Devoted to the collection of autographs, a pursuit I sometimes dabbled in, we had a subject in common to interest us, and I always admired and liked him. His collections assisted me more than once in my publication of "Historical and Literary Curiosities," with its many editions and profitable sales.

THE GILPINS, HORACE BINNEY, JOHN SERGEANT, CHARLES  
CHAUNCEY.

The *Gilpin family* was an interesting one, from the talent and ability of various kinds which they possessed. *Thomas* was on the most intimate terms at our house, and always imparted some pleasant news of society or science. His nephew, *Henry D. Gilpin*, lately deceased, and leaving a fine library, was my friend. His love of books made him rather affect the society of book-lovers and librarians. Here, at dinner, I met many passing celebrities. His position of Attorney-General of the United States brought great numbers with letters of introduction, and here they dined, and truly in excellent style. At his table I saw, in the hands of a Canadian explorer, some curious relics of Sir John Franklin's Expedition, a watch of one of the lost, and other personal matters. His large library, left during her life to his widow, had this marked peculiarity,—that no book was placed upon his ever-increasing shelves which he had not perused.

You will find some evidences among preserved correspondence, of my relations to one of our most estimable and amiable citizens, among which I have treasured up his beautiful note on receiving an invitation to our *golden wedding*.

*Horace Binney*, at the age of ninety-two, is still in full vigor, mentally and bodily. Respected by all who know him, with a large fortune, and living children and friends; handsome in person, and with manners which may well be imitated, his serene old age is highly charming. Mr. Binney was a director during a few years of my librarianship. It was he who collated a list of the best Spanish literature added to the *Loganian Library*.

Mr. Binney, with *John Sergeant* and *Charles Chauncey*, were the heads of the Philadelphia bar, and it was commonly said that nobody could succeed in a suit without their aid. Mr. Chauncey, a Connecticut man by birth, was chairman of the committee on making our great catalogue, confided to my predecessor, George Campbell. Mr. Chauncey was singularly silent at the board. The only report he ever made on the catalogue affair, when asked, after a year had elapsed, if he had any communication to make touching the work, was, "The committee is not ready to report." Campbell was a laborious, amiable man, and did his work, in the main, to every one's satisfaction.

BISHOP WHITE.

*Bishop White*, the first American Episcopal bishop, I well remember. In height, etc., he much resembled Charles Thomson, and was as tottering and feeble. Venerable, in its oldest and best interpretation, is the proper epithet for these excellent historical personages. Universally respected, the bishop was the central figure of the city. You will find some notes of his to myself, if they are not lost. His great-grandson, *Thomas H. Montgomery*, married your mother's niece, Anna Morton, whom you all well know and value.

DOWNING, HENRY WINTHROP SARGENT, N. P. WILLIS, LURMAN,  
CARROLL, JOHN RIDGLEY.

The letters I have preserved and the books presented by *A. J. Downing*, with his autographs inserted, will show what intimate terms of warm friendship existed between us. His talents were of a high order. His brief career did very much to establish in the public mind a love of nature, and to diffuse a taste for gentlemanly country-life. His periodical, the *Horticulturist*, of which you will find I have preserved a complete copy, was a vehicle for information on topics then new to our country. Their freshness and excellent composition made a great impression. Though considerably younger than myself, I may be said to have been his pupil, and so far profited by his teaching as to become his unworthy but enthusiastic successor.

The work served to occupy my leisure during several years, and was an agreeable occupation. It served also as a favorable introduction to a large circle of intelligent gentlemen, improvers of fine country-places, and visits to these, not professionally, but as a friend, were among my very enjoyable days. In this capacity I was delegate to some State agricultural meetings, among which the most memorable was an appointment to the Illinois great exhibition at Chicago. Between these employments, and making speeches at the opening of cemetery celebrations, and consultations with these two classes of the best improvers, I secured a large circle of agreeable visitors and visits, and correspondence. Among my visiting-places, frequently resorted to, was one upon the North River, the beautiful and artistic home of

*Henry Winthrop Sargent*, at Wodenethe, Fishkill Landing, or more euphoniously now, Fishkill-on-Hudson. He is the friend of all improvers, hand in hand with the *élite* of New York and Boston, and their branching rich men who make fortunes and expend them so liberally in country embellishments and in homes of elegant hospitality. My arrivals there were (for I have ceased to visit everybody, both from age and disinclination) the immediate cause of excursions to the best examples of the gardenesque, Downing's planting, now beginning to exhibit his wonderful foresight; and places historically interesting, or the residences of the distinguished, whether for talents or fortune. In this manner we dined sometimes fifty or eighty miles from Wodenethe, and returned to lodge,—Mr. Aspinwall's, the Astors, Livingstons, Bartons, etc., and called on

*N. P. Willis*, at his place below Newburg. As always, a walk to his waterfall, very beautiful, was a necessary result, with an accompaniment of literary or political talk: Lady Blessington, Count D'Orsay, Lord Brougham, and that set, rose up, with Willis's vivid recollections, almost into realities. It was a genial home. His own descriptions of "Welcome Visitors," in his sparkling writings, are evidence of his *bonhomie*. But of all his productions, his "Letters from Under a Bridge" seem to me the best and most thoughtful.

Mr. Sargent continues his love of gardening and the picturesque, but laments that in a residence of some twenty years, all his first neighbors have either died or departed, mostly the former, and he is left with the newer, and, to him, less interesting. Such must ever be the fate of those who live long; but here it is verified to a gentleman of middle age. Ample means, etc., high culture based upon a good and sound education, have perfected a character which I have greatly admired and loved. With Mr. Sargent I made many very agreeable excursions. One of especial interest was to Maryland.

*Mr. and Mrs. Lurman* were then, 1858, in the height of prosperity, he a merchant of Baltimore in the highest credit as agent of Barings & Coutts, etc., and she the elegant dispenser of the most lavish hospitality.

Mr. Lurman farmed a large landed possession, and was extremely fond of showing his farm profits from raising wheat, while his wife was a great lover of ornamental gardening, and wanted all kinds of suggestions. I may mention that, with true business views, she instructed her head gardener to raise mushrooms for the Baltimore market, thus filling an unsupplied want, and she, too, was proud of her profits, from which she paid all garden wages and expenses. A room for the purpose was added, behind the great green-house, and a little higher. Into this the proper heat and moisture could be passed at pleasure, by opening apertures, and here grew bushels and bushels of this too rare esculent. They were daily sent to Baltimore in nice baskets having linen shelves, where a fashionable grocer had his customers for the whole, and accounted for them at fifty cents the dozen. An example that any one may follow where there is a great city, or even a small one at hand, to consume a popular and scarce article of food.

From Mr. Lurman's, excursions were made to the finer examples of country-seats that could be reached by his fine horses and carriage. We here met several members of the distinguished *Carroll of Carrollton* family. One lady I remember, who had married a nephew of the Earl of Carlisle, and was

of some celebrity in English circles. But the crowning trip was to the great establishment of

*John Ridgley*, where house, and grounds, and servants (the latter all slaves, as were Mr. Lurman's) were of the highest polish and elegance. Mrs. Ridgley was the kindest and most successful of hostesses, and has since invited me to repetitions of the visit. The garden is terraced, and has some hundred lemon- and orange-trees, which are housed in winter and set out on their terraces in summer. This lady, too, is an enthusiastic lover of rural life and gardens, and eager for information; in fact, a pupil of Downing's writings, and an apt one. The stables contained the finest stud in the United States, and the family habitually drove four horses, one clause of the elder Ridgley's entail being that for such a number of times per annum such a team is to be driven to Baltimore,—no doubt with a view to keeping up the family state.

We, the visitors, agreed that no better exhibition of elegant life is anywhere possible for this country. The numerous attendants were dressed in a livery of green interspersed with gold, and were most civil and attentive. At dinner Mr. Sargent observed, when the wine was going its rounds, that I was a great-nephew of Henry Hill, and could probably pronounce upon the vintages. My uncle, as I knew, had been the great supplier of the rich Maryland and Virginia families from his Madeira house. Mr. Ridgley at once gave his keys to the butler, and ordered some of his grandfather's wine from the Hill bin, which had outlasted a series of corks. It was brought up in quaint magnum bottles entirely covered with cobwebs and dust, but proved sound and excellent. Mr. Ridgley's only son, and heir to the great landed and other estates, married into the Howard family, and there ran about the beautiful young mother a fine family of little folk, the eldest a son of seven, in English fashion, heir to the entail. There can be but little better comfort and style than that seen here.

The centre of the mansion is a very wide hall, probably thirty feet in width. This forms the summer room for the large family, and is also the family picture-gallery. It is a most

elegant and charming arrangement. At this period I was very unwell, and was obliged to lie down before dinner, in a most sumptuous room, in a bed with every appointment perfect.

We visited Mr. Lurman's town-house one morning, where decorators from New York were giving the fashionable tints to the walls and corridors, and where there were many indications of indulgence in their winter-quarters; among their neighbors and friends being found the Baltimore Bonapartes, whose dinners, off solid plate, were incidentally a theme. The Catholic element, as was to be expected, seemed to prevail or to be prominent in this circle.

Alas! Mr. Lurman became attached to the Confederacy, failed, and died soon after. But I learn that Mrs. Lurman possesses a sufficiency from the income of her paternal estate, equal to the wants of herself and her remaining family of five children. These are pleasing reminiscences for a worldly man's career, and so I find my pen runs on.

RICHARD S. FIELD.

I had the pleasure of introducing Mr. and Mrs. Sargent to the finely-planted place of *Judge Field*, at Princeton, New Jersey. One day they arrived from Fishkill, New York, at the moment we arrived from Philadelphia, distant points from which to meet for a dinner! We both landed on the platform at once, and the question of each was, "How long have *you* been here?" But a still more remarkable meeting took place at our house in Germantown. Mr. and Mrs. Sargent came to us from the same distant point (distant in my early days), picking up Judge Field *en route*; and Mr. W. W. Corcoran, from Washington, the same morning, met them all as they were entering our gate. Such are the results of steam, so utterly unknown and unthought of during at least a fifth part of my life.

In Judge *Richard Stockton Field* I found a congenial love of fine trees and of planting. He sought my house, entirely unacquainted as we were with each other's persons. The day was hot, the judge a little jaded and heated, and with a carpet-bag in hand. I certainly took him for a book-agent, and was

scarcely very glad to see him. But he soon introduced himself, and, until his late melancholy end, we have been much together at our respective homes. He had many good and agreeable qualities, and has succeeded in introducing a greater number and variety of rare trees and rhododendrons at his fine place near Princeton, than any one near Philadelphia. A large importer from Waterer & Godfrey, one was pretty sure to find here, as at Mr. Sargent's, the latest evergreens, or the rarest shrubs and trees. Hospitable to a great extent, one met at his house the *élite* of New York, etc. Head of the educational system of New Jersey, and President of the Historical Society of that State, well esteemed as a jurist, and a member of the Stockton family, with a good income as agent of a great estate, and other advantages, the world should have been to him a happy place, but for the fact that he was a widower, and, being much from home, his unmarried daughter lived with her sister, Mrs. Commodore Conover, and his only son was in the army, so that his mansion was in fact a bachelor's hall, wherein good diners-out were very much at home. Alas! the end was not a happy one. It may be that there was a deficiency of religious foundation to steady the flourishing vessel, and anchor it in the only serene haven.

*Commodore Stockton* was a frequent guest at Judge Field's, and was sometimes induced to relate his adventures. Dinner succeeded dinner, and balls of great brilliancy and expense make this Princeton visiting-place delightful in my memory, a recent one, however, and, to the now recluse, one that can and would never be repeated. The death of Judge Field made a great impression upon me, and I believe a serviceable one. His place was soon sold, and, unfortunately, the lady who purchased it cares too little for his grand assemblage of fine trees and shrubs.

With Mr. Sargent I must remember a very enjoyable visit of some days to *Mr. and Mrs. Delancey Kane*, at their villa at Newport. With a good share of the fortune of her grandfather, John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Kane thoroughly understood, no less than her husband, the amenities and elegancies of life. Their

appointments, carriages, dinner-parties, servants, all had a European finish.

*Mr. Hunneywell* entertained me charmingly at his elegant country-house near Boston, during a visit in company with Samuel B. Parsons. A wealthy merchant, married into the family of the great banker, Wells, of Paris, Mr. Hunneywell surrounded himself with every appurtenance of wealth, comfort, and elegance. A fine family of educated boys will, I doubt not, transmit the name and excellences of their parents. The father died only last year, or in 1871.

I visited in succession various other Boston gentlemen, at their country as well as city homes, as a guest, never having consented, though asked, to advise professionally in landscape gardening for a fee, as Downing had done as a business. At some Western towns the arrival of the editor of the *Horticulturist* was often announced in print, and my hotel parlor was filled with seekers and talkers.

CHARLES THOMSON.

*Charles Thomson*, the first secretary of the Continental Congress, and the "Man of Truth," I saw but once, when he was an old man, thin and tall, and in the dress which marked a former fashion. He was in attendance on the funeral of a poetess, ——— Griffetts, a relative of the Norris family, who resided in a Philadelphia mansion, an heirloom. He was waited on by Charles Norris. At Stenton, Charles Thomson was a frequent visitor; and being connected with the Logan and Norris family, through his wife, an intimacy founded on mutual esteem was maintained between them. My cousin Deborah Logan told me more than once that toward the close of his life he was seen sitting by his wood-fire, cane in hand, burning letters and Revolutionary documents, and, when asked why he did so, replied that he did not wish to compromise the character of any actors in that great event.

The story of his remains being conveyed to Laurel Hill, in the early history of the cemetery, caused much talk pro and con. His great-nephew, Thomson, of Newark, Delaware, had



wished to erect a monument over his grave, situated on his farm near Haverford; but a dispute about property between the heirs of the wife and his own had alienated the families. As nobody placed even a gravestone over the remains, Mr. Thomson sent an undertaker, in the morning, to remove the bones, for there was little else found. He did this without remark or observation; and the granite monument to Thomson's memory, purchased by his nephew, was ready, with its tons' weight, to be hoisted the same day, and thus rendered the remains forever secure. *Levi Morris*, one of my own blood-relatives, was the party who married the secretary's wife's relative who had inherited the farm. Charles Thomson's wife's name was Harrison. Levi, no doubt, believed me in some way a conspirator in the removal, and for years we were estranged. But at a grand dinner at Mrs. Penn Gaskill's, given to Granville John Penn, we met in the evening party there assembled, and all was apparently forgotten.\*

I saw at the house of Charles Thomson's great-nephew, in Newark, Delaware, where I visited, the great silver urn pre-

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\* The following abridged extract from the "Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography," July, 1890, fully exonerates the Laurel Hill Company. It is signed T. S. .

"SETTLERS IN MERION, ETC.—REMOVAL OF REMAINS OF CHARLES THOMSON.—There are some inaccuracies in the account of the removal of the remains of Charles Thomson, contained in an article entitled 'Settlers in Merion, etc.,' in the last January number of the Pennsylvania Magazine, that should not be allowed to pass without correction. The removal was made by the order of John Thomson, who assumed all responsibility for it in a published paper. It was not suggested by the managers of Laurel Hill, but had been discussed for several years before it took place. It was not done at night. The persons engaged in it did not, when discovered, flee in silence, but had a debate with the farmers on the place, and three bodies, not two only, were removed. John Thomson had written directly to the undertaker, Mr. Moore; and the other person present at the disinterment, besides the undertaker's assistant, was a well-known resident of Lower Merion, who had no interest in Laurel Hill. The body removed, and not referred to in the article in question, was that of Charles Thomson, Jr., a son of John Thomson, who was very desirous to have these remains removed, with those of his uncle, from a ground in which the graves had been treated with neglect and disrespect to such an extent that they were in danger of obliteration. Evidence of these and of other facts will be put in an accessible shape and deposited with the Historical Society."

sented by Congress to that faithful servant, and also a fine portrait of Mrs. Thomson, in a jaunty riding-habit, hat, and with a whip. They had no children.

BISHOP SIMPSON.

*Bishop Simpson*, of the Methodist Church, is known and loved by some of you. My intercourse with him has been only as an encourager and stockholder of my newer enterprise, West Laurel Hill. But I have learned to admire him. With a near and dear friend of his, the Rev. Alfred Cookman, I have had more intimate, but too infrequent, communications. To him I feel indebted for spiritual advice and comfort. Alfred was a true apostle of the Lord Jesus, and converted many souls. His very recent death, just as it was intended he should be made a bishop, has left a blank, alas! not easily filled, to the public, or to myself and family. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; and I am sure his works do follow him.

With another clergyman, the *Rev. Henry J. Morton*, of the Episcopal Church, I have long maintained very pleasant relations. See his letter on the occasion of our golden wedding.

ELIAS HICKS.

You will not be surprised that I sat under the ministry of *Elias Hicks*, before his severance from the Orthodox portion of the Society of Friends. But I did not then fully understand the nature of the seeds he was so industriously sowing, which have ripened into Unitarian views. I was present at Green Street Meeting-house on the evening before the separation took place. The scene appeared to me to resemble a meeting of conspirators, heightened as it was by the use of poor candles giving but a dim light, no lamps having been used there. The principals were present in force, and resolved that their oppressions demanded active measures, and next day their activity was displayed by nearly half the large body deliberately walking out of the meeting-house. We had to show our colors, and I remained. A long silence ensued, broken now and again by some one making up his mind to go, and out he went. After

the evening meeting was over, and after ten o'clock, I stopped at the office of my sister Rachel's father-in-law, *Thomas Stewardson*, a strong Orthodox elder, and related what had occurred. He seemed but little surprised (too little, I thought), and from this time the two sects, for such they must be called, separated more and more; and social life, and marriage between families of the old races, were mostly confined to the members of the different parties, and until now it is almost unknown that Orthodox and Hicksite should marry together. Social intercourse is also much at an end.

With *Jesse Kersey* my enumeration may close, though I have known and esteemed many Friends and others very greatly, not forgetting dear *Richard Jordan*.

#### ARCH STREET MEETING-HOUSE AND BURIAL-GROUND.

In my early days, Arch Street Meeting-house exhibited on First-day mornings a curious scene. Population had not moved westward; there was no Orange or Twelfth Street Meeting-house, Pine Street and the North Meeting being the only others belonging to the Society in Philadelphia. The great room in the Arch Street building, now nearly deserted except during the yearly assemblages, was crowded in the extreme. Many went half an hour, more or less, before the regular time. The galleries were all filled. Numerous attendants had left off the outward habits of the sect, and the "gay Quakers," descendants of the many earlier settlers, still attached, by habit or principle, to the Society, flocked to hear, especially when a Kersey, or a Hicks, or a Jordan was expected.

This meeting-house was built in the old graveyard, and the fact, now almost forgotten, created much dissatisfaction, as it interfered with the known resting-places of many family ancestors. Some of the descendants went so far as to say they never would enter its portals, my uncle Richard Hill Morris being one of the number. There is no deep cellar, it is true, but the foundations displaced many bones, skulls, etc. Before this was built, the burying-ground extended to the present curbstones on Arch Street, thus narrowing the street. Friends

made a mistake here, as they have lost the location of the interment of their members by not permitting gravestones, etc., and by greatly neglecting the last resting-place of the people who were not without sensibility when alive. The friends of those buried long deplored this want of proper feeling.

No sect, probably, had a greater horror of mixing with others, and especially in the grave. Now, however, this attachment is loosened, and some of them, by request to me, have a burying-spot in South Laurel Hill, and are distributed throughout the whole grounds. This, with the great number of clergymen who now own and use my cemetery, marks a great change in public sentiment, such as it was my object to accomplish. The idea of *impiety*, which once attached to leaving the church or the meeting-house proper, is gone, and the influence has extended throughout the land. See my earlier writings on these topics, and a very extensive volume of manuscripts and cuttings from periodicals, comprising a rather remarkable history of Laurel Hill, and incidentally of American cemeteries, which I shall leave for some antiquary to peruse, and, if he should think well of it, to make a present to the public. The project of Laurel Hill met with little favor at its inception; but now, at the end of thirty-five years, the new custom is almost universal.

Daniel B. Smith possesses a curious set of paper drawings representing the relative positions of the graves of the Hill, Lloyd, Norris, and kindred families, who seem to have been allowed to mingle their ashes together; a privilege, and a natural wish, denied afterwards in many Quaker burying-grounds.

## CHAPTER V.

## MORE PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN.

Ruschenberger—Dunglison—Isaac C. Jones—John M. Whittall—William W. Longstreth—Stephen Girard—Henry Pratt—Bartram and his Garden—Alexander Wilson and the Lawsons—Dr. Joseph Thomas—Rawlins and Chambers—Warder—Longworth—Hawes and Goldsmith's Writing-Desk—Penn's Landing Celebrations; Witticisms of Judge Peters and Dr. Chapman—A Personal Summary.

I COULD introduce you to very many good and worthy people whom I wish you could have known, as you would have profited by their example. One of my constant and agreeable personal friends, of long date, and on whom I feel the utmost reliance for his attachment, is now one of the successors to my brother-in-law, Dr. S. G. Morton, in the presidency of the Academy of Natural Sciences, a chair he worthily and ably fills.

## DR. W. S. W. RUSCHENBERGER

called on me at the recommendation of mutual friends, when I was editing "*Waldie's Library*," to ask, in a modest way, what he could do to bring before the public his valuable and interesting "*Voyage Round the World*." I published a chapter or two, and this brought him a call from Carey & Lea for the work, which was very popular, and was reprinted in England after going through another edition in America. He has since published much, and is a thoughtful and lucid writer. As a surgeon in the navy, he has seen much duty, and is highly esteemed at home and abroad. I have applied to him both for myself and family, and have always relied on his skill and knowledge. His gentle hand is itself soothing to the afflicted.

## DR. ROBLEY DUNGLISON,

the elder of that name, of English birth, was always my friend. We were much thrown together, and our intercourse was of

the most genial kind, whether at each other's dwellings and travelling in company, or at the houses of mutual and esteemed acquaintances. When a young man, Mr. Jefferson sent for him to become a professor in the University at Charlottesville, Virginia, a position he filled with great credit, being there the friend and physician of Mr. Madison. Of these two distinguished men he acquired the warm friendship.

On the foundation of the Jefferson Medical College here, he was selected as a professor; and coming among us with a very lovely English wife, he became a universal favorite in the best circles of educated gentlemen, and was *au courant* at many of the best tables, where, as a good talker, he constantly distinguished himself. Everybody left his company in good humor. Such little symposiums, attended by Bethune, Patterson, Kane, Dallas, Bache, etc., would and will be difficult to repeat. If they met by accident, and there was only a scrag of mutton in the larder, you would have thought it a banquet, such was the even tenor of wit, good humor, learning, and suavity.

Dr. Dunglison used to tell a story of the fears of his young wife, thus: The vessel in which they came to Virginia was an old hulk, and in a storm they were in great danger, but the plucky little wife exhibited no fear, and kept up the spirits of the passengers. At night, however, when the storm had lulled, she awoke the echoes of the cabin by inordinate screams. When her husband could ask the cause, she wildly exclaimed, "Oh, doctor, there's a mouse on my pillow!" Since my retiring from the city, and mostly from society, we have not frequently met; yet I feel, now that he is gone, that the world has one less attraction to it. I have reason to believe he died a Christian.

It would be highly unjust if I passed down to my posterity these reminiscences of acquaintances and friends, and remembered not the relatives gathered around us by our children. My son Lloyd was the first to introduce us to new relationships with the most estimable parents of his good wife.

## ISAAC C. JONES

we had long known and esteemed, together with his excellent wife; and though we had been entertained as bride and groom at their delightful country-seat, Rockland, on the Schuylkill, now a lovely point in the new park, yet our intercourse as neighbors, and even as their tenants at their former large house in Arch Street, had not taught us to admire sufficiently their honest characters, and to esteem them and their children as we have since happily done.

*Isaac C. Jones* was long very extensively engaged in the Chinese trade, importing teas, silks, etc., with profit and success, having large transactions with my subsequent partner, Nathan Dunn, when the latter was a resident of Canton. The quiet, gentlemanly bearing of my daughter-in-law Hannah E. J. Smith's father, was the admiration of his friends, and of citizens generally. But lately he has descended to the tomb, an honored, good, and highly-respected citizen. Rarely unwell, he lived to the age of ninety-five, and, without complaint, quietly wrapped his robes about him, and faded away. The watch merely stopped. He has left to a lovely family of descendants a good savor for the inheritance among desirable things.

His wife, *Hannah Jones*, born Firth, and descended from the good old stock of Samuel Carpenter, was the impersonation of good nature and genial hospitality, whose very presence cheered. Their eldest son, *Samuel T. Jones*, was a schoolmate of mine, and in after-life, to my great pleasure, we renewed our youthful friendship. He, too, had been largely a merchant, residing some years in England, and finally settled down on Staten Island, at the beautiful seat called "The Cedars," presided over by his wife, who was a daughter of Governor Thomas, of Maryland.

For many years Isaac C. Jones and his wife maintained an elegant and liberal hospitality at Rockland, which have been justly commemorated by the late Joseph Cowperthwaite, in lines beginning,

Rockland, thy charms sublime and wild  
Charm even nature's rudest child;  
But chiefly thou art endeared to me  
By generous hospitality.

Numerous acquaintances were in the habit of riding to Rockland to take tea. A dozen carriages might often be seen of an afternoon, all the occupants of which were sure to be welcomed in the most genial manner. Those were the days of "generous hospitality" indeed. Are there still such noble men and women?

My second son, *Robert Pearsall*, married most happily, as you know, the eldest daughter of

JOHN M. WHITALL,

of the New Jersey family of that name, and now the esteemed president of the Board of Guardians of the Poor, a position long held, with the entire approval of his fellow-citizens. I need not ask you to keep him on your list of friends, nor to admire and love his wife and children, for you well know they are deserving of your regard and respect.

*J. M. Whitall*, when a very young man, commanded the ship "New Jersey," then a noted Chinese trader, making successful and profitable voyages for the owners and others. Remarkably enough, his duties led him much to business transactions with *Isaac C. Jones* and *Nathan Dunn*. Thus my two *brothers*, by the marriage of these sons, were more or less united. It is a small circumstance, but it interests us to remember the fact that a set of India dinner and other china, now our own, was purchased by Nathan Dunn for Isaac C. Jones, and brought across the ocean by Captain John M. Whitall. The invoice of the purchase, the letter of Dunn in relation to it, and the bill of lading by the captain, have by some means found their way, after fifty years, to my archives of curious things and coincidences. At Rockland, and at the city house, were always found evidences of the elegancies which may result from the business of cultivated merchants in their importation of luxuries and conveniences.

As I write, the morning papers are congratulating Philadelphia that a tea-ship has just made her appearance here direct from Canton, the first, says the paragraph, for thirty years! In my youth this was the principal port of entry for the trade.



Our youngest son, *Horace John*, married the daughter of

WILLIAM W. LONGSTRETH,

a gentleman of sound business judgment, and a successful man. Some time president of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, and still a director of that great institution, he lately resigned to enjoy more time and liberty of action, as well as because the exertion of managing so complicated a machine was probably undermining his health. He has established the young pair on a fine farm near Hestonville, and near enough to the city and the Park to become of great value, and there is repeated the active farm-life which gives independence to the mind. Vicinity to West Laurel Hill enables Horace to supervise the progress of the cemetery, and to give employment to his active pen and mind. The father-in-law devotes much of his leisure to the farm, which, being between two turnpike roads, they have allowed me to designate *Edgely*, in lieu of my purchase below South Laurel Hill, now embraced within the Park, and its name absorbed. Long may the parental wing shelter this family and our beloved grandchildren, the eldest, almost our *adopted son*, and named after his uncle long deceased, *Albanus*. He, of all our little flock, has most enjoyed our Germantown house, which is a second home to him, and the place of his birth.

My brother Morris occupied a counting-house for his shipping business within a few doors of that of

STEPHEN GIRARD,

and here, as well as elsewhere, we had frequent opportunities of seeing and hearing about the great merchant. His habits were solitary. I never saw him in his old tumble-down gig, or in the street, or at his bank, in company with any one. He might have many ships, as the "Rousseau" and "Voltaire," trading to Russia, and others to China, etc., but his business was conducted in a plain room, with one or two clerks. Short interviews were sufficient to make sale of large cargoes, and at

the same time that ships were unloading below his house, the busy hammers of carpenters were knocking at new rows of entire squares of houses. The contrast, after his death, was soon very marked. With so much property as he managed so economically, and with so little help, numerous leeches with great salaries were quickly fastened upon it, and there are now not less than two hundred paid men assisting us, his heirs, to spend his fortune. A caution, this.

For many years I kept an account at Girard's bank in Third Street, and once, desiring a discount rather much, I asked his cashier, Mr. Roberts, to recommend the note offered. His reply astonished me. "I have no influence over Mr. Girard!" How could this solitary old man know whose credit was good? His notes passed rather more currently than those of any other bank. I once took a descendant of Admiral Vernon, who had thrown himself suddenly on board a steamer at Liverpool, "to have a complete change," as he said, from parliamentary duties, to see Girard's College, and was not surprised at his exclamation that, expecting to see woods and buffaloes, he found Athenian architecture in marble. Nicholas Biddle it was who engineered this classical building, unfit for its object, and erected in direct contravention of the will. This excited much comment, if not controversy, at the time; but it was carried, over strenuous objections, by flattering public taste and other wiles.

HENRY PRATT,

who made the fine garden now at the head of the bay of Fairmount, by help of the then young and capital gardener, *Robert Buist*, was a gentleman of the old school, with wig and powder. To get into his premises it was necessary to secure a ticket at his counting-house. These tickets were a precious boon to my boyhood. Furnished with one, each holiday was devoted to a rambling tour to Landreth's Garden, Gray's Ferry, and its neighbor, the Woodlands, and Hamilton's fine greenhouse, and thence up the west bank of the Schuylkill to Pratt's Garden. Thus I must have imbibed that love of trees and flowers which has afforded me so much pleasure. But in noticing these excursions,

## BARTRAM'S GARDEN

must not be overlooked. It was then in the occupancy of the Bartram family, and was controlled by the surviving brother, and Colonel Carr, who had married one of the daughters. It was then the only example of various planting near us, and rich it was in trees and plants from far-off regions. Many had been brought home in his saddle-bags from the Southern States by the elder Bartram, and here flourished to the admiration of cultivated visitors. All this is recorded in Dr. Darlington's pleasant volume, a work which will attract readers for all time, particularly those interested in arboriculture and in the simple habits of the man who combined the love of nature with a love of God.

In searching for autographs during one of my collecting manias, I gained access to the "Bartram Correspondence" before Darlington had conceived the happy idea of narrating its contents. It was found in a little garret over the seed-room, into which a stovepipe had for an age penetrated, smoking the papers terribly. In overhauling this mass I found curious letters from the botanists of the last century, Dillenius and others of note. These I still possess, and they would have furnished some material for the published book.

The habits of the Bartrams, when I knew them, were a continuance of the simplicity of preceding years. They still executed orders from Europe for seeds and plants, in a small way, but derived profit enough from the place for their moderate wants. I well remember the picking of the seeds of a fine red-bud maple that stood, and probably still stands, near the old house, now not superseded in interest by the more pretentious mansion of the purchaser, *Colonel Eastwick*. Let every one of you, some time, inspect the magnificent dimensions of the largest tree of this region, the fine deciduous cypress near the Schuylkill. It stood, in my youth, near a spring of water. This it has drunk up, but its long roots extend a great distance through a marshy spot, and now exhibit those nodules which are used by the Southern negroes for beehives, and which might make good buckets. From this garden dates hor-

ticulture in America. It should be carefully preserved forever, and would be, but for its rather out-of-the-way locality.

ALEXANDER WILSON AND THE LAWSONS.

Near to Bartram's, until quite lately, stood the school-house wherein Wilson, the ornithologist, taught his simple scholars the rudiments, and studied the birds. I knew the engravers of his great work. The Lawson family were cultivated Scotch people, all of them, from father and mother to son and daughters being artists, and good ones. Being intimate with my publisher, Waldie, of the same land, I passed some pleasant hours in their work-room, where all were employed. Lovers of literature, and all devourers of books, their neat room had its little table set for each burin, but always one was deputed to read aloud, and in this way they kept up with the books of the day, and were not uncomplaisant in commending my selections for publication in "*Waldie's Select Circulating Library.*" The Lawsons were really artists, and I should be glad their names should remain as long as the remembrance of Bewick, who was also a celebrated engraver of birds.

Your grandmother Pearsall's family, that of Collins, was connected by marriage with the Bartrams, and the Says were also, as I may have remarked, through the old Budd family of New Jersey. But I must refer to my wife's memoranda for these connections, else will you say, perhaps, that in kin there are no early settlers whose blood may not have mingled with your own.

DR. JOSEPH THOMAS

I was acquainted with, though not intimately. He compiled the great "*Dictionary of Biography*" and the "*Gazetteer*" for Lippincott the bookseller. The doctor was the Latin tutor of some of my children. He had a remarkable talent, or gift, for making these books of extensive research. One day some one said, in allusion to his dictionary, that he was like Dr. Johnson. "Rather," said Thomas, "like Goldsmith;" and there was some truth in the reply, for he was simple in some matters, and dogmatically attached to his own opinions.

Though the doctor might in some respects have compared himself with Goldsmith, for he resembles him in his laborious drudgery and dependence on booksellers, he knew and knows more than poor Goldsmith, of whom it is related by his able biographer, Forster, that on a visit from Gibbon to the poet, in the Temple, when Goldsmith looked up from the manuscript of his Grecian history, which he happened to be writing, and asked of his scholarly visitor the name of the Indian king who gave Alexander so much trouble, on Gibbon facetiously answering "Montezuma," Goldy gravely wrote it down! Dr. Thomas knew better.

*June 28, 1872.*—The University of Pennsylvania has this day done itself honor by conferring the degree of Doctor of Laws on Doctor Thomas.

CHARLES EDWARD RAWLINS, JR.

I should do injustice to my feelings if I did not again allude to my very good friend of long standing, whom my elder children will remember with pleasure, *Charles Edward Rawlins, Jr.*, of Liverpool, whom I have ever found ready to respond to my best feelings, and to reciprocate with warmth every token of regard. He made a very judiciously inquiring tour in America when a young man, and, falling in with me, we grew to great intimacy. I have been twice his guest, for many days, at his delightful home in Prince's Park, near England's great commercial port, and have always received a warm welcome. My wife and daughter, and our travelling friend, in 1865, took a "German dinner" there, and found his lovely wife surrounded by a noble company of handsome, well-educated boys and girls, some of them now grown to be men and women.

Mr. Rawlins was the very useful and eminent secretary of the Corn-Law League, and for his only compensation received the gift of a costly set of silver, which at my request was exhibited to his guests. From him I received an introduction to *Cobden*, in London, who declared his friend Rawlins to be the best thinker in England. John Bright, also, is his intimate; and should that statesman visit America, as he has several times

proposed to do, you need only say that Mr. Rawlins was your father's friend, to be sure of a full recognition. To him I was indebted for other introductions, as to the long-celebrated Robert Chambers, the extensive publisher of Edinburgh, etc. Mr. Rawlins was an enthusiastic lover of the United States in our late struggle with the South. He took me to St. George's Hall, where he and others had called a meeting on the death of Lincoln, and stood on the rostrum, where he made the first speech of the evening. With tears in his eyes, he endeavored to describe his emotions as he stepped forth to face the great assemblage. Though not new to public speaking, his feelings for a moment overcame him when he thought of the great loss we and the world had sustained. Rallying, he poured out his very soul to the audience, and received the handsomest and most gratifying verbal applause of all Americans present, as well as of many fellow-townsmen, by whom he is universally respected. Such a friend is worth much. A letter last week announces himself as a grandfather, and he calls me young at seventy-four, his father being ninety-two, and well. Mr. Rawlins has several well-informed brothers, who have visited me.

DR. JOHN A. WARDER.

Appointed, about the year 1858, a Pennsylvania delegate to the great Agricultural Exhibition at Chicago, I made many pleasant acquaintances, and was very kindly received at many houses. *Dr. John A. Warder* gave up his bed to me in the crowded hotel, and my friend Dr. W. D. Brincklè, one of the delegates, was particularly civil and kind. On our return we stopped in Cincinnati to visit the celebrated and wealthy

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH,

then residing in much elegance and comfort in a large mansion, the mistress of which graced her husband's table with most perfect propriety and elegance. Mr. Longworth was the first patron of Powers, the sculptor, to whom, when in Florence in 1865, I talked of his Cincinnati friend. Mr. Longworth possessed some of Powers's early works, of much merit. My

friend and correspondent, Mr. Buchanan, of the same city, gave me his photograph, with the assurance that it had been produced by a colored man, once his coachman, and prided himself on the fact! We may hope, now that emancipation has been so happily effected, to see many artists of the oppressed African race. Even when under bondage a few of them broke ground for the coming freedom, and distinguished themselves in various walks. One, an actor of Shakespeare's characters, maintained himself on the stage in England, while his fellows were worked under the lash at home.

MR. HAWSE AND GOLDSMITH'S WRITING-DESK.

It is an odd coincidence that while I am writing these pages I find it necessary and amusing to relate the following: In 1845 I was introduced, by a letter from my friend Benjamin W. Richards, to a wealthy wine-merchant in London, whose invitation to a large evening party I accepted. I was introduced to many persons, but remember the presence of a Mr. Hawse, Under-Secretary at War, whose attendance appeared to confer distinction. He was conversible, and asked me to take a look at the public wash-houses he had inaugurated, the same being a popular movement. In Forster's "Life of Goldsmith," I have just perused the following:

"Goldsmith's small writing-desk, a fragment saved from the wreck of the sale, is still (1853) in the possession of Mr. Hawse's grandson, the Under-Secretary at War, who justly values it."

The grandfather's title to be remembered is the fact that he was one of Goldsmith's physicians at the time of his last illness. See dispute about the poet's own mistake in taking Dover's powders.

PENN'S LANDING CELEBRATIONS; WITTICISMS OF JUDGE PETERS  
AND DR. CHAPMAN.

It could not have been very many years after my North River tour, and when I was beginning to emerge a little from mercantile life into society, that the association of citizens of the older families for commemorating the landing of William

Penn had its first dinner at the Washington Hall, built on Bingham's Garden lot, in Third Street above Spruce, and afterwards hired for the balls of the Philadelphia assemblies (it adjoined Bingham's grand mansion), and in Head's admirable hotel. Whether selected as croupier on account of my descent from the friend and counsellor of Penn, or for any rising merit of my own whereof I was not sensible, I could not divine, but croupier I was. Judge Peters presided. On his right was Joseph P. Norris, the elder, on his left my humble self. All then present must now be dead, and I recollect only General Cadwalader (père), old Peter S. Duponceau, Dr. Chapman, and the two gentlemen above named.

The table was long and well filled, and Madeira wine, with a little sherry, as the principal beverages, champagne not then become of common display. The waiter was Chew, who, with another colored man, Bogle, hereafter noticed, controlled the patronage of all fashionable circles. Dr. Chapman gave the first cue to our very pleasant meal by saying, "Come, gentlemen, we all belong to the *Chew* family,—let's go to dinner!"

The hereditary impression was that at the first dinner eaten by William Penn on his landing he was served with an *opossum* at the top, and at the head of this one was the said cooked animal. It continued to grace the same place for a few successive commemorations, when the Society, by the death of its *habitués*, fell into decay. My duty was to carve the traditional dish. On asking Judge Peters if he would be helped to some, he said, sharply, "No, sir! *non possum*," which passed for wit, and was handed round the table as such, for his celebrity in this line was established, and people will laugh at even small instalments.

Better humor often fell from Judge Peters. Had a record been kept it would still flow genially, but half the fun is in its spontaneity. A few gentlemen with country-seats or small farms determined to improve the Philadelphia markets, especially in the article of butter, and perhaps the celebrity of that desirable production of the dairy dates from their exertions. Reuben Haines, Roberts Vaux, and the judge were prominent



originators of the plan. I may remark that one of the arguments employed for the building of the first free bridge over the Schuylkill (the Permanent, as it was styled), was that by saving the ferriage-money to the farmers, and the time it took to ferry over, butter and eggs, etc., would become cheaper. The Agricultural Society, still in existence, was formed, and all went to butter-making. The judge was the first in the market with his improved article, but it was all seized as short of weight. The market-man was advised to get his scales and weights adjusted. They were left at the proper office for the purpose, and most opportunely came home when the judge was entertaining the Society at dinner, under his hospitable roof at Belmont, now in the Park. "Bring them," said the host when the waiter whispered the news in his ear, and in they came, marked with capitals, "C. P.," for Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, an evidence that they were now correct. Mr. Peters, taking one up, said, in his happy manner, "Ah! they have found me out, and have labelled my weights C. P. for *Cheating Peters!*"

But the real and acknowledged wit of this and long succeeding years was

*Professor Nathaniel Chapman*, whose happy efforts in this way were always current, always recurring, and in all mouths, especially those of the medical students, who never failed to leave his class-room with some new and capital hit to recount. As specimens are better than descriptions, one or two may as well be recorded. Very sick at one time, Dr. Chapman attended me. Coming in on a Sunday morning when I needed cheering up, to the usual question, "How are you to-day?" I replied, "Very weak." "That cannot be," said he, "for this is not a week day!"

Attending with Dr. Dunglison in the funeral procession of Commodore Isaac Hull, Dr. Ruschenberger was relating some symptoms of the commodore's illness, stating, among other things, that he suffered from a partial regurgitation of food. At the instant there was a halt, and Dr. Dunglison remarked, "Analogous to rumination." Dr. Chapman, who was next be-

hind, heard this remark, and exclaimed, "Dunglison, if the old sailor had heard you say that he would have jumped straight out of his coffin, for he was never *cowed* in his life!"

In attendance with Dr. Morris on the venerable Bishop Moore of Virginia, who was very ill in Philadelphia, Chapman called one morning, when Morris declared the patient better, and that he had even been moved from one side of the bed to the other. "That," exclaimed Chapman, "is all wrong; a bishop should never travel on *tick*!"

At a dinner given by Nicholas Biddle, Dr. Gibson, then recently returned from a visit to Paris, was speaking in praise of the Parisian surgeons. Dr. Chapman said, "Gibson, you know the Frenchmen will lie, and now you *re-lie* upon them!"

Bloomfield McIlvaine, consulting him, was told that to regain his health he must never again touch wine or any stimulant. Before going, the patient was invited to see Mrs. Chapman in the dining-room, where the sideboard displayed the usual decanters. "Come, Bloom," said our Esculapius, "take a glass of wine." "But, doctor, you have interdicted it." "Ah! yes," was the quick retort, "but *that was in the office*!"

#### A PERSONAL SUMMARY.

I could tell you, too, of the genial and unsophisticated Dr. Darlington, the botanist, and author of the "Life of Bartram," a book I recommend to your perusal. Of Reuben Haines, the enthusiast of the Academy, and friend of McClure and all men of science. Of my schoolfellow, Dr. Gouverneur Emerson, now nearly eighty years of age, and looking younger than many at sixty, an ingenious practitioner, amateur farmer, writer, speaker, and translator. Of Sully, the able and now venerable artist and genial gentleman. Of Dr. J. K. Mitchell, with whom I united in purchasing the celebrated Automaton Chessplayer, burnt up in the fire at the museum, and in which my son Lloyd played the inside check-mater. Of Dr. James Rush, who left a million of dollars, under absurd restrictions, to the Philadelphia Library. Of Thomas Biddle, the consul-general to India and to Cuba, and now minister-resident at St. Salvador, with five orphan chil-

dren, their mother, as well as their father, our well-beloved friend. Of Thomas U. Walter, the architect of the capitol at Washington, who, oddly enough, is alluded to by Allibone in his great "Dictionary of Authors" thus only,—“See Smith, John Jay, *supra*.” Of Allibone himself, who has made much of my publications, and who asked me facetiously who we John Smiths considered the head of that numerical house! Of Moses Thomas, the first publisher of Washington Irving's Works. Of Judge Kane, and his son, the Arctic explorer, whom I knew well. Of David Paul Brown, the lawyer. Of John F. Watson, author of the “Annals of Philadelphia,” etc. Of my much esteemed friend, David Landreth (whose old father I also knew), a man whose name is a household word in most countries, and who is now enjoying a well-earned fame and a fortune, and has always been most hospitable to me and mine. He was a born gentleman. No place, among all the many I have known, is more hospitably conducted, and in few do I feel so entirely at home.

But I must control my pen, else will my copyist exclaim against the length of my jottings.

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## CHAPTER VI.

Two Characters,—Moore the Undertaker, and Bogle the Professional Waiter.

WILLIAM H. MOORE.

SOME importance is attached to the first introduction of new things, especially by writers on local topics, from little Pedlington to big Philadelphia, as they mark the coming changes. Among these none is more remarkable than the matter of undertakers and ready-made coffin warehouses. The first in Philadelphia, in this line, was *William H. Moore*, still living, 1872. He was a Jerseyman from near Trenton; and having some thoughts in advance of his trade, commenced, in Arch Street above Fifth, the business of preparing for his customers

beforehand, by keeping coffins of many sizes on hand. At first the idea was extremely repulsive to the public, and I am assured that so far did the feeling extend, that he was actually attacked and shot at for then doing what is now so universal among his co-workers. In many minds and circles this feeling extends, even to this date, to the purchase of a burial-lot before death demands it. It is a superstition of which many find it difficult to divest themselves.

In addition to the novelty of his plan, the undertaker developed some peculiarities which intensified the feeling. His manner was, and continues to be, a caricature of what grief should assume. A wife, in her great agony, might attempt the wildest hysterics, and her friends would perhaps incline to carry her away from the grave by force. But Moore would kindly interfere, and say, in his exaggerated tone, "Let grief have its way!" Again, "My aged friend, will you ride?" These, and other sayings, became bywords, and were used to recall the speaker and his duties, and they are not infrequently interlarded in certain conversations. Moore was anxious to become pecuniarily interested in Laurel Hill, but we thought it necessary to exclude all of his class. The funerals to this cemetery became the most profitable portion of his work.

#### BOGLE, THE PROFESSIONAL WAITER.

A little in advance of Moore, but for some time contemporary, was a most celebrated waiter named *Robert Bogle*, who became indispensable to all fashionable parties, balls, etc., no less than at christenings and funerals. His color was not a deep one, but his air of command was inimitable. Self-esteem and consequence were the predominant features. Nothing could exceed his importance, and though everybody, from the master who employed him to the scullion in the kitchen, was in awe of him, Bogle must be had, or the right thing, and the fashionable, had not been done. His flowing weepers, as he headed a funeral procession, were something to remember, and everybody does remember them who witnessed his important strut and air of command.

In my own house, where, soon after we were married, a large party had assembled, I had a specimen of his way. I suggested to his second colored gentleman that the fire was insufficient, but the remark reached Bogle's ear. He thereupon came up to his employer with a magisterial air of absolute ownership, with a reply which confounded me at once, that "the room is warm enough!"

A good story was current, which I know was a fact. The members of the Philosophical Society had a dinner, at which old Peter S. Duponceau presided, Bogle behind his chair. The president was getting old, and a little blind. In giving out the toasts, he read, with emphasis, "The memory of Robert Bogle." The Irish savant Robert *Boyle* was intended! Bogle stood the fire very well, no doubt thinking his time for celebrity had come! And it was certainly very near, for Nicholas Biddle wrote his celebrated "Ode to Bogle," which I preserve as a capital *jeu d'esprit*, creditable to the writer. It had great currency for a long time, and Mr. Dreer, the autograph collector, has wisely put it in print.

AN

ODE TO BOGLE.

BY

NICHOLAS BIDDLE.

July 16, 1829.

Robert Bogle, the subject of the following *jeu d'esprit*, was a well-known character in his day, and resided in "Eighth near Sansom" Street, in the city of Philadelphia. He united the vocations of public waiter and undertaker, frequently officiating at a funeral in the afternoon and at a party on the evening of the same day, presenting on all occasions the same gravity of demeanor. The term "*colorless colored man*" was especially descriptive of Bogle, as he was a very light mulatto. The "fantastic toe" was an allusion to his occasional indulgence, towards the end of an entertainment, in some of the liquids which he so decorously dispensed to the guests. "Johnson" and "Shepard" were also public waiters of only inferior fame.

PHILADELPHIA :

PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR FERDINAND J. DREER.

1865.

## ODE TO BOGLE.

DEDICATED, WITH PERMISSION AND A PIECE OF MINT-STICK, TO META  
CRAIG BIDDLE, AGED FOUR YEARS.

“Restituit rem cunctando.”—ENN. AP CICERO.

“Of Brownis and of Bogilis, ful is this buke.”—GAWIN DOUGLAS.

Bogle ! not he whose shadow flies  
Before a frightened Scotchman's eyes,  
But thou of Eighth, near Sansom, thou  
Colorless colored man, whose brow,  
Unmoved, the joys of life surveys,  
Untouched the gloom of death displays,  
Reckless if joy or gloom prevail,—  
Stern, multifarious Bogle—hail !

Hail may'st thou, Bogle, for thy reign  
Extends o'er nature's wide domain,  
Begins before our earliest breath,  
Nor ceases with the hour of death ;  
Scarce seems the blushing maiden wed  
Unless thy care the supper spread ;  
Half-christened only were that boy,  
Whose heathen squalls our ears annoy,  
If, service finished, cakes and wine  
Were given by any hand but thine ;  
And Christian burial e'en were scant  
Unless his aid the Bogle grant.

Lover of pomps ! the dead might rise  
And feast—upon himself—his eyes,  
When marshalling the black array  
Thou rul'st the sadness of the day,  
Teaching how grief may be genteel,  
And legatees should seem to feel.  
Death's seneschal, 'tis thine to trace  
For each his proper look and place,—  
How aunts should weep, where uncles stand,  
With hostile cousins hand in hand ;  
Give matchless gloves, and fitly shape  
By length of face the length of crape.  
See him erect, with lofty tread,  
The dark scarf streaming from his head,

Lead forth his groups in order meet,  
And range them grief-wise in the street ;  
Presiding o'er the solemn show,—  
The very Chesterfield of woe.  
Evil to him should bear the pall,  
Yet comes too late or not at all ;  
Woe to the mourner who shall stray  
One inch beyond thy trim array ;  
Still worse the kinsman who shall move  
Until thy signal voice approve.  
Let widows anxious to fulfil  
(For the first time) the dear man's will,  
Lovers and lawyers ill at ease  
For bliss deferred, or loss of fees,  
Or heirs impatient of delay,  
Chafe inly at his formal stay,—  
The Bogle heeds not—nobly true,  
Resolved to give the dead his due ;  
No jot of honor will he bate,  
Nor stir toward the church-yard gate,  
Till the last parson is at hand,  
And every hat has got its band.  
Before his stride the town gives way ;  
Beggars and belles confess his sway ;  
Drays, prudes, and sweeps, a startled mass,  
Rein up to let his cortege pass ;  
And Death himself, that ceaseless dun  
Who waits on all, yet waits for none,  
Now hears a greater waiter's tone,  
And scarcely deems his life his own.

Nor less, stupendous man ! thy power  
In festal than in funeral hour,  
When gas and beauty's blended rays  
Set hearts and ball-rooms in a blaze,  
Or spermaceti's light reveals  
More "inward bruises" than it heals,  
In flames each belle her victim kills,  
And sparks fly upward in quadrilles ;  
Like iceberg in an Indian clime  
Refreshing Bogle breathes sublime—  
Cool airs upon that sultry stream,  
From Roman punch and frosted cream.

So—sadly social—when we flee  
From milky talk and watery tea,  
To dance by inches in that strait  
Between a sideboard and a grate,  
With rug uplift, and blower tight  
'Gainst the red Demon Anthracite,  
Then, Bogle o'er the weary hours  
A world of sweets incessant showers,  
Till, blest relief from noise and foam,  
The farewell pound-cake warns us home.  
Wide opes the crowd to let thee pass,  
And hail the music of thy glass,  
Drowning all other sounds—even those  
From Bollman or Sigoigne that rose.  
From Chapman's self some glance will stray  
To rival charms upon thy tray,  
Which thou dispensest with an air  
As life or death depended there,—  
Wine for the luckless wretch, whose back  
Has stood against a window's crack ;  
And then, impartial, cools't in turn,  
The youth whom love and Lehigh burn.

On Johnson's smooth and placid mien  
A quaint and fitful smile is seen ;  
O'er Shepard's pale, romantic face,  
A radiant simper we may trace ;  
But on the Bogle's steadfast cheek  
Lugubrious thoughts their presence speak,—  
His very smile serenely stern  
As lighted lachrymary urn  
In church or state, in bower or hall,  
He gives, with equal face, to all  
The wedding cake, the funeral crape,  
The mourning glove, the festive grape ;  
In the same tone, when crowds disperse,  
Calls Powell's hack or Carter's hearse ;  
And gently grave, as sadly grim,  
At the quick waltz as funeral hymn.

Thou social Fabius ! since the day  
When Rome was saved by wise delay,  
None else has found the happy chance—  
By always waiting—to advance.



Let time and tide, coquettes so rude,  
Pass on—yet hope to be pursued.  
Thy gentler nature waits on all,—  
When parties rage, on thee they call ;  
Who seek'st no office in the State,  
Content, while others push—to wait.  
Yet (not till Providence bestowed  
On Adam's sons, McAdam's road),  
Unstumbling foot was rarely given  
To man or beast when quickly driven ;  
And they do say,—but this I doubt,  
For seldom he lets things leak out,—  
They do say, ere the dances close,  
His, too, are “light, fantastic toes.”  
Oh, if this be so, Bogle ! then,  
How are we served by serving men !  
A waiter by his weight forsaken !  
An undertaker overtaken !

*L'Envoi.*

Meta, thy ripper years may know  
More of this world's fantastic show ;  
In thy time, as in mine, shall be  
Burials and pound-cake, beaux and tea ;  
Rooms shall be hot and ices cold,  
And flirts be both, as 'twas of old.  
Love, too, and mint-stick, shall be made,  
Some dearly bought, some lightly weighed ;  
As true the hearts, the forms as fair,  
And equal joy and beauty there ;  
The smile as bright, as soft the ogle :  
But never—never such a Bogle !

## CHAPTER VII.

## INSTITUTIONS I HAVE BEEN CONNECTED WITH.

Woodlawn Cemetery—Greenwood Cemetery—Fairmount Park and its Extension—  
The Girard Life and Trust—The Loganian Library.

My family will inherit some three hundred shares in the

## WOODLAWN CEMETERY,

near New York. In the foundation of this much-needed institution I took the following part. A very respectable elderly clergyman, *Rev. Dr. A. Peters*, grown a little too old to occupy the pulpit, saw very plainly that the time had arrived when it was no longer desirable, or even practicable, for the greatly extended city of New York to attend funerals at Greenwood, on Long Island, going down crowded Broadway, and crossing a ferry with a cortège of carriages sometimes so long as to require two ferry-boats to convey the whole number across the river. He sought, and found, three contiguous farms, some fourteen miles out, on the Harlem and New Haven Railroad, which were admirably adapted to the purposes of a rural cemetery. A popular man among a wealthy mercantile class, he demonstrated the value of his project, and received many approving words. On the faith of these he secured, for one year, the refusal of the land at the low price of about two hundred and fifty dollars per acre.\*

The talking up of his project too often ended in the revocation of promises which had been made to him. By the time he had the assurance of one party, the previous one had dropped his subscription. In despair he came to my house, and stayed long enough to study the subject and receive encouragement. I returned with him to New York. We visited the locality together, but lo! the period of refusal of the land had just ex-

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\* 1874. Within a year the managers have been glad to purchase ninety-five acres adjoining for twelve hundred and fifty dollars per acre. J. JAY S.

pired. With difficulty we renewed, for a short time, this right to purchase. A meeting of prominent men was called in a bank parlor. Dr. Peters stated his plans and views, but there was evident coolness toward the project. With a paper ready for subscriptions, a necessary assistance in all such matters, I made a telling speech, in which I astonished them with the fact that there was not then provision made for the interment of the people who must die in New York within the next fifty years, if they were interred ten deep, and all standing erect on their feet! I added that so satisfied was I that a new cemetery was a necessity, that I came prepared to say the stock would be taken in Philadelphia, and that the scheme should proceed, but that I thought it would be more successful if it were a New York project, and in the hands of the respectable gentlemen I saw around me. I handed out my subscription paper, signed my name for twenty thousand dollars of the small stock of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, and passed it round the table. The next signer, with apparent reluctance, put down five thousand dollars, and another ten thousand dollars. It was nearly filled up, when one or two asked to double their original sums. The thing was done.

I went home with the doctor, found his wife anxiously waiting at the head of the stairs, and, hailing her, told the story in brief, requesting her to go next morning and purchase a new dress and a piano. The thing was done, the success was rapid, and I was solicited by the originally timid one to part with my stock at three prices more than which it now commands, 1872. Unfortunately, I was induced to sell much of mine to invest in land for the same purpose nearer home. But you will find letters from Dr. Peters, saying that to me he was indebted for success. I believe the stock left will greatly enhance in value, and I trust it will be kept in the family.\* The company allowed good Dr. Peters fifteen thousand dollars of the stock for his

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\* 1875. The actuary assures me the stock can now be sold for eight times its cost, and he believes it to be worth nine for one.

In 1892 it cannot be bought for two hundred dollars.

exertions, and it has made his family rich. He died in 1871, greatly respected.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY,\*

on Long Island, was founded by my friend J. A. Perry, but for years was unsuccessful, or attracted little attention. Mr. Perry being out of business several years after Laurel Hill was a success, he determined to create a grand rural burying-place for his fellow-citizens of New York and Brooklyn, and by great ability and foresight he accomplished his object. His efforts required study of what others had done, hence he frequently called on me for advice and personal inspection of his doings, which were freely rendered. Mr. Perry adopted, as all the successive cemeteries have done, my original regulations, mostly in my own words, continued to this date, adding, however, other rules as necessity dictated.

FAIRMOUNT PARK, AND ITS EXTENSION.

*Fairmount Park* had a hard struggle for existence. When Thomas P. Cope was a member of Council, he made a vigorous effort, against great indifference to the subject, and not a little opposition to the expenditure of a small sum to purchase Pratt's celebrated country-seat at the head of the Fairmount Water-Works bay. He probably paid a part of the purchase-money himself, but that can be ascertained from the records of the period. This satisfied the ambition of our citizens, and was considered a grand thing, though no efforts of any account were made for its improvement. There it lay without protection, and thus became the loafing-place of rowdies and disreputable characters, with an occasional occupancy for a parade of military, or the assemblage of German lager-beer drinkers.

While I was editor of the *Horticulturist*, in 1857, and when this state of things had long existed, and when the gradual building of houses and manufactories on the banks of the

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\* 1876. Greenwood, so beautiful and successful, has been found so difficult by the Broadway and ferry routes, that Woodlawn is superseding it in popular estimation. Commodore Farragut's interment there gave it popularity.

Schuylkill alarmed thinking citizens for the purity of their drinking-water, a sudden and deep-seated idea entered the brains of two youngish lawyers, *James H. Castle* and *Charles S. Keyser*, who occupied offices belonging to and beside the Philadelphia Library. They indoctrinated another of our tenants, *N. B. Browne*, and passed together the autumn of 1857 in devising some method for procuring for the city the next country place, formerly of James C. Fisher, then owned by Ferdinand J. Dreer. They taxed their ingenuity to compass some plan for extension, but their ambition reached only to the few adjoining acres. Whenever they felt very bad about it, or when their enthusiasm overflowed, in their anxiety for the beauty of our surroundings and the purity of the drinking-water of the city, they walked off, doubtless at a quick pace, taking with them anybody and everybody who could be persuaded to move. Castle and Keyser were the most frequent travellers in this way. Mr. Browne was more impassable; but owning property in West Philadelphia, and residing there, he was fully prepared to urge the measure of purchasing more extended grounds. Fever heat had reached their respective temperaments, but the scheme did not progress. Nobody was disposed to put his hand into his own pocket, and as yet they had not obtained one dollar in subscription. I have no hesitation in relating what followed, nor do I ascribe to myself the credit of the working upwards that soon became apparent. These three gentlemen are all still living, March 1, 1872, and will confirm the following narrative:

*Downing* it was, who, when editing the *Horticulturist*, had either broached the first great idea of a park for New York, or had so advocated the plan as to give it shape, and enlist both wealthy and influential men. So, after much talk, and a conviction that a park for Philadelphia was an absolute necessity, the trio of gentlemen concluded that Downing's successor could accomplish what Downing was supposed to have done, and the three posted to Germantown. They found me suffering from a chronic complaint of forty years' standing, and occupying my sick chamber with all the paraphernalia of the editorial

chair, books, manuscripts, periodicals, and a litter of exchanges. What such a deputation meant I was at a loss to conceive. They were shown up-stairs, and soon their mighty topic was broached. Their enthusiasm, their absolute despair, must have vent, and as a last resort they wanted the tiny assistance of a notice in the journal I was then editing, having a circulation of only two or three thousand, and but few in Philadelphia.

After a full declaration of their woes, I remember the exact words I employed in reply, and they were these :

“Why, gentlemen, you have failed to find the right way to the public purse. Don’t ask me to put on my hat, as you have done, and go to see the ground! There is a better mode, and the ground I have known from my youth, and every nook of it. Let us here, and now, hold a meeting, report it, and adjourn to a public room in the city, to which all citizens interested in the prosperity of this community shall be invited, to consult on the best mode of acquiring a public park.”

This hint was immediately acted on. I was “called to the chair,” though I did not change my seat. . . .

The meetings were not encouraging. We had not awakened a public feeling in favor of the scheme. But I had a word of solace to communicate. The morning after the meeting in my chamber, my friend *Alfred Cope* called to inquire after my health. In a few minutes’ conversation, while both were on our feet, I said there would probably be an extension of the Park, which his father had so faithfully carried, and I asked how much he and his brother Henry would contribute. He approved, and said one thousand dollars for each.

Mr. Castle and myself soon saw Henry Cope, and after much conversation, ten thousand were finally promised by each. This was a beginning. Subscription papers were prepared, and then began the great effort to feel the depth of public sentiment, as explained, from private pockets. Alas! what uphill work it was! Mr. Castle and Mr. Keyser tramped the entire city that bleak and snowy season, with aching hearts and mortified pride at the want of patriotism, want of foresight, and all else, the certainty of tainted water, and worse. Alas! my

health required a change of climate; and leaving sufficient copy for two numbers of the *Horticulturist*, I was sent off to Cuba by my physician, so that the only subscriptions I may be said to have personally influenced were the two from the consoling Messrs. Cope.

In Cuba I received curious intelligence. All exertions and squeezing obtained little more than half enough to pay for Dreer's acres; but a happy idea struck Mr. Browne,—they would *give* the land to the city under a heavy mortgage of say one-half! No sooner said than done, and then began a serious canvassing of councilmen, who were apathetic and indifferent. The measure was introduced in Council, but was postponed by every contrivance of legislative delay, for several meetings, and it had not been carried through when I returned. Coaxing, and a feeble wail from the press, afraid to advocate the expenditure of forty or fifty thousand dollars, at last prevailed. "The bill has passed" (as Wilberforce wrote from the House of Commons at midnight, and sent it by horseback to my uncle William Dillwyn, when the anti-slavery measure freeing the thousands of West India slaves, had become a law) was the announcement when the quartette met. From this entering wedge much *management* of the public mind from every press that could be *taught*, by little and little, and persevering talent, the work has progressed until to-day all the taxpayers are greatly alarmed over the extensive addition to our city debt.

It is interesting to add, that my friends H. and A. Cope stated, in making their payment of twenty thousand dollars, that they had previously offered one hundred thousand dollars for the purpose, to the city authorities, but that it had been declined, and that they had bestowed the sum on charities, thus appropriating the amount they had designed giving away from their father's large bequest to them. This is a remembrance of a noble and generous gift, and highly to the honor of the donors.

*March, 2, 1872.*—As I write this I find resolutions of the Reform Association of this, the Twenty-second ward, asking Councils to control the expenditures of the Park Commission,

especially in regard to the purchase of more land ; and in yesterday's proceedings of the Legislature, reported this morning, there is notice of a bill being introduced to authorize the purchase of three hundred additional acres ! The Reformers have fired the first gun indicative of adverse public sentiment, which I anticipate may result in the neglect of already purchased portions, as was the melancholy case with Hunting Park, presented to Councils by my friends, relatives, and neighbors, and already neglected, and even in decay.\*

#### THE GIRARD LIFE AND TRUST.

The foundation of this very successful institution was after this wise. It came to be the fashion to have small savings institutions, which multiplied greatly. I joined one, with an office in Second Street, but it was a small concern, and its use was soon abandoned. Anxious to possess or secure a second life-insurance company, I mentioned the topic to my friend and co-director in Laurel Hill, Benjamin W. Richards (père), and we agreed to transform the small institution. A charter was obtained, the second of the kind granted in Pennsylvania, and we went into operation soon after. For many years I was much engaged in its direction. The meetings of the directors were for years held in my literary office, in Ninth Street, as it proved near to the residences of most of the managers ; but on moving to Germantown, I found the duties onerous, and resigned. The institution, so prosperous, and with a large reserved fund, has proved a valuable public benefit, and has served as the agent of the Laurel Hill permanent fund, now about one hundred thousand dollars, with integrity, as well as with profit to both institutions.

#### THE LOGANIAN LIBRARY.

Already you may have discovered that your Smith ancestors had a turn for literature. The Burlington Library owes very

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\* Hunting Park is a lamentable failure ; the gift neglected ; it was even proposed in Councils lately to rent the mansion for a drinking-saloon !



many of its earlier accumulations to my grandfather John Smith, the successful merchant and useful citizen. The original catalogue of that institution is a curiosity, which will be found among my books. It shows the rich gifts from himself and his relations. My copy is interleaved, and the cataloguing is carried on for some time in John Smith's neat handwriting.

James Logan's great gift of books and land to the public, when the time is considered at which it was designed to be given, must be acknowledged as a greater donation than Astor's to New York, for books were then rare, especially in America, and were costly and difficult of acquisition. It is interesting to his family to remember that while he designed it as a perpetual legacy, "forever," he provided that his posterity should share in its government and assist in its increase, while a descendant should have the preference as librarian, should his tastes and qualifications lead him to desire the position. Partly from pride in the descent, when the situation was vacant, I applied for the post, which incidentally includes the care of the institution to which it is attached, the greater Library Company of Philadelphia. The salary was small, but it could be increased; and then the constant access to books! The boon was at once granted by the managers and trustees, backed as I was by the Logan family, and I became custodian of both establishments, as well as their sole treasurer. You will perhaps say, at least the one or two who remember me in office, that I became something more—subject, of course, to advisers in the board and trusteeship.\*

James Logan designed the great gift to his fellow-citizens, but after signing one deed it was cancelled. Another was prepared, but he did not live to execute this. Here your great-grandfather Smith was conspicuous in advising and procuring a concurrence of the other heirs in complying with the parent's intentions. These heirs were his two sons, William

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\* See Dr. Rush's will and the allusion of his reasons for his great gift in the constant kindness and civility of the librarians; George Campbell must be meant as well as myself.

and James Logan, and John Smith and Hannah, his wife. The family of his daughter Sarah Morris, married to the speaker, Isaac Morris, did not unite in this deed, nor was it necessary; it was done by the executors, of whom J. S. was the most influential.

William Logan's daughter Sarah married Thomas Fisher, whose descendants you so well know and esteem. James, the brother of William, never married, and left his fortune among us, his nephews and nieces, etc. Dr. George Logan, and after him his son, Albanus C. Logan, were next the hereditary trustees of the library and its land. Gustavus G. Logan, oldest son of Albanus, next inherited the same office, and he appointed his brother, Dr. J. Dickinson Logan, and myself as trustees. I have held the position since 18— to the present day, 1872.

If there is something in the transmission of likings in the pursuits of successive generations, I think it will be found among the descendants of both Logan and Smith. There is a literary vein which not unfrequently shows itself. My son Lloyd succeeded me in the pleasant office of librarian, and surely we both love literature. Our tenure of office has lasted to this date, 1872, forty-three years. We have been sometimes addressed by strangers as "Hereditary Librarians."

As one of the trustees of this library, I was present to assist at the long negotiations for the reletting of the Bucks County lands to the several tenants, for the next or second period of one hundred and twenty years. In hopes of the valuation being thereby reduced, buildings, fences, mills,—all had been suffered to go to ruin. We encountered, too, the enmity or opposition of the neighbors, who did not like the character of the lease, and abused all collections of books. Untruthful testimony as to values was given and detected. Men of means and apparent respectability actually forswore themselves. At length, after much difficulty, and an appeal to Doylestown, the rent for the long period was fixed at one thousand and twenty dollars per annum, and soon the houses began to improve, fences and mills to be repaired, etc.

On this property are found immense quantities of limestone. You will see that all minerals are reserved to the use of the descendants of Logan, among whom you are. Whether limestone, so profitable to the lessees, is to be called a mineral or not, I have not ascertained; and if it were, the family is now so numerous as to make any division infinitesimal for each one.

Of the Philadelphia Library, in which I passed so many years, previous notices must suffice.

PART IV.

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## CHAPTER I.

A Retired Life; the Changes within Twenty Years—Our Germantown Home; Neighbors, Society, Correspondents, etc.—A Great Religious Void, and how it was Filled—Turning to Better Books; a Like Experience of my Father—Temperance, Now and Aforetime; What I know about it.

## A RETIRED LIFE.

A PERIOD of nearly twenty-two years in a house built by oneself at fifty, leads to the remark that what I call *part fourth* of this *mélange* seems to be almost a fourth life in leisure, independence, and comfort, and an unusual lengthening of existence. It has afforded time for a review of the past, and proved to be a period of great and unprecedented advance for our country. While living a retired life, and now and then chronicling experiences, pleasures, and sorrows, the vast influence of steam in opening up the world has steadily progressed. Three railroads to the Pacific are either finished or in progress, travel to California is a pleasant trip, in cars built for comfort and convenience by a pulling man well named *Pullman*, and a daily express, only now and then robbed by whites and Indians, is conducted with regularity by a gentleman well named *Fargo*. These great achievements appear to dwarf our former pursuits and operations. Yet Philadelphia has advanced *pari passu* with them all, and from a city of one hundred and eleven thousand inhabitants, when I knew it in 1812, it is now one of eight hundred thousand living beings to be supported and made happy. With greatly increased taxes, all seem to be prosperous, few beggars, great liberality in subscribing to institutions for the amelioration of sorrow, poverty, and suffering, and, as I believe, an advance in the spreading of the gospel. Steam, it appears

to me, is most to be memorized as the great agency for bringing Christianity to the knowledge of the heathen. It will reach them with vastly increased rapidity as intercourse is facilitated and as easy access so enormously advances. The distant Asiatic is brought to our doors. One of my grandsons is at a school where several young Japanese are studying to advantage, and showing as quick wit as any of the scholars. But history, and your own memories, will tell all this ; hence I must be contented with the few words I designed for this memoir, though they, too, will seem, at the present moment, but a twice-told tale.

I have to thank Providence for many things earthly, and am not without hope that I have belief in the saving power of Jesus Christ, the greatest joy we can experience. Especially, too, do I give thanks that for nearly fifty-two years your precious mother has been spared to you and me ; that you are all comfortably provided for with enough to make the future journey on earth less of a burden than it is to most, and am comforted by the hope that you all know the need of help from above, and are striving, according to your measure, to perform your respective duties, and that ultimately we may all be reunited as members of the heavenly choir.

#### OUR GERMANTOWN HOME.

1851-71.—To go back a little: We took our Christmas dinner, 1850, in our own house in Germantown. Having tried the experiment of passing a winter in this pleasant village, since consolidated with Philadelphia, and finding agreeable society, and our children in improving health, *Ivy Lodge*, so long our happy home, was commenced in the spring of 1850. While I was in Europe, arranging to bring over the exposition projected by Prince Albert, the mansion progressed to near completion.

We were now surrounded by the most intellectual society, both of Germantown and the city itself. Among the former I must enumerate Elizabeth and Margaretta Morris, both naturalists, the former an advanced and really scientific botanist, the

intimate and correspondent of Dr. Gray, of Cambridge, Mass., and the latter pursuing her studies and writing on insects, which she kept in glass for the purpose of describing their habits. Her papers, read before the American Philosophical Society, had a wide circulation, especially those on the Hessian fly, and the Locusts, whose habits she first published. She discovered locusts attached to all the fruit-tree roots in her own garden, and exhibited them to wondering visitors. These ladies were my relatives on the Morris side, their mother, a Willing, fresh from the court circles of Washington, and those days when fashion was more considered than religion.

In short, our surroundings, in a worldly sense, were eminently happy. We knew "everybody," and everybody knew us. Our house was the cheerful home wherein assembled, from many quarters, people of the highest refinement. Europe sent letters of introduction, and my love of horticulture brought friends from a distance. I passed through the press, at this time, two editions of Michaux's "*Sylva*," for my son Robert, who obtained the original plates, as explained in my preface to that great work, and wrote much for various periodicals. Dr. Morton died in 1851, and the property I had purchased, opposite to ours, was given up to erect a dwelling for his wife and children.

#### A GREAT RELIGIOUS VOID, AND HOW FILLED.

All this twenty years, and the long period previous, I had lived with literary, and scientific, and worldly people, and with books. Religion was almost a mystery. I saw that good people possessed something that I had not; but it seemed to me some were gloomy, in the sense that they appeared to me in youth. They had not time, of course, to extend their reading as much as I had, for their Bibles were more their study. Still, I hankered for some good thing, and vacancy required some well-spring to fill the void; but it was not until my seventieth year that this became a longing not to be set aside, and I at length exclaimed, "Oh, wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of sin and death?"

A friend and relative of my youth, whom I had been much engaged with in literary pursuits in earlier life, and whom I had expected to find full of worldly projects of advancement and profit, came to see me, and gave me an impulse to better thoughts and views. He declared himself, in language that I could understand, that his chief anxiety now was "to save his soul," and asked if I found answer to prayer! I was much struck to find this worldly friend had left the things of this world as secondary, and was striving to push forward for a better land. A change, I believe, was almost instantly wrought in me. I could see; the scales had fallen a little, at least, from my eyes, and I was able to appreciate the labors and the preaching of my son Robert and his wife, and the heavenly calm which pervaded the lives of those who had found Jesus. But I had much to learn, and much to put behind me and forget, before I could cry, in the spirit of adoption, Abba, father. To this relative I owe the first awakening. To dear Alfred Cookman, a most esteemed Methodist clergyman, and friend of my devoted son, I am indebted for spiritual help. Alfred died soon afterwards.

TURNING TO BETTER BOOKS—A LIKE EXPERIENCE OF MY FATHER.

The following little note from my sister Margaret arrests my pen. Received by the latest mail, it forms an appropriate paragraph in this history of a life which has cost me much to produce:

"March 7, 1871.

"My dear brother's thoughts on the value of Scriptures so much above that of any commentaries, or human compositions, are delightfully in accordance with what I have latterly felt on the same subject, and have brought vividly to my recollection the time when our own dear father must have been treading in the same path; for I remember how his favorite authors were gradually laid aside and the Bible (the dear old Bible, dear to me now because he so often turned over its leaves) became his sole companion. Knox he at one time greatly valued, but *which* writer of that name I do not know. I think 'Paradise

Lost' was once read by him after all but the Bible had been laid aside; and years after I lost him, I found a page turned down in his usual manner, a leaf folded lengthwise of the page, probably the last place he had read in it, and I tried a long while to keep it so, but believe it is now lost. Had he seen some of the fine authors we now have, how much he would have appreciated them! 'Christ and the Scriptures,' by Adolph Saphie, must, I think, please any lover of the Bible."

TEMPERANCE—NOW AND AFORETIME; WHAT I KNOW ABOUT IT.

A glance at the preceding pages will assist in showing how prevalent intemperance was in the early part of the century. It reached every circle, more or less, and the poorer uneducated portion even of the Quakers were not without "frightful examples." The best description of the evils of intemperance is given by a friend of my own, thus:

"To the intemperate they are self-reproach, mental anguish, enfeebled intellect, brutalized passions, poverty, crime, infamy, disease, despair, madness, and death; to their dependent families, shame and mortification, withered affections, blasted hopes, misery and want, reproaches and violence, in fine, disgust, loathing, and unspeakable wretchedness; to the public, bad example, neglected duties, violated laws, the streets filled with beggary, and the courts with offenders, crowded almshouses and prisons, the industry of the country burdened and oppressed, and the general morals vitiated, public virtue degraded, and the very foundations of government weakened and endangered."

That there has been a change for the better since my early youth, none can deny, though the evil is still of enormous dimensions. Gentlemen used to take much wine of the purest kind. Madeira, which was bought by the pipe at two to two and a half dollars the gallon, was the general favorite. Much was taken at and after dinner, with comparatively little bad effect. Rhine wine was introduced later, and a Hock Club of diners together imported it by the hogshead, and became quite connoisseurs. I knew them all more or less intimately, and have often partaken of their favorite beverage in company with them.



The experiment, I was led to believe, was not a success as regards health, though one or two have survived to old age.

For myself I early remarked that my ancestors had generally died young, and, under the influence of much older gentlemen than myself, was habitually, though not at all to inebriety, an indulger at dinners, etc., of sound Madeira, under an impression that my predecessors had lived too low, according to the strict letter of the law of the sect. Whether this change from entire abstinence has contributed to the longer life I have passed, compared with father, grandfather, and brothers, not to go farther back, it would be impossible to say.

But I agree with Dr. G. B. Wood, whose admirable essay is quoted above, that the evils of intemperance may be greatly traced to the use of distilled, rather than of fermented drinks. At sixty I indulged a little in the article of distilled whiskey, or perhaps brandy, but I soon found its evils predominated over its benefits or enjoyment, if, indeed, either such exist. And I now leave it on record, that total abstinence, practised for a long time, leaves me a confirmed apostle of the temperance cause in its very strictest aspect. A clearer head, and less drowsiness, are great attainments. I may only add an original remark. Forced, for a long period, to the employment of artificial teeth set in gold, I was never able to keep the valuable metal clean and bright, even with the utmost care, until the use of wine of all kinds, beer and whiskey, was entirely abandoned. Now the gold, as if in sympathy with the effort, is always bright, the result, no doubt, of a cleaner stomach, and a convincing argument in favor of refraining, of itself sufficiently forcible to induce similar effort. The economy, too, is great, and I can devote so much the more to charitable objects.

## CHAPTER II.

Life at Germantown—My Third Trip to Europe—A Route Suggested—Introduction to the Lloyd Family in England—Life of Lindley Murray.

## LIFE AT GERMANTOWN

HAS been passed in domestic peace. Though unable, of late, to visit extensively, and, if able, having a preference for home and the pleasing employments of literature, with occasional contributions to the press, the reading of papers before the Historical Societies of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, study, gardening, and superintending the very successful cemeteries, numerous visits to hospitable country gentlemen during the horticultural period, etc., have filled the round of lengthened years. Children growing in grace, and in public regard, and coming grandchildren—with all this as full a measure of human happiness as to me seems possible, has been enjoyed:

“Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,”

has been my portion, thankfully to be registered.

## MY THIRD TRIP TO EUROPE.

In 1865, the great struggle between the North and the South being ended by the surrender of General Lee, I invited my dear wife and daughter to accompany me to Europe, for a third expedition to the seats of high civilization, being myself desirous of seeing Italy, not previously explored, owing to an illness at Geneva and the dangers of the climate. “We were too late for Rome,” said my skilful physician at Geneva.

This journey offers nothing of very special interest. It possessed the novelty of a first sight of Europe, its antiquities and arts, to my wife and daughter, and Ellen Waln, our acceptable companion; but being one of simple enjoyment, in the usual path of travellers, and without special object of business of any kind, it was a great relaxation from the monotone of regular human life. A good tenant for our house we found in

the Hon. Joseph R. Ingersoll, lately American Ambassador to England, who gave us a general circular letter, not used, and we left home without anxieties. Starting in a new steamer of the French line, stopping at Brest, we landed at Havre and proceeded to Paris. Here our stay was brief, as we were anxious to see Italy before the season was too far advanced. But the principal objects of interest were visited, and the necessary shopping entered upon and successfully accomplished. Thence to Fontainebleau, which too many Americans neglect. It is on the route to Lyons and Marseilles, and is well worthy of a visit for its intrinsic beauty and its historical associations.

I have already given, in the two published volumes of the "Summer's Jaunt," my first impressions of Europe, and I do not feel that a successor is needed. First impressions are the strongest. The second and third views are less and less impressive, for the eye and the mind have become accustomed to antiquity, and in that the first charm consisted. A lady at a German watering-place asked an American who had been praising her own country, perhaps too much, "Why, if the United States possesses such wonderful attractions, so many left it for Europe?" The reply is worthy of record, and tolerably true, however sharp, "That we went over to see their *past*, and not their *present*."

This voyage and journey was attended by no mishap of consequence. We enjoyed the novelty of the French steamer's accommodations and service, which were excellent, and on our return in the Cunard line, on board the "Scotia," had an opportunity to contrast the manners of the two nations. Of all the cities visited, Venice struck us most as worth studying for its curious location, arts, and habits. The Austrians, soon to be dispossessed, were in authority there.

The voyage from Marseilles to Leghorn, in full view of the Mediterranean coast, was especially enjoyable on a fine sunny day, with the sea in its calmest mood; not, however, all agree, equal to the more fatiguing cornice road along its multifarious hills, promontories, and cultivated valleys. We were not in the season usually employed for Italian travel, and thus had the

hotels much to ourselves, in one instance the landlord opening house to receive us, with our courier, James McDougall, whom we took in Paris, and who continued with us until discharged in London. James was a Canadian, half Indian and half black, and about the color of the Italians, with whom he passed muster as a white man. He had served many parties, and was fluent enough in English, French, Italian, and German, having also a sprinkling of Dutch. As a courier he was extremely useful, and we believed him honest. He saved your father a vast amount of vexation in the baggage and hotel line. He had lived in most of the cities of the Continent, and was as good a guide in Florence or Venice as anywhere, and could scold the natives in their own vernacular.

#### A ROUTE SUGGESTED.

The following route offers great attractions. We successively visited Paris, Fontainebleau, Lyons, Marseilles, Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, Florence, Nice, Venice, Verona, with its grand Roman amphitheatre, Bologna, etc., etc., crossed the Alps *in vetturino* to Mont Blanc, Geneva, and also the principal Swiss scenes, to Heidelberg, Cologne, Dusseldorf, to Holland, Amsterdam, etc. From Holland to the English coast, landing from a poor steamer at Harwich, a short distance only from Ipswich and my connections there, the family of Richard Dykes Alexander, married to the eldest daughter of my uncle William Dillwyn; thence to London, Birmingham, Leamington, Kenilworth, etc., Abbotsford, Edinburgh and the English Lakes, Lancaster, and to Liverpool, where our final purchases for home were completed, and with a visit to the delightful family of my friend Charles Edward Rawlins, our successful trip and safe return were happily completed.

This will be the proper place in which to relate

#### MY INTRODUCTION TO THE LLOYD FAMILY.

We had long known that our ancestor, Thomas Lloyd, the first Governor of Pennsylvania under William Penn, had parted with an only brother, when their Quakerism led to persecution

and confiscation of their estates in Wales, their property being Dolobran. But though we knew the Lloyds, bankers and iron-masters of Birmingham, England, were blood-relations, no intercourse had taken place, until a well-esteemed preacher of the Society of Friends, Anna Braithwaite, visited, with great acceptance, this country. She alluded to our relationship; but, engaged in business pursuits, my attention had not been much drawn to family history or genealogy, nor was it until I had attained to fifty years of age. She became our friend, however, and when the Hill book was printed, I forwarded her a copy. It fell into the hands, *in transitu*, of *George Braithwaite Lloyd*, banker of Birmingham, a lover of family story. Not knowing anything of his American relatives, he here found, at the close of the volume, the printer's name. To him he wrote to ascertain if a copy could be procured. This letter was at once sent to me, and though only a hundred copies had been printed, and these mostly distributed to the family here, I offered to procure two or three, as requested. These I succeeded in obtaining, and a very pleasant intercourse resulted.

His letter of acknowledgment enlarged upon his love of family history, of his pleasure at finding his long-lost American relatives, and emphasized the thought that when any descendants of Thomas Lloyd came to England, they must come to him—he would not ask whether they were first or fifty-first cousins, etc., and relating the even tenor of the Lloyd family since the separation of our common ancestors, always in “the middle rank,” as the English express it, but always respectable; the well-known bank, of nearly two hundred years' standing, constantly maintaining as good credit as the Bank of England, and never having failed.

I now gave letters of introduction to two or three of my nephews, who were treated as relatives, and with the kindest hospitality, but we did not meet until 1865, when my wife and daughter, and Ellen Waln, also a descendant of Thomas Lloyd, were received at G. B. Lloyd's pleasant home in the character of relatives. This recognition, I have reason to believe, was agreeable to both—to all of us. In his lovely wife my own

found a friend, and a regular correspondent thereafter, so that the lost were found. Very many Americans may have done likewise; but so numerous are they who fail to discover their English connections, either from broken intercourse or from lapse of time, that I take pleasure in recording these agreeable incidents.

It is gratifying to be able to add that an intercourse was thus opened between my grandson Albanus and G. B. Lloyd's only son, by the interchange of courtesies in the collection of postage stamps, a boyish fancy which attracted them both.\* There is every encouragement to hope and desire, that in future times these kindly recognitions may lead to more frequent interchanges of cordial intercourse between the long-separated members of our ancient family.

The British Association for the Promotion of Science was sitting at Birmingham when we were there. My wife, less fatigued than myself, was desirous of seeing the savans in session, paid a guinea for a membership and admission, saw Sir Roderick Murchison preside, and met other celebrities. All the respectable inhabitants of Birmingham seemed to be greatly interested in these meetings.

As we are now among our English connections, I will here insert the story of the

#### LIFE OF LINDLEY MURRAY.

It would be a dangerous experiment, as I have experienced, for an American to tell an Englishman, at his own fireside, that my wife's uncle, *Lindley Murray*, of New York, taught England her grammar! Yet to a great extent he did so, and simplified and popularized its rules, and thus brought it into an element of general education.

His name, and that of his partner in life, were household words in the family of my wife long after our marriage. Their correspondence was a link between the two countries, much as that of the Dillwyn family's was in my own. Regular letters

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\* Later on, an interchange of wedding gifts, great congeniality having been discovered when John Henry Lloyd visited at Ivy Lodge.—E. P. S.









My dear Nephew  
and Niece

\* \* \* \*

My wife joins me in tender regards to you, and to them. - Remember us both affectionately to your dear father Pearsall, and all his children, and, as occasion offers to our relatives at Rahway and New Cornwall - My Hannah desires me to say, that your letters are very acceptable, and that she hopes you will continue them, if she does not equal them in number.

Farewell, dear Robert & Elizabeth.  
I remain your affectionate uncle  
Robert & Elizabeth Pearsall, Lindley Murray  
New York.



passed, and kept the exiles posted touching the relatives in New York, while the pens of Hannah Murray and her husband were often employed in imparting the information of the day. Great interest was felt here in his very successful literary works, and here also they were extensively introduced in schools, their printing being profitable to the Collins publishers.

Lindley Murray was the son of a respectable gentleman who owned, among other things, a mill at Swatara, Pennsylvania. He was the eldest of twelve children, and was the last survivor of them all, though a sad invalid for many years before his death, being, in fact, the sickly one of the family. His disease was a softening of the muscles, which for sixteen of his last years confined him almost to one chair. He wrote, in his later life, an autobiography, by request of a female friend named Elizabeth Frank, and she continued the story. He thus expresses a difficulty which I also have experienced :

“It is always a delicate point to speak or to write, properly, concerning one’s self. But as I have been persuaded to undertake a work involving the difficulty, I must accommodate myself to it as well as I am able. Being at once the subject and the narrator, it will not be possible to prevent very frequent recurrence to the obnoxious pronoun.”

His father was of an enterprising spirit, and engaged successfully in commerce, removing to New York, where one of his sons, John Murray,

The future grammarian was in youth of very active habits. Placed at a good school, his father, as he thought, punished him unjustly, and he went off alone, at fourteen, and established himself at a school in Burlington, New Jersey, where, by a singular accident of truthfulness, on his part, he was discovered and brought back. His father was anxious he should follow his own successful business, but he desired a literary profession, and studied law in company with John Jay, the same who was executor of Dr. Franklin, with my uncle Henry Hill, and for whom he ever entertained a warm attachment. He was successful at the bar ; but the war of the Revolution caused a failure of proceedings in the courts of law. He married, in the

mean time, Hannah Dobson, sister of my wife's grandmother Pearsall. They were the daughters of an independent old gentleman well known in New York, remarkable, even in the street, for the neatness of his dress. He was distinguished also for his gentlemanly character. He died aged about ninety-three years, when my wife was ten or twelve years old, and she was often with him at her grandfather Pearsall's. I have no other particulars respecting him.

Lindley Murray was not long afterwards attacked by his life-long disease, and, by advice, chose the climate of Yorkshire, England, to which he removed in 1784, with sufficient means of his own to purchase a most comfortable house and some land, at Holdgate, half a mile outside of York. He determined, on principle, to decline the pursuit of wealth, and to devote a great part of his time, in some way or other, to the benefit of his fellow-creatures. For some years he rode out daily, for the benefit of his health. Not having sufficient muscular strength to get into the carriage by the usual method, he effected it by means of a board laid nearly level from the garden-gate to the carriage-step, that being the full extent of his powers. This excited the curiosity of persons passing at the time, and, as he says, "gave rise to strange surmises and to some ridiculous stories."

In my flying visit to York in 1845, I bethought me of my wife's uncle and aunt, and enquired of the verger of the Cathedral if he knew him. "Oh! yes," said he, "an American, who had made a vow never to set foot on English ground, and he never did." This curiously illustrates Lindley Murray's own remarks on the absurd rumors that prevailed.

His first publication was an edition of five hundred only, of "The Power of Religion on the Mind," etc., which he sent gratuitously, and anonymously, to the principal inhabitants of York, for the purpose of arresting their attention to a religious life. It was well received, and a new edition called for, and printed in London. He continued to amend and enlarge it. I have now before me the *eighteenth* edition, elegantly bound, presented by the author to my wife's father. It is a work

of singular merit, calling up a cloud of witnesses from among the greatest minds that ever lived, to testify that they derived comfort and peace, not only in their lives, but in their dying hours, from a reliance upon God and a Saviour; in short, that there can be no peace, here or hereafter, without religion. The work has exerted a powerful influence on many minds. So much have I valued it of late, that it appeared to me I should do good service in the best of causes by reprinting it, with some modern instances. On enquiry, however, I find it is republished and always for sale, by the "New York Yearly Meeting of Friends," out of the proceeds of the Murray Fund, hereafter mentioned, and that it is issued at a price within the reach of all.

Murray's Grammar, originally prepared for a small school at York, attracted public attention, and he continued its revision and enlargement until it arrived at the dignity of a volume for gentlemen's libraries. His English Reader, Sequel, etc., followed with equal success, and he was kept very busy with new editions. He says :

"It was my early determination that if any profits should arise from my literary labors, I would apply them, not to my own private use, but to charitable purposes, and for the benefit of others. My income [it was about three thousand dollars, says his biographer] was sufficient for the expenses of my family, and to allow a little to spare, and I had not any children to provide for."

His bookseller bought his copyrights at a low price. For the Grammar, Exercises and Key, he received £700; Abridgment, £100; English Readers, £300; Introduction, £200; Spelling-Book, £500, etc. Other copyrights were presented to the bookseller. The entire profits, by his will were bequeathed to the New York Yearly Meeting, and this gift is still well known as "*The Murray Fund*." The last annual report of its condition is before me. It now amounts to forty-five thousand dollars, and is safely invested, yielding four thousand one hundred and thirty-one dollars and seventy-four cents. This is expended sometimes in printing his and other books, and the remainder is

given away to charitable uses in sums of one hundred dollars, fifty dollars, and twenty-five dollars. The Prison Association, the Freedmen, the Peace Society, the Colored Mission School, Home for the Friendless, etc., share in this munificent bequest, and his good works will live most usefully after him. Mrs. Murray had it in her power to leave some money to her poorer relatives in New York, and many of his books came also. We possess a select few.

The success of Lindley Murray's literary labors, up to that time, was unprecedented in the annals of literature. The good they have done is incalculable. The moral to be drawn is, that he supplied an unsupplied want, with care, judgment, and fervent prayer. Up to 1826, the Abridgment of the Grammar had reached its *ninety-second* edition, often of ten thousand each, and others vary from *thirty-fourth* downwards. The American editions were also enormous. It may be doubted whether Dickens himself, the prince of great editions, ever gave so much employment to the press, and how different the influence on the mind! It is uncertain whether the expression, "the King's English," or "Lindley Murray's," as applied to the language, is the more universal. He was also a French scholar, and published with success *Le Lecteur Français*, which also passed through many editions.

My wife had been so interested in her uncle's career, that in 1865 we tarried in York, and the party sallied out on foot to view the house he had occupied. Purposely, on the way, questions were asked where was Lindley Murray's home. The common people thus applied to, all knew and pointed the route. The mansion was much as when he left it, and was occupied by a most estimable Quaker family, that of James Backhouse, an esteemed preacher of the Society, a well-known author of travels in Australia and Africa. On making it known that we were Americans, and in search of an uncle's former home, the most cordial reception was extended, and a friendship formed with one of the ladies, Sarah Backhouse, which continues to afford my wife a very pleasing correspondent. The male occupants, father and son, were horticulturists, cultivating most

successfully the finest and rarest plants for sale. Their fernery is considered the finest in Europe. All this was of great interest to us, and I became a customer for their products, to transfer to America. One specialty was a hundred grafted or standard roses, which do well here for a few years, but are not permanent.

But the story, as a family one, would be incomplete without some account of the wife, who, it will be remembered, was an American and a New Yorker. The correspondence with her family is very much chit-chit, but we get her character sufficiently from the biographer of her husband. She says :

“Mrs. Murray was not a showy woman, nor particularly literary. (She may be said to endorse this, for the volume is a presentation copy, thus inscribed: ‘Hannah Murray to her beloved nephew and niece, Robert and Elizabeth Pearsall’.) But she possessed a solid understanding, great firmness of mind, and a particularly kind disposition. To the poor and afflicted she is, in a high degree, liberal and compassionate. By her skill and prudence in the management of her household affairs, she relieved her husband from all care or anxiety on those subjects. She was most tenderly attached, and even devoted, to him; always preferring his gratification to her own. Her aged and beloved father, and a large circle of relatives and friends, she freely left to accompany her husband to England. For the many years after she came into this country, she still called New York her home, but she never requested or wished him to return.”

She was a useful assistant in every good word and work, and survived him some seven or eight years, at the same pleasant home near York.

As remembered by my wife, the character of her grandmother Pearsall resembled, in a great degree, that of her sister Murray. Her devotion to her husband was equally persistent and amiable. Some one says that husband-worship is again coming into fashion. If so, these ladies would form models of imitation. I esteem it a favor and a privilege that you and I, through your mother, should have been connected with two such good, and great, and eminent men as Stephen Grellet and Lindley Murray.

## CHAPTER III.

## OUR GOLDEN WEDDING.

AGAIN settled in a delightful home, April 12, 1871, proved our union to have lasted for *fifty years*. The rarity of such duration marks the shortness of the average stay on earth. Where there are *two* to survive for half a century beyond the marriageable age, there are, of course, two opportunities, or, as some would say, "chances," against the attainment of such a result. Comparatively few married persons reach old age together. The event seemed to require commemoration—at least so our children thought, and a *golden wedding* was determined on.

There were not many examples of how such a ceremony should be conducted. Neither my wife nor myself had ever been invited to one, and so we determined to improvise a plan of our own. It consisted in inviting our nearest relatives within certain boundaries, and a few of our most intimate friends. Within many restrictions to prevent the number from exceeding reasonable limits, this extended to over two hundred. The house was enlarged for the occasion by enclosing the piazza, and friends and neighbors contributed largely of flowers. Among the gifts of the latter, our numerous working hands at Laurel Hill contributed by sending very remarkable bouquets. One attached Irishman, long in my employ, brought his only pocket-piece, a "golden guinea," which, with an awkward explanation, was of course declined. Some of our friends, too, thought they were to send golden gifts that we had not anticipated. The neighboring gardens lent large and beautiful plants. These, with our own lemon- and orange-trees, made indeed a fairy scene. The preparations for a good meal were, without limitation, under the direction of a generous caterer, the successor of the famous Bogle.

All this our children will remember. But some grandchildren



were so young that this recounting may be all but new to them, especially young Master W. Wilson and Rachel P. Smith, then in almost infancy. The former said he enjoyed the wedding, but thought there were too many black men present, meaning the bevy of waiters. A few stanzas written by a lady friend for the occasion were sung by our four children and their three wives, assisted by eight grandchildren, with two under that name adopted by Lloyd and Robert, viz. Sally Harlan and Eva.

I had provided, with the aid of our nephew, Charles Mortimer Morton, a good bowlful of golden dollars, coined for the occasion by favor of the Mint, with the date of 1871, and these furnished about a handful for each of my children and daughters-in-law, with specimens for the youngsters, which I found were mostly pierced afterwards to wear as remembrances.

Our original certificate of marriage was re-endorsed by one hundred and fifteen of the persons present, which fifty-years-old document, see in good preservation.

### LIST OF PERSONS

INVITED TO JOHN JAY AND RACHEL P. SMITH'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

*April 12, 1871.*

Mary Pearsall,  
Daniel B. Smith,  
Charles S. Folwell,  
Samuel Hilles,  
Margaret H. Hilles,  
Lloyd P. Smith,  
Hannah E. J. Smith,  
Elizabeth P. Smith,  
Robert Pearsall Smith,  
Hannah Whitall Smith,  
Horace John Smith,  
Margaret Longstreth Smith,  
Frank Whitall Smith,

Mary Bringhurst Longstreth  
Smith,  
Albanus L. Smith,  
Wilson Longstreth Smith,  
Mary Whitall Smith,  
Lloyd Logan Smith,  
Alice Whitall Smith,  
Rachel P. Smith, Jr.,  
Isaac Collins,  
Elizabeth E. Collins,  
J. C. McCrea and wife,  
Joseph S. Lewis and wife,  
Charles Mortimer Morton,

Robert P. Morton,  
Julia J. W. Morton,  
Frederic Collins,  
Letitia P. Collins,  
William S. Hilles,  
Sarah L. Hilles,  
Margaret Stewardson,  
Elizabeth C. Collins,  
Laura Collett,  
Israel Morris,  
Elizabeth C. Morris,  
Mary Anna Longstreth,  
Susan Longstreth,  
Charles W. Howland,  
Gulielma M. Howland,  
John S. Hilles,  
Sarah T. Hilles,  
Margaret Robinson,  
Lloyd Mifflin,  
Alexander Proudfit,  
Anne Couper Proudfit,  
John M. Whitall,  
Mary Whitall,  
William W. Longstreth,  
Ann W. Longstreth,  
Henry Longstreth,  
William C. Longstreth,  
James A. McCrea, M.D.,  
Mary McCrea,  
Hannah L. Wister,  
William Wynn Wister,  
Robert R. Porter, M.D.,  
James Whitall,  
Mary C. Whitall,  
Percival Collins,  
Sarah A. Collins,  
Thomas U. Walter,  
A. G. Walter,  
Abby S. Folwell,

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Perry,  
John Jordan, Jr.,  
Jane Jordan,  
Elliston P. Morris,  
Martha C. Morris,  
Benjamin R. Smith,  
Hetty F. W. Smith,  
Francis Pearsall,  
William Pearsall,  
Hannah M. Pearsall,  
A. W. Pearsall,  
Mary Pearsall, Jr.,  
Sallie Harlan,  
Thomas Stewardson, Jr.,  
Meta H. Stewardson,  
M. R. D. Smith,  
Isaac C. Jones, Jr.,  
Sarah W. Jones,  
William R. Dunton, M.D.,  
Elizabeth R. Fisher,  
James E. Rhoads, M.D.,  
Margaret E. Rhoads,  
David Landreth,  
Oliver Landreth,  
William H. Nicholson,  
Sarah W. Nicholson,  
John R. Tatum,  
Lucy R. Tatum,  
Charles M. Morris,  
Anthony M. Kimber,  
Margaret C. Kimber,  
Mary R. Haines,  
William Wister,  
Sarah Logan Wister,  
John Dickinson Logan, M.D.,  
Susan W. Logan,  
William E. Whitman,  
George Maurice Abbot,  
Alfred M. Collins,

Hannah E. Collins,  
E. F. Rivinus, M.D.,  
Lydia J. Wistar,  
Moses Brown, Jr.,  
Mary W. W. Brown,  
Elizabeth J. Henry,  
Charlton T. Henry,  
Theodosia B. Henry,  
Rebecca Embree,  
Eleanor Pearsall,  
Henrietta and Eleanor H. Pearsall,  
Sarah H. Coates,  
Josiah and Maria S. Reeve,  
Richardson S. Reeve,  
R. Buchanan, Cincinnati,  
Mr. and Mrs. Howard Richards,  
Benjamin W. Richards,  
James and Sarah Constable,  
Rebecca Collins,  
Charles and Emily E. Dawson,  
Hon. Horace Binney,  
Mrs. James Montgomery,  
Rebecca M. Montgomery,  
Rebecca White,  
Sarah Walker,  
Thomas H. Montgomery,  
Anna M. Montgomery,  
Dr. Thomas G. Morton,  
Anna Kirkbride Morton,  
Mr. and Mrs. George B. Lloyd,  
Hannah S. Murray,  
Mary Anna Wood,  
Sarah F. Underhill,  
George B. Wood, M.D.,  
Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Morris,  
George W. Morris, M.D.,  
Mrs. W. H. Morris,  
Misses Waln,

Mrs. G. G. Logan,  
Hon. Thomas Biddle,  
Miss Ann Chew,  
Elizabeth Johnson,  
Mary E. Turnpenny,  
Joseph P. and Mary Smith,  
Caldwell and Elizabeth Rivinus,  
Mary E. and Algernon Morton,  
Susan S. Brown,  
Theodore S. Wynkoop,  
Professor Ed. North,  
Henry W. Longfellow,  
Lloyd W. and Mary Wells,  
Rev. A. D. Gridley and wife,  
Mrs. George Roberts Smith,  
Charles Richards, Esq.,  
Mary S. Fell,  
Susan R. Smith,  
M. and R. S. Howland,  
Anna S. Collins,  
Rachel Grellet,  
Lindley Bowne,  
Franklin and A. Haines,  
Mrs. Joseph B. Collins,  
Elizabeth B. and Charles Collins,  
Mrs. Martha Bispham,  
Stacey B. and Hannah Collins,  
Percival and Sarah Collins,  
Caroline M. and Richard M. Smith, mother and son,  
Mary Ann and Emily Collins,  
George and Susan Hunter,  
Dillwyn and Elizabeth M. Smith,  
Sarah and Elizabeth Backhouse,  
Mr. and Mrs. Rawlins,  
Anne Stephenson,  
J. Edward and Catherine Wilson,  
Arthur and Rachel Albright,  
Dillwyn and E. Sims,

Jane R. Haines,  
 William S. and Jane H. Schofield,  
 Hon. B. M. Boyer,  
 Mary Ann Morris,  
 Martha Morris, Spruce Street,  
 Joshua Francis Fisher,  
 Samuel and Hannah Rodman,  
 Margaret Vanderburg,  
 Charles J. Wister,  
 John Wister,

Mr. and Mrs. H. Winthrop Sargent,  
 Alexander W. and Mary C. Gordon,  
 Rev. Henry J. Morton,  
 P. Barry,  
 Thomas and Mary Hendrick,  
 Charlie Hendrick,  
 Samuel B. and Elizabeth Parsons.

One hundred and twenty-four were present, and one hundred and one declined, many being in England, or at a great distance. My sister Margaret's golden wedding was elegantly celebrated at her son-in-law's, C. W. Howland's, about six months thereafter.

#### LETTER FROM HORACE BINNEY.

This characteristic letter is from the oldest friend invited :

" 241 SOUTH FOURTH ST., *April 6, 1871.*

" JOHN JAY SMITH, ESQ., Germantown,

" MY DEAR SIR,—I have received the card of yourself and Mrs. Smith inviting me to Ivy Lodge on the evening of the 12th inst., the *fiftieth* anniversary of your married life! I wish, from my heart, I were able to accept the invitation! But after the mercy of Heaven has accorded to me *sixty-one* of such blessed anniversaries, and spared me to lament their discontinuance by death, for *five* annual returns of the day, my friends will, I hope, without personal presence, permit me to congratulate them on the enjoyment of so many, though a less number, without severance. May they enjoy as many more as they may wish, and as God may see fit to grant, each one of them full of happiness and thankfulness; and at the last, may all *golden weddings*, and all happy ones, tho' less enduring upon earth, be crowned with indissoluble unity and blessedness in Heaven!

" Faithfully yours,

" HOR. BINNEY."

The occasion was truly an agreeable and enjoyable one, both

to old and young, and we are told "went off" to admiration. But there was something in the event that seemed to me to mark the near end of the journey. It appeared, in fact, to be one of the last mile-stones in the pathway of life ; and, though another year has been reached to-day, I trust it was a warning to be "also ready" for the great change which comes to all. May I thankfully record that the year succeeding the event recorded above has been one, I trust, of thoughtful prayer for renewing of faith, and of desire after better things than those in which I once placed my enjoyment. Our loving children attained to a knowledge of the importance of preparation for the eternal kingdom, before their father, as I believe. I record, with willing pen, that their example, and their conformity to religious duty, have been a stay and comfort to their parents ; and when any of them shall read these lines, when we are lying low in the dust, let me entreat him or her to follow the same rule, to love Jesus as their Saviour ; to love Jesus and not to be desirous of conformity to this world, but to consider himself only a pilgrim in search of an inheritance prepared for the righteous beyond the skies.

The regrets for sins of omission which all persons must feel, when brought to examine the terms on which the great inheritance is to be obtained, may be bitter, but I am satisfied they need not be without hope. My anxious wish is that you, to future generations, may be a family of love. If you study the characters of your ancestors, you will find that, as far back as records go, they have been peaceful, and of a quiet spirit. Imitate what is good in their characters, and you may realize a confident hope of joining them in

ETERNITY.

That word remember : reflect on its enduring FOREVER, and you will be strengthened to give your powers such direction that you may reasonably hope your souls will not be lost. How brief our tarriance here is shown by the rarity of the occurrence of the period, in united lives, for occasions like that I have described, a golden wedding !

## CHAPTER IV.

## GATHERED FRAGMENTS.

Surgical Operation, and Home—Another Character of my Grandfather—John Quincy Adams on Family History—Steam Line to Europe—The Rebellion.

## SURGICAL OPERATION, AND HOME.

LOOKING back to some of my early pages, written twenty-three years ago, I find myself speaking of failing health and energy; and, though it is unpleasant to allude to one's natural history, I may be excused for stating the following facts.

Soon after the use of ether as an anæsthetic, that wonderful boon to mankind, I was able, by employing it, to undergo a surgical operation which otherwise a nervous temperament would have rendered impossible, and to receive partial relief from an almost life-long chronic complaint, which was carrying me to my grave by undermining a naturally weak constitution. The consequent improvement in physical health has been a possession little anticipated, and, on the whole, a happy and more cheerful period than any former one of my life. Leisure, congenial employment, exercise, planting, and the study of trees and nature, and a happy home—shall I not also say affectionate and good children, and charming grandchildren?—have given to life a zest which great and almost constant pain had long prevented me from realizing. It seems to me that I have lived another and a better life, and that my latter days have been the best. This period has been mainly free from business anxieties, and has been accompanied by a possession that all should aim at, the command of my own time. It enables one to adore the Creator of all things, to read, to study, to travel, to entertain friends, to visit and to reflect. Cowper says truly—

“He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,  
And all are slaves beside.”

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And in a degree it *is* a slavery to be compelled by necessity to constant labor, especially if the employment is distasteful, and when age disqualifies us for exertion.

You will see how lovingly the new liberty, anticipated by Charles Lamb, was employed by me. But I knew I must have occupation. To insure this, to the duties of President of Laurel Hill Cemetery, and its planting and direction, and recently the formation of West Laurel Hill, I added, from a desire for useful labor, a few years' duty as editor of *The Horticulturist*. I was thus enabled to gratify my tastes, and to select a circle of friends and correspondents, my well-informed contemporaries, as large as was desired.

Much of the results, hastily jotted down in previous pages, are comprised in this period, and again I visited Europe, for the gratification of others. This lengthened life seems once more commenced where so many would be glad to begin, in liberty of action, and with enough experience, perhaps, to know what life is, and continued where so many leave off, stricken down by the hand of death. I have ascertained what some one has thus happily expressed,—

“All men in a state of nature (unchristianized) must realize strongly that the highest intellectual interests, and the most laborious practical employments, leave a great vacuum still unfilled in the heart.”

I repeat the remark here, my son Robert having expressed, in one of his many widely useful tracts, that the true Christian may arrive at a state when he feels anxiety about nothing whatever, all care for the present and the future being thrown upon Jesus, the Saviour of men.

Recurring to the surgical operation already mentioned, let me add, that in a letter, which will be found in the Hill Family volume, my great-grandfather, Dr. Richard Hill, in writing to one of his daughters about her treatment, recommends what he calls “divine opium.” It is certainly entitled to a strong epithet, when we consider its wonderful usefulness. The operation referred to was followed by the united recommendation of my surgeons to employ small doses of opium as a remedy

for a chronic disease of the bowel. I very reluctantly consented, and by the use of three-quarters of a grain or less, I arrived at a much better state of health than I had enjoyed for forty years, and soon gained flesh. This amount I have never increased, but, on the contrary, have reduced it.

Wilberforce's biographer gives a similar experience of that statesman, thus,—

"His returning health was in great measure the effect of a proper use of opium, a remedy he could scarcely be made to have recourse to; yet it was to this medicine that he now owed his life, as well as to the comparative vigor of his later years."

My own experience is precisely similar, both as above and in what follows:

"So sparing was he always in its use, that as a stimulant he never knew its power, and as a remedy for his specific weakness he had not to increase its quantity during the last twenty years that he lived. 'If I take,' he would often say, 'but a single glass of wine, I can feel its effect, but I never know when I have taken my pill of opium, by my feelings.' Its intermission was too soon perceived by the recurrence of disorder."

#### ANOTHER CHARACTER OF MY GRANDFATHER.

On reaching this portion of my story I lighted on the following in Comly's edition of "Friends' Writings":

#### *"Obituary Notice*

of John Smith, by Samuel Foulke, an eminent member of Society of Richland, Bucks County, Penna.

"On the 26th of Third month, 1771, departed this life, at his house in Burlington, N. J., in the forty-ninth year of his age, that worthy friend and great and good man, John Smith, an honorable elder in the Society of Friends, and for many years clerk of the Yearly Meeting, which service he performed to the great satisfaction of Friends, while health permitted."



## JOHN QUINCY ADAMS ON FAMILY HISTORY.

John Quincy Adams, in speaking of his name of Quincy, says :

"The fact recorded by my father at the time, has connected with portions of my name a charm of mingled sensibility and devotion. It was filial tenderness that gave the name. It was the name of one passing from earth to immortality. These have been among the strongest links of my attachment to the name of Quincy, *and have been through life a perpetual admonition to do nothing unworthy of it.*"

Fortified by the example of his ancestors on both sides, his care of his reputation had a great stimulus in the study of the virtues of his ancestors.

## STEAM LINE TO EUROPE.

*August 15, 1872.*—For a long period of my life Philadelphia maintained the supremacy over New York in foreign commerce and population. At length we were obliged to give up, and, acknowledging that our rival surpassed us in both, foreign commerce abandoned our wharves. This was partly owing to the character of the people who flocked to New York, partly to our mercantile inertia, and, it may be added, to the rate of interest being greater there, which invited capital to seek a larger annual return. There were a few citizens here, however, who, remembering the times when we controlled the commerce of India and Asia, were not contented to sit lazily down, fold their arms, and be satisfied. In a humble way I was among the latter, and by pen and tongue encouraged the idea that steam was the servant which should recuperate our affairs, and that it was to be used on railroads to supersede the slow canal system, and on the ocean to conquer a slight difference between Philadelphia and New York, enjoyed by our neighbor.

The pertinacity with which these views were urged was sometimes met with an incredulous smile. But my intercourse with many thinking men, and especially with Nicholas Biddle, gave opportunity for explaining and enforcing views somewhat in

advance of others. I succeeded in convincing the President of the United States Bank, and he brought the subject before the board. An old fogey had sufficient influence in that body to have himself appointed to confer with Henry Cope, then the principal of our only line of packets to Liverpool. He at once demonstrated to his willing listener that the scheme was impracticable, or would be unproductive. He may have been right, but I never could divest myself of the idea that to consult a large ship-owner upon the merits of a rival line, which might destroy or interfere with his ships, was unwise. The measure was at once dropped; the Cope line was unable to *cope* with the New York transatlantic steamers.

Thus, too, was suffered to lapse the plan which I urged so strenuously, and with success, on the King of Belgium, for the establishment of a steam line from Antwerp to Philadelphia, to form an outlet for German merchandise and population. The latter has been, as elsewhere remarked, lately revived with some hopes of success; and this day the new steamer "Pennsylvania," to form one of a line as originally contemplated, was launched with loud anticipations and huzzas. It is under the favorable auspices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and the few real merchants left among us. Long may it prosper. With the apathy of our citizens, had it not been for the opening of our coal-fields, I verily believe that grass would have grown in our streets. Manufactures flourished, and now there seems a hope that our own Custom-House may again have the entry of our own goods, brought up our brimming Delaware.

#### THE REBELLION.

During this quiet period of my life, it seems surprising that we of the North have been living while a great war was raging in our country, one of the greatest ever known, the Rebellion of the Southern States. To the non-combatants here, we can record that it passed by *us* gently, though we were brought into sympathy with friends and neighbors whose losses of members of their families were numerous. My son Lloyd thought it necessary, when the enemy approached Gettysburg,

to shoulder his rifle and march, but happily returned to us, unscratched. But my wife's nephew, General James St. Clair Morton, educated at West Point, was killed by a rifle-shot in Virginia. With these exceptions we escaped, keeping our minds as quiet as possible, and witnessing from day to day that the Lord was not on the side of slavery.

The history of the war is already written. I need only record that *our* single great personal alarm was when the first news of Gettysburg was received, and for a short time supposed to be favorable to the success of the Southern army. My wife and her neighbors seriously contemplated the hiding of their silver and small valuables, and devised many plans for success in the operation. Happily it was not found necessary to put any of them into execution.

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## CHAPTER V.

### FAMILY CONNECTIONS.

The Pembertons, Dillwyns, and Morris—The Penn Plate—The Hills.

FROM among many omitted relatives I select the following, which may some time be of interest:

*James Pemberton* married thrice. Two of his wives were my relatives, and Israel's (1710) wife was Rachel Read, daughter of Charles Read, and sister to James Logan's wife. Thus his children were my great-grandmother Logan's first cousins.

1751.—James's first wife was Hannah, daughter of Mordecai and Hannah Lloyd, of the ancient Dolobran family.

1768.—He again entered the married state with Sarah, only daughter of Daniel and Mary Smith, of Burlington.

1775.—In this year he married the third time, his wife being Phebe, widow of Samuel Morton and daughter of Robert Lewis.

For a memoir of James Pemberton and his brother John, see Comly's "Friends' Miscellany," where will also be found many curious papers and extracts from John Pemberton's Journal.

## THE DILLWYN FAMILY,

Also, of whom the brothers William and George have already been alluded to as each marrying an aunt of mine, were not undistinguished in their day. William married my father's sister, who left one child only, Susannah, afterwards the wife of Samuel Emlen. William visited England at the period of the Revolution, and there marrying again, never returned to America. For a family tree, see Burke's "Commoners of England." His son Lewis, the naturalist, left a family, a son being now a member of Parliament, named Lewis Llewellyn Dillwyn, as previously recorded.

The distinguished philanthropist was deeply attached to his brother-in-law, my father, and frequently corresponded with him, while by various remembrances of books, etc., though separated by the ocean, then so great an obstacle to intercourse, their early friendship was continued.

William Dillwyn was intimate with both Clarkson and Wilberforce, and the friends of the African. Indeed, it appears from Clarkson's "History of the Slave Trade," that my uncle had preceded them in their great efforts for the liberation of the bondmen. Dillwyn's house was the head-quarters of the movement, which resulted in success. Consult Clarkson.

Grahame, in his "History of the United States," first edition, vol. ii. pp. 517, 518, alludes very respectfully to William Dillwyn in connection with Winterbotham's "View of the United States." His home was much frequented by the best class of Americans in London. He was the first to patronize Leslie, the artist, on his arrival in England, and in many ways was the useful member of society, both sectarian and public. The *Gentleman's Magazine*, for November 1855, contains a biographical sketch of his son Lewis Weston Dillwyn (copied in my large family records), which contains a list of his numerous works on Natural History. In early life he had been the favorite of Sir Joseph Banks. The sketch referred to carries the family back to the Conquest.

William Dillwyn was for thirty years the valued agent of the

Library Company of Philadelphia, and was a frequent donor to it.

In his correspondence with his daughter, Susannah Emlen, I found the following facetious allusion to his assisting in planting the mile-stones from Burlington to "Billy Cooper's," written in London in 1812:

"I well remember the helping to plant the nine-mile stone, when cousin Daniel Smith and I, whose department was to ascertain the proper stations, were affectedly charged with sketching the measures to the summit of the gentle acclivity which there, and in another *remarkable* instance, perhaps the fourth, were denoted. It was at the ninth mile-stone, where we stopped to partake of an ample store of nourishment, provided by our Burlington friends, that the facetious Dr. Treat continued to make a number of the neighboring peasants believe that we were preparing for the execution of a criminal, at the same time grievously complaining of the toughness of good old Elizabeth Cowgill's *excellent* chicken-pie. At no time do I remember a more cheerful labor than that measuring and planting seventeen three-eighths mile-stones, from the old courthouse before two o'clock, succeeded by a good dinner at Daniel Cooper's. It was on that occasion that the wags of the day applied to Burlington, at that time not famed for active exertion, 'Set a coward to fight and he'll do wonders!' My son Emlen may think that I adduce a proof of his doctrine that what is once committed to the memory never wholly escapes."

Burlington has always had a sort of reputation for inertness. Governor Franklin, in a note to my grandfather, which I have, says he sends him a copy of the "Idler, a book well adapted to the meridian of Burlington."

There is much on record relative to William Dillwyn not necessary to this volume; but as he has left most intelligent, respectable, and wealthy descendants, I wished to record his virtues. At some future time you may desire to know the connection with them. Dillwyn Sims, his grandson, residing at Ipswich, is a prominent member of society there, and a correspondent of myself and my son Robert and daughter Eliza-

beth. The Dillwyns of Swansea, Wales, descendants of Lewis, are highly esteemed. The British Association held a meeting at Swansea in compliment to Lewis Dillwyn, then in old age. My friend Dr. George B. Wood stayed at the Dillwyn house, and has told me much of their elegant style of living, driving four horses, etc.

Another daughter of William Dillwyn married a Mr. Jansen, head of the marine insurers of England. His daughter was at the awful siege of Lucknow, having married a clergyman attached to the army. Mr. Jansen was polite in inviting me to dine at his beautiful seat near London. His wife Sarah, or Sally, bore a striking resemblance to my good sister Rachel, though there was no tie of blood. Another daughter, Judith, was the second wife of Paul Bevan. She left no descendants. Ann, married to the wealthy banker, Richard Dykes Alexander, of Ipswich, Suffolk, was my friend and correspondent, and has been already several times alluded to. She, too, was childless.

GEORGE DILLWYN,

Brother to William, was most eminent in the Society of Friends as a much-esteemed minister and missionary. He married my great-aunt, Sarah Hill, who, on one occasion, accompanied him on a religious visit to England, where she met her long-absent Hill sisters, as recorded in her printed letters in the Hill Book, and for a year made her home with Lindley Murray's wife. He was a greatly beloved brother to my grandmother Morris, and was a house-mate in her Burlington mansion on the bank during the American Revolution. Again see the Hill letters.

The Dillwyn family had connection with Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and perhaps at one time resided there, but possessed property also in Philadelphia, Dillwyn Street now running through a farm of theirs. George had no children, and his property went to the wife of the elder Dr. Joseph Parrish, she being his niece, while my aunt's estate from the Hills was distributed among her own relatives, as was the not inconsiderable property of Milcah Martha Moore.

## LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE DILLWYN.

Written by Charles W. Thompson, who was born a Friend, but became an Episcopal minister, and who, during my youth, was a pleasant member of our circle. The lines are no less beautiful than correct as depicting George Dillwyn's character. He died on the 23d of Sixth month, 1820, aged eighty-two years.

Fully ripe, like the ear of the reaper,  
He met the pale messenger's word ;  
How sweet is the sleep of the sleeper  
Who rests in the name of the Lord !

He slumbers at length with his fathers,  
Secure from the tempests of time,  
For the storm that on earth often gathers  
Is unknown in the heavenly clime.

They have placed the cold earth on his ashes,  
They have given him up to the tomb ;  
But the light of his virtue still flashes,  
The pathway of truth to illumine.

There's joy in the grief of the weeper,  
Whose loss may above be restored,  
And sweet is the sleep of the sleeper  
Who rests in the name of the Lord !

In the ensuing Part V. you will find the story of your ancestors, the Logans, and incidentally your connection with the Fishers and others.

## THE MORRIS FAMILY.

Of the extensive Morris family, of Philadelphia, you are members. Exactly your connection will be seen by the Morris Family Tree in my possession.

## THE PENN PLATE.

The tea-service of silver, presented by William Penn to my grandmother Hannah Logan, was inherited by my elder brother

Richard, and is now in possession of his daughter, Rachel Howland, of New Bedford. I trust it will escape the fate of the Morris tankard. It has been valued at three hundred dollars.\*

#### THE HILLS.

Of the ancestry of the Hills, beyond tracing them to Annapolis, or its neighborhood, we have little knowledge. There, however, we know they were eminently respectable. At the period when slavery was not totally denounced by all Quakers, they also were slave-holders. Richard Hill's father was a large ship-owner, and his son, Dr. Richard, followed a shipping business, his reduction of fortune resulting from his vessels being captured by corsairs and pirates. There is a correspondence between the Maryland relatives and those who removed to Philadelphia, of an intimate and affectionate kind, still extant. Occasionally a little household maid or boy is sent up to aid the Pennsylvania housekeeper, as a present. In the Hill Family Book, traces of this intercourse occur. I trust you will all read this volume with attention. Its religious teachings, particularly the portions written by my grandmother Morris, are instructive. Her piety and humble dependence, under great trials, are examples of the practical effects of Christianity highly encouraging to those in affliction.

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\* It was bought by Robert Pearsall Smith, about 1888, for six hundred dollars, and in 1890 was taken over to him by his daughter Alys W. Smith and myself to England, where he now resides. Previously, before it left these shores, when Alys was visiting in England, she said to her dear friend, Miss Mary Stewart, who is a descendant of William Penn, "You know your grandfather Penn gave my grandfather Logan a piece of silver." "How mean, Alys; you know it was several pieces of silver!" This pleasant little pass between two young girls, so long after the death of their great-great-great-grandfathers, was entertaining.

E. P. S., 1892.



## CHAPTER VI.

The Gowrie Conspiracy and Logan; "Lives of the Lindsays"—Value of Family History; Laurel Hill—The Dancing Assembly Money—Judge Read—The Chew Controversy—Judge Smythe's Estate—The Hill and Franklin Papers—A French Emigré and Lord Temple; a Curious Story.

## THE GOWRIE CONSPIRACY AND LOGAN.

THERE has been some discussion between my kinsman *Joshua Francis Fisher* and myself, respecting the Scottish descent of *James Logan*. My belief is that the published and following account in Part V. is correct; but Mr. Fisher at one time believed that there is a missing link. Robert Chambers, at my instigation, attempted to clear up the difficulty, but, if I remember, failed to find the clew. It is of interest, perhaps, to mention that Rebecca Darby Smith, a descendant of Logan, has lately visited Scotland and discovered some of the family, people in good social and pecuniary circumstances, one a Writer to the Signet. They treated her as a relative, and fully believed in the genealogy as we have it.

Whether your ancestor was engaged in the Gowrie conspiracy, in 1600, by which Ruthven attempted to kill James VI., I leave you to investigate at leisure. William Logan Fisher, one equally interested, used to tease my daughter by assuring her that one of her ancestors was hung!—a fact, if it be a fact, that you need not generally promulgate without adding particulars. Certain it is, that it may serve to interest, if you ever look upon Fast Castle or see a picture of it. It was startling to me to find some old papers, still about my house, which came from Stenton, showing family relationship to the Earl of Balcarras. If this be so, then are you of distant blood-kin to the Lindsays, and may read the "Lives of the Lindsays," by Lord L., with the more pleasure on that account. It is one of the best examples of what a book should be.

## VALUE OF FAMILY HISTORY.

This is viewed by many as idle gossiping, but it is not to be entirely neglected, as blood does tell. You have, however, sufficient knowledge of good immediate predecessors not to despair of the soundness of the contents of your veins.

Instances in this manuscript will be incentives to keeping correct family records. We—I mean my son Lloyd and myself—have derived both pleasure and a salary from being the descendants of a gentleman who bequeathed his books and his property to the public. I will merely hint here, that such is the nature of the land at Laurel Hill, of which I am largely an owner, there may be people, one or two hundred years hence, who will gladly pay for even the solid rocks in which to hew a sepulchre for their remains. Who can know where or how a little money will result to a descendant who may have entirely forgotten the founder of the cemetery?

## THE DANCING ASSEMBLY MONEY.

Again. A few years since, Chapman Biddle, a lawyer, inquired if I could tell him who were the heirs of Henry Hill. The question surprised me, but I was able to answer. He said he was led to apply from hearing of the Hill Book; that Henry Hill, my grandmother Morris's gay and wealthy brother, was a subscriber, before the Revolution, to a fund for a City Dancing Assembly; that the fashionables all subscribed, built the first story of a house for the purpose in Prune Street, but the funds proving insufficient, the lot had been sold, and rooms thereafter hired, the capital remaining intact; that Joseph R. Ingersoll, Esq., was the surviving trustee, the association was disbanded, and Mr. Biddle was employed to find the heirs and distribute the fund. This he found it very difficult to do. All were dead, and the heirs of many families had entirely disappeared. I made out, with the help of my nephews, Thomas Stewardson and R. Morris Smith, a correct table of descents, received about four hundred dollars, which was divided up between numerous heirs, some receiving a very few dollars only, which they

generally invested in silver articles to preserve the memory of their great- or great-great-great-uncle. *Daniel B. Smith*, my cousin, received the largest sum, seventy dollars, owing to the fewness of the members of his branch. The occasion was a very pleasant one, and resulted in the renewal of some family friendships. The Walns, the Wellses, the Smiths, the Hilleses, the Morrisises, the Stewardsons, all came forward very cheerfully, and received their pro-ratas.

JUDGE READ.

Henry Hill married a Meredith, aunt, or great-aunt, to Judge Meredith Read.\* I happened one day, in conversation with the judge's son of the same name, to learn that this dignitary of the Bench and myself were both in the habit of speaking of Henry Hill as uncle, he having married a Read. Henry Hill's only child died young, and thus his sisters and their descendants became the heirs of what proved a very comfortable estate to distribute. I was the final distributor in disposing of the money of a Dancing Assembly, called more properly the City Assembly. It so turned out that the capital had been kept nearly intact, so that with a little accrued interest, very nearly the sum of the original subscription was returned to each family of heirs, if, indeed, they have all yet been found.

THE CHEW CONTROVERSY; JUDGE SMYTHE'S ESTATE.

In the distribution of my great-uncle Hill's estate there was a curious delay. In his prosperity he was much the depository of the funds of other people, and where there was perhaps but one bank or none, he employed his money in various transactions. His friend and neighbor, Judge Frederick Smythe and wife, were possessed of considerable real estate, but had no sufficient income. They both agreed, for a liberal annuity, to go before their clergyman, who happened to be the somewhat celebrated Doctor Abercrombie, giving certain properties in fee for the consider-

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\* Judge Read, too, claims a blood-relationship with Sarah Read, wife of James Logan. See the latter's love-letters to her.

ation of an ample support during their joint lives. When they were both dead, Henry Hill was *bona fide* the owner. The principal real estate was on Indian Queen Lane, a fine, noble old Maryland-looking mansion still extant, with land extending through to School Lane, in all about a hundred acres, and since the home of Cornelius Smith. Mrs. Smythe, however, was the sister of old Benjamin Chew, and he declared that he would not suffer such a transfer.

The Hill sisters, some in England and some here, were advised to retain the property intact for twenty-one years in the hands of a mutual trustee, and by joint deed they made it over to a good agent, *James Vaux*, and he by will left it also in trust to his son *George*, who married a daughter of *William Sansom*, the builder of Sansom Street and other great enterprises. At last, when the old ladies were all dead, having derived little benefit from this portion of the estate, the twenty-one years elapsed. My mother was also gone, and I became one of a great many who signed receipts for a few thousand dollars, not reluctantly.

#### THE HILL AND FRANKLIN PAPERS.

There was an old worm-eaten chest which cumbered the office of James and then of George Vaux, and finally the room of the latter's son. Getting tired of this, the grandson of James, William Vaux, sent it by express to me at Germantown, to take charge of it. The contents proved to be papers of Henry Hill, of no great import; but among them I found a few evidences of *Dr. Franklin*, whose executors were John Jay and Henry Hill. There are little letters, such as a child would now write, from Dr. Franklin's sisters, thanking him for a silk dress from Paris, or some insignificant trifle, and perhaps other little Franklin mementos. The sage left his gold cane to General Washington. The letter of thanks from Washington to the executors, I learned, was long in the chest; but on inquiry I found that all such autographs had been given away to collectors, and I believe said letter to be now in the possession of Vaux's brother-in-law, Frederick Graeff, Chief of the

Water-Works of Philadelphia. I believe it has never been published.

A FRENCH EMIGRÉ AND LORD TEMPLE; A CURIOUS STORY.

But the oddest thing found is a series of letters from a French gentleman and his son, who escaped from Roesen before the French Revolution broke out, and who placed about one hundred thousand dollars in the hands of Henry Hill, to be drawn for at call. This seems to have been done, as shown by the letters from Virginia and Fort Pitt, where the elder entered into the iron business, and has left descendants by a daughter, for whose wedding the father writes to Philadelphia for paraphernalia and requisites. The son appears to have lingered behind. When at a ball at Mr. Hill's he fell desperately in love with a beautiful young widow of the Winthrop family of Boston—name and all given.

To consummate his hopes, he started for Boston on horseback, and from every town on the long journey he writes of his hopes and fears of success. Arrived in Boston, he found it difficult to gain access to the lady, but was not long in discovering that her family was the indisposing cause, for she had found a new suitor in *Lord Temple*, then visiting this country. Meeting the aristocratic rival at the Exchange, a challenge resulted, but the duel does not seem to have been fought. The disconsolate lover mounted his horse and pursued his weary way back, and from the first stage writing a most despondent letter, in which he thinks he will abandon everything and go to India!

I wrote to the *Hon. Mr. Winthrop* at Boston, soon after my discovery, to ask of him if he could tell anything of *Lord and Lady Temple*. He at once replied, yes! all about them, and if I would call at his office in Boston I should find him seated between a fine portrait of my lord and a bust of the lady, made in Rome; that they went to estates in Thuringia, and left a fine family still on the continent, which it is his pleasure to know as relatives, and to visit! For this Hill chest romance see the lover's letters, and Mr. Winthrop's, in my possession. It is an early American romance, worthy of the novel-writer,

but scarcely requiring me to give it more in extenso. A lawyer now in the interior of Pennsylvania, I learn, represents the Frenchman and his fortunes, but the ultimate destiny of the lorn, jilted young gentleman, I have not traced.

The preceding pages have been much confined to the Smith connection. Those ensuing will give the history, as briefly as possible, of my Logan ancestors and connections. I wished you, my descendants, to know somewhat of them.

My grandfather Smith, of whom so much has been said, and said so well by others, married, after a rather prolonged courtship, Hannah, the daughter of James Logan, whose reputation is too well known in history to require any extended remarks. His name is so intimately connected with the early history of Pennsylvania as the friend and adviser of William Penn, and as an honest and learned statesman and counsellor of the Indian natives, etc., that you will need no clew here to his excellence of character. The following pages will convey all that I deem needful for information. They comprise much that history may not tell, and ought to be full of interest to his descendants. Read, also, Armistead's "*Life of James Logan*," published in London.

JAMES LOGAN, ESQUIRE, OF STENTON: PRESIDENT OF COUNCIL,  
AND CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE PROVINCE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Born 8th month 20th, A.D. 1674, at Lurgan, in Ireland. Married 10th month 9th, A.D. 1714, Sarah, daughter of Charles Read, Esq., member of Council, Pennsylvania, afterwards of Burlington, New Jersey. Died 10th month 31st, A.D. 1751, and was interred in Friends' burying-ground, Arch and Fourth Streets, Philadelphia.

*James Logan*, according to Mitchell, in the "*Scotsman's Library*," was descended from Sir Robert Logan, Baron of Restalrig and Fast Castle (mentioned by John Lord Somerville in his "*Memorie of the Somervilles*," as having married the daughter of the then Baron Somerville of that ilk). Mitchell has the further statement, which is confirmed by the "*Life of Hugh Logan*," "*Laird of Logan*," that the Baron of Restalrig descended from

Sir Robert Logan, of Restalrig, Lord Admiral of Scotland, A.D. 1400, and, carrying the pedigree to times still more remote, from the Baron of Restalrig, who married a daughter and co-heir of King Robert the Second, and from the Sir Robert Logan who was one of the company entrusted with the conveyance of the heart of Bruce to the Holy Land. The last particular is confirmed by the augmentation of arms granted to the Restalrigs as given in Burke,—namely, a heart gules, as below. The family had other distinguished members, for particulars of whom the above authorities may be consulted. James Logan's mother, Isabel Hume, was of the Humes of St. Leonard's, and by her mother descended from Dundas, Laird of Didiston, and Maule, Earl of Panmure, as appears in the MSS. Genealogy of the Maules.

The Logans of Restalrig are entitled to bear as arms,—

“Quarterly 1st and 4th or, a lion rampant gu., az., within a double tressure flory counter flory of the 2d, being the Royal Arms of Scotland, by the intermarriage with the Bruce-Stuart family then regnant. 2d, or, a heart gu., pierced by three passion nails sa., conjoined in point, for Logan. 3d, az., 3 mullets or, 2 and 1, between 7 cross crosslets fitchés, arg., 3, 1, 2 and 1, for Somerville.”\*

The authorities above cited and “Armistead's Life of James Logan” trace him back to the last Baron Restalrig in three generations, as follows:

1—*Sir Robert Logan*, Baron Restalrig of Fast Castle, m. the Lady Geilles, co-heir of Baron Somerville.

2—*Robert Logan, Esq.*, younger son, was living near Stenton, Scotland, anno 1630, m.

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\* Crest, a bugle-horn or (“Burke's Complete Armory”). Logan used, as crest, a stag's head erased, or, possibly derived from maternal ancestors.

The arms of Sir John Logan, an English general, who, A.D. 1317, founded the Restalrig family, by settling his son upon lands received in ransom for a Scots general taken by him in battle, were, or, a lion passant six inches, 3 Roman piles of the 2d. This bearing seems to have been disused after the grant of the augmentation of a heart gu., which, as Scott's history shows, was made to Earl Douglas, Sir Robert Logan, and Sir Simon Lockhart, as custodians of Bruce's heart.

3—*Rev. Patrick Logan*, A.M., of Stenton, m. Isabel, dau. of James Hume, Esq., of St. Leonard's.

4—James Logan, Esq., of Stenton, Pennsylvania, *quem supra vide*.

William Logan Fisher, a descendant, in a privately printed account of his own family, gives the annexed narrative, which I adopt. In it will be found the character of Logan's son-in-law, John Smith, from Proud's History, referred to in an early page, but there omitted.

#### "THE LOGANS

were, according to Scottish history, for many years distinguished in Scotland, and connected by marriage with some of its noble families, of which many particulars are related.

"My mother's direct ancestor in the fifth ascending generation, was Robert Logan, Baron of Restalrig. He owned Fast Castle, on the confines of the German Ocean. His estate was confiscated for an alleged participation in that most mysterious of all Scottish affairs, the Gowrie conspiracy. This banished the family to Ireland. Yet his son Robert returned to Scotland, and there my great-great-grandfather, Patrick Logan, was born. Patrick was educated for a clergyman, and married Isabel Hume, a lady distinguished by birth and connections, and settled in Lurgan, Ireland. The following account of Robert Logan occurs in Sir Walter Scott's 'Tales of a Grandfather:'

"'Robert Logan, of Restalrig, a scheming, turbulent, and profligate man, held the fortress of Fast Castle, a very strong and inaccessible tower, overhanging the sea, on the coast of Berwickshire. He appears to have been connected with the Earl of Gowrie in an attempt to seize King James VI. of Scotland, and convey him to the castle as a place of safety.

"'It was supposed that Queen Elizabeth was privy to this attempt, and that the ultimate object was to deliver the king up to her. Logan's participation was not known till several years after his death, when, according to ancient barbarous form of process, his bones were brought into a court of justice for the



purpose of being tried. He was declared guilty, and sentence of forfeiture pronounced against him.'

"Patrick Logan became a Quaker, and this changed the destinies of the family. He had two sons, William and James. The former, whose portrait remains at Stenton, married a lady named Parsons, settled at Bristol, England, and became a physician of much eminence. He died at Bath, where he had gone for the benefit of his health in 1757, at an advanced age, without issue, deeply regretted by those who knew him best, and was interred in the vault of his wife's family, leaving his domicile to his wife's sisters, and the bulk of his estate to my grandfather, William Logan, who bore his name.

"James, my great-grandfather, at the solicitation of William Penn, came to this country with him, on his second voyage, in the year 1701. He came, as he says, to hide himself from the cares of life, and with no wish or expectation of advancing his fortunes; and he adds, he never had a wish to leave any large possessions to his posterity, from a belief that moderate fortunes were more beneficial legacies than large ones. On Penn's return to England the next year, though then a young man of six and twenty, the principal care of the Province devolved upon him. I extract the following from Gordon's 'History of Pennsylvania:'

"'In him Penn had unbounded confidence. To his care he entrusted all his private and public affairs in the colony. He became chief commissioner of property, or agent in the purchase and sale of lands, receiver-general, member of council, president of council, and chief justice. During the life of William Penn, and the minority of his children, he managed exclusively the family interests in the province. The governors were respectively directed to conduct themselves by his counsels, and in proportion as they adhered to this instruction their place was rendered easy, so far as that depended on the proprietary family. If they disregarded his admonitions they were removed. In a word, whilst others bore the proprietary's commission, the power which it should have conferred was vested in Logan alone.

“ ‘Never were power and trust more safely bestowed for the donor. . . . He possessed great learning, and distinguished abilities; was conversant with the Oriental tongues, familiar with Greek, Latin, French, and Italian languages, and skilled in mathematics and natural and moral philosophy.

“ ‘The city of Philadelphia is indebted to his munificence for a very valuable and extensive classical library, which he had been fifty years in collecting, containing the best editions of the best books, in various languages, arts, and sciences.’

“ He wrote several works in Latin, which are stated by Proud to have passed through divers editions, in various parts of Europe.

“ He was born at Lurgan, in Ireland, in 1675, and died at Stenton in 1751, aged seventy-seven years. He married, several years after his residence in this country, Sarah Reed. Of her family I know but little. She was sister to the wife of the elder Israel Pemberton, and thus our family became connected with the Pembertons.

“ The issue of this marriage was four children,—William, my grandfather, Hannah, Sarah, and James. Hannah Logan married John Smith, who is spoken of by Proud, in his ‘History of Pennsylvania,’ as a man of extensive abilities and rare excellence of character. The issue of this marriage were James and John, and two daughters. James Smith’s children were Hannah, married to Henry Drinker; Sarah, married to Hugh Roberts; John, married to Mary Roberts; Abigail, married to John Drinker; Elizabeth, married to Mordecai Lewis; James Logan Smith, married to Mary Cooper; and Susan, married to Samuel Allinson. John Smith married Gulielma Morris; their children were Richard M., John Jay, Morris; Rachel, married to George Stewardson, and Margaret H., married to Samuel Hilles. The two daughters of John Smith, the elder, married John Cox and William Dillwyn. They each left one daughter. The late Susannah Dillwyn married Samuel Emlen, and Hannah Cox married to Dr. Davis.

“ Proud, in his ‘History of Pennsylvania,’ gives the following account of John Smith the elder, who married Hannah Logan:

“ ‘*John Smith, of Burlington, in New Jersey, son of Richard Smith, formerly of the same place, and brother of Samuel Smith, author of the history of that province (of a family originally from Yorkshire, in England), died on the 26th day of the third month, 1771, in the forty-ninth year of his age. As he was a person of an amiable character, good example, and public utility, not only in the province of New Jersey, but also in that of Pennsylvania, it may, therefore, not be improper, in this place, to mention respecting him, that, being brought up to mercantile affairs, he lived several years in Philadelphia as a merchant, having married Hannah, the daughter of James Logan, Esq., a woman of good and amiable qualities, by whom he had several children. After her death, in the year 1762, he retired to Burlington, the place of his birth, having been a very useful and valuable member of society, and served several years in the Provincial Assembly of Pennsylvania, with good ability, reputation, and integrity, besides being much engaged in the affairs of his own religious community of the people called Quakers, in Philadelphia, by whom he was highly esteemed and beloved for his good sense, liberal and generous sentiments, agreeable and instructive conversation, his extensive abilities, and generally beneficent life and kind services, which were so very considerable as to leave lasting impressions on the minds of his friends and acquaintances in that city, and to render his memory dear to many.*

“ ‘After his removal to Burlington he was appointed, by *mandamus* from the king, one of the Council for New Jersey, in which office he continued to be useful to the public, and at the same time particularly serviceable in his own religious society, till the time of his sickness and death.

“ ‘He was endowed with great conciliating abilities, and the preservation of peace and concord among mankind was much the subject of his attention and delight.

“ ‘He was engaging, open, friendly, and undesigning in his address and behavior, of a cheerful and benevolent disposition of mind, well skilled in the laws of his country, and very ready, generous, and serviceable in giving his advice and assistance.

“ ‘In his religious character he exhibited an excellent example of true, practical Christianity, free from all affectation and narrowness of mind. He was, in several relations, one of the best of neighbors and of men.

“ ‘He had a turn to literature, and though he was not favored with much of a learned education, yet, as he was a person of good natural parts, much reading, and conversed with all ranks of men in his own country, he writ several pieces to good advantage, on different, but generally the most interesting subjects, of a religious, moral, and civil nature, some of which have been published for general benefit.’

“ Sarah Logan, the third child of James Logan, married Isaac Norris, and died before her father, leaving two daughters,—Sarah, who died young, and Mary, who married John Dickinson, author of “The Farmer’s Letters.” Their children are,—Sarah N. Dickinson, unmarried, and Maria, married to Albanus Logan, her second cousin on both his father’s and mother’s side, who have two sons and two daughters.

“ Gordon, in his history, gives the following character of Isaac Norris :

“ ‘On the thirteenth of July, 1766, died the venerable Isaac Norris, after a long indisposition. He was a statesman of distinguished reputation, and an active and upright magistrate. In the political disputes of the colony he uniformly adhered to the popular party, and possessed its unvarying confidence. He succeeded his father as a burgess of the city in the year 1735, and represented the city or county of Philadelphia for thirty years successively in the assembly. In 1759 he solicited his constituents to release him from the service to which he had been so long devoted, declaring it to have been his intention, some years before, to retire from public life ; “but that the violent attacks of power openly made upon their rights, had induced him still longer to bear the burden of contending with unreasonable men, however inconvenient to his private affairs ; but resolving never to ask a vote to get into the house, nor, when there, to solicit for any employments or posts of private advantage, he had made this the invariable rule of his conduct.

I have now," continued he, "served you three times seven years complete, and have discharged my duty cheerfully, as a debt due to my country, to the best of my understanding, through the vigor of my life and health; but as my years advance, and my health becomes very precarious, I request and desire that you will acquit me from further attendance, and choose some other person at the ensuing election to represent you in my stead." Notwithstanding this earnest appeal, he was again returned at the ensuing election, and continued to be re-elected until 1765, when his infirm health, and dissatisfaction with the attempt to change the proprietary government, induced him peremptorily to refuse a re-election.'

"James Logan, the fourth child, married late in life, and left no issue. He died in the year 1803, aged seventy-seven years. With him I was acquainted. He lived in the large double house at the corner of Bank alley and Second Street. He lived long a widower, and his family consisted of only himself and servants. For some years he was quite blind, and was led through the streets by a black man. He was a man of fair education, probably always more fond of light reading than of deep research, and, with all his eccentricities, was a kind and affectionate relation.

"William Logan, my grandfather, married Hannah, the daughter of George and Mary Emlen. Mary was the daughter of Robert and Susannah Heath, who came to this country from England in 1701, bringing with them one son and five daughters,—Ann, Susannah, Elizabeth, Hannah, and Mary. Four of these daughters were preachers, and memorials of them were published.

"I have the following account of the Heath descent. Ann married Richard Waln; their children were Nicholas, the father of Richard and Nicholas; Joseph, who died without issue; Robert, the father of the present Robert Waln; of Susan, the wife of Pattison Hartshorne; of the wife of Gideon Wells; of Rebecca, wife of Ezra Jones; and of Ann, the wife of Thomas Morgan, and of Richard, the father of Jesse Waln.

"Susannah Heath married Morris Morris, of Abington.

Their children were Samuel, who never married; Joshua, who was grandfather to Samuel Longstreth (married a daughter of my uncle Miers Fisher); Daniel, father of Ann Humphreys; Morris, father to Susannah Morris and of the late Governor Mifflin's wife; and David, who died a young man; and several daughters, one of whom was mother to the Fletchers of Abington. Elizabeth married Thomas Livezey, of Lower Dublin. Their children were Susannah, married to Thomas; Rachel, married to Thomas Roberts, of Bristol; Martha, married to Joseph James, of Philadelphia; Mary, married to Joseph Paul, of Spring Mill; Thomas Livezey, of Wissahickon; and Elizabeth, married to John Shoemaker, of Cheltenham. Hannah married first to Worrell, second to Sermon, lastly to Hurford.

"Mary, my great-grandmother, married George Emlen, of Philadelphia. Their children were George, whose descendants are numerous, and Hannah, my grandmother, who married William Logan.

"William Logan and Hannah Emlen were married in 1741. Their children were William, who married, in England, Sarah, a daughter of Dr. Portsmouth; Sarah, who married my father, Thomas Fisher; George, who married Deborah Norris; and Charles, who married, in Virginia, Mary Pleasants.

"Of my grandfather and grandmother Logan I know but little; they both died some years before I was born. My grandfather was a gentleman, respectable in his character, and for many years connected with government. All of these sons were sent to England to be educated. William studied physic under the care of Dr. Fothergill, and graduated at Edinburgh. His youthful career was marked by eccentricities, high passions, ungovernable temper, and yet by an amiability which, when exerted to accomplish its own purposes, won its way in despite of all opposition. Entreaty was urged in vain by the parents on both sides to prevent his marriage. He was forbidden Dr. Portsmouth's house, I think, mostly at the instance of my grandfather; yet he still visited his daughter under the garb of a livery servant, and they had at last a stolen marriage.

He was a man of high education, yet Dr. Fothergill writes of him to his father, when he was coming to Philadelphia to settle, principally with a view to surgery, 'that with great sensibility he was too presumptuous, thought himself equal to any difficulties, and required still to be managed with great prudence and with parental authority.' His life, however, was short; he died within a year after his arrival, leaving one son, William Portsmouth Logan. His widow soon returned to England, and her son was sent to her some years after, where he died soon after his majority.

"My uncles, George and Charles Logan, were both placed at a school in Worcester, England, and my grandfather wished them to remain in England at some business, during their minority, alleging in the year 1760, in a letter to David Barclay, 'to come where there is so much liberty allowed to almost all youth, and where there are more avenues to every kind of vice than in any other city in the king's dominions, numbers excepted, will, I greatly fear, end in their ruin.' They, however, came, and both were placed to the mercantile business. George, with a great predilection for medicine, revisited England, and graduated at Edinburgh, and on his return married Deborah Norris, and finally settled at Stenton, relinquishing the practice of physic. He was a man of excellent education, and of much reading, of high honor and integrity, wrote well, and had seen much of the world. He took an active interest in the political concerns of his country, with a disinterested view to what he considered her best interests. His widow still lives, deservedly beloved and respected. Their children were Albanus, now living, married to Maria Dickinson (they have four children), Gustavus, who died young, and Algernon Sidney Logan, who died unmarried within a few years.

"Charles Logan married and settled in Virginia; he died under middle age, leaving six children. His eldest, James, was lost at sea; four daughters, Sarah, Maria, Harriet, and Julia, all married, and are settled in Virginia; Charles, the youngest, married Sarah Robeson.

"With my uncle Charles Logan I was little acquainted, and find no data on which to sketch his character. He was brought up in the counting-house of my father and uncle, and no doubt was respectable in his youth. His wife was rich in land and slaves, and he was introduced into that Southern mode of life which, together with an unfortunate connection in business, ended in great losses. His children, who yet had respectable inheritance, have lived to experience distress and difficulty.

"My mother, Sarah Logan, died in the year 1795. During several of the latter years of her life her health was feeble. She was a tender and devoted wife and mother.

"My parents married in the year 1771. Their children were Joshua, Hannah, William, James, Esther, and two others who died in infancy. Joshua married Elizabeth P. Francis; he deceased in 1806, aged thirty years. The present Joshua Francis Fisher is the only issue of their marriage.

"Hannah married James Smith,\* and has three children, Sarah, Rebecca, and Esther.

"James married Ann Eliza George, and deceased in 1814, aged thirty-one. His widow died in 1821. They left three children, Sidney, George, James Logan, who graduated as a physician in Philadelphia, and died in Paris, where he went to attend medical lectures, and Charles Henry, married to Sarah Ann Atherton.

"Esther remains unmarried.

"William Logan Fisher was married on the 25th of the 11th month, 1802, at New Bedford, to Mary, daughter of Samuel Rodman, and niece to his uncle Samuel R. Fisher's wife, who died on the 4th of the 6th month, 1813, aged thirty-one, leaving three children, Thomas Rodman, and Sarah Logan (now Wister), born at New Bedford, and Elizabeth Rodman, at Wakefield. He was married subsequently, on the 20th of the 3d month, 1817, to Sarah, the daughter of Jacob Lindley, of New Garden, Chester county. His younger children are Lindley, Charles, William, and Mary Rodman, all born at Wake-

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\* And was third wife.



field. His wives, the one in New England, and the other in Chester county, Pennsylvania, were descended from the early and respectable emigrants from Europe to this country. Thomas Rodman is married to Letitia Ellicott, of Ellicott's Mills; Sarah Logan to William Wister, Wakefield, Germantown, 1839.

"Since the above was written, the before-named honored and beloved individual, Deborah Logan, has departed this life. After an intimacy of many years I bear this testimony, that no language can convey an adequate impression of her character. The following notice of her death was written for and published in the *American Daily Advertiser*:

"Died, at Stenton, on the 2d of 2d month, 1839, *Deborah Logan*, relict of the late Dr. George Logan, in the seventy-eighth year of her age.

"In the death of this estimable and extraordinary woman, her friends and acquaintances have sustained a loss which cannot be supplied. Fitted by her intellectual endowments to shine in every circle, her society was sought by individuals of all parties during the stormy political scenes that occurred in the earlier period of her life; hence she became acquainted with many of those whose names stand conspicuous in the history of the struggle for independence, and her memory was stored with anecdotes relating to this interesting period.

"Most of the distinguished foreigners who visited Philadelphia shared her hospitality, and perhaps in no single instance did a visitor leave her mansion without being favorably impressed by her genuine politeness and by the suavity of her manners, which sprung from a heart fraught with kind and generous feelings to all.

"But those only who knew her well, and who witnessed in the domestic circle her fulfilment of every duty, can appreciate her character in all its excellence.

"She was a devoted wife, an affectionate mother, and a faithful friend. She did all things well,—hospitable, and generous, and noble in all her feelings, she was in all situations the lady, and always the Christian.

"She was a Quaker, without sectarianism, and adorned its

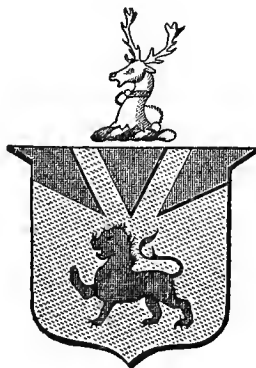
profession by a life marked by the purest principles of virtue and truth. She was dignified without ostentation, humble without servility.

“ ‘ Many of her leisure hours were devoted to researches into the early history of the State, for which the most ample materials existed in manuscript under her own roof.

“ ‘ Several thousand pages of original letters relating to the subject were copied by her, with remarks and annotations, and it is presumed that no individual now living had an equal knowledge of the character of those who founded the colony, or of its early history. Her writings upon other subjects are known to be extensive; and though they may involve too much individual character to be seen by society at large, yet they are so strongly marked by her own gifted mind as to be invaluable to her own friends.’ ”

With the foregoing the narrative of William Logan Fisher is concluded.

The deed of the Loganian Library, donating the books and land of James Logan, is worth perusal. It was printed, at my request, in the small supplement to the last catalogue, and should be known to you. The following genealogical table, kept according to the directions of the donor, will tell you who of you are hereditary librarians. It also records some connections that may be interesting.



## A GENEALOGICAL TABLE

OF SOME OF THE FAMILIES OF THE

## DESCENDANTS OF JAMES LOGAN,

SHOWING THE NAMES OF PERSONS ENTITLED (UNDER THE FOUNDER'S LAST WILL) TO THE OFFICE OF HEREDITARY LIBRARIAN OF THE LOGAN-  
IAN LIBRARY; AND ALSO (UNDER THE ACT OF ASSEMBLY)  
TO THE POSITION OF HEREDITARY TRUSTEE WITH  
THE RIGHT OF APPOINTING TWO OTHERS.

## I.—OF THE FIRST GENERATION.

## 1. Children of James Logan.

1. Sarah Logan, afterwards Sarah Norris.\*
2. James Logan (died an infant).
3. WILLIAM LOGAN (No. 1 Hereditary Librarian and Trustee under the Deed; also acting Librarian and Trustee, 1760 to 1776).
4. Hannah Logan (afterwards Hannah Smith).
5. Rachel Logan (died young).
6. Charles Logan (died young).
7. JAMES LOGAN (No. 2 Hereditary Librarian and Surviving Trustee under the Deed until 1792, and Trustee under the Act till 1796; also Acting Librarian, 1776 to 1792), died without issue.

\* NOTE.—Mary Norris and Sarah Norris, Jr., granddaughters of testator, left no male issue.

## II.—OF THE SECOND GENERATION.

## 1. The children of William Logan.

1. Sarah Logan (died infant).
2. James Logan (died young).
3. William Logan, the second (No. 1 Hereditary Librarian and Trustee).
4. Sarah Logan (afterwards Sarah Fisher).
5. GEORGE LOGAN, M.D. (No. 2 Hereditary Librarian, etc.; also acting Trustee, 1796 to 1821).
6. Charles Logan, of Virginia (No. 3 Hereditary Librarian, etc.).

## 2. The children of Hannah Smith.

1. Sarah Logan Smith (afterwards Sarah Dillwyn).
2. James Smith (No. 4 Hereditary Librarian, etc.).
3. Hannah Smith (died young).
4. Hannah Smith (afterwards Hannah Cox).
5. John Smith (died infant).
6. John Smith (No. 5 Hereditary Librarian, etc.).

## III.—OF THE THIRD GENERATION.

## 1. The children of William Logan, the second.

1. A daughter (died infant).
2. William Portsmouth Logan (No. 1 Hereditary Librarian, etc.), died unmarried.

2. The children of George Logan, M.D.
  1. ALBANUS C. LOGAN (No. 2 **Hereditary Librarian**, etc.; also acting **Trustee**, 1821 to 1854). 2. Gustavus George Logan (died young). 3. Algernon Sydney Logan (No. 3 **Hereditary Librarian**, etc.), died unmarried.
3. The children of Charles Logan, of Virginia.
  1. James Logan (died young). 2. Sarah Pleasants Logan (afterwards Sarah Carter). 3. Maria Virginia Logan (afterwards Maria Woodson, and by second marriage Maria Carter). 4. Harriet Logan (afterwards Harriet Saint John, and by second marriage Harriet Howard). 5. Julianna Logan (afterwards Juliana MacCoul). 6. Charles F. Logan (No. 4 **Hereditary Librarian**, etc.).
4. The children of James Smith.
  1. Hannah Smith (afterwards Hannah Drinker). 2. Sarah Logan Smith (afterwards Sarah Logan Roberts). 3. John J. Smith (No. 5 **Hereditary Librarian**, etc.). 4. Abigail Smith (afterwards Abigail Drinker). 5. William H. Smith (died young). 6. James Smith (died young). 7. Charles Smith (died young). 8. Elizabeth Smith (afterwards Elizabeth Lewis). 9. Susan Smith (afterwards Susan Allinson). 10. James Logan Smith (No. 6 **Hereditary Librarian**, etc.).
5. The children of John Smith.
  1. Henry Hill Smith (died young). 2. Margaret Hill Smith (afterwards Margaret Hill Hilles). 3. Richard Morris Smith (No. 7 **Hereditary Librarian**, etc.). 4. Rachel Smith (afterwards Rachel Stewardson). 5. Milcah M. Smith (died young). 6. John Jay Smith (No. 8 **Hereditary Librarian**, etc.; also acting **Librarian**, 1829 to 1851, **Treasurer**, 1840 to 1856, and **Co-Trustee**, 1856 to the present time). 7. Morris Smith (No. 9 **Hereditary Librarian**, etc.).

#### IV.—OF THE FOURTH GENERATION.

1. The children of Albanus C. Logan.
  1. Mary Norris Logan. 2. A son (died infant). 3. Sarah Elizabeth Logan (afterwards Sarah Elizabeth Betton). 4. GUSTAVUS GEORGE LOGAN, the second (present **Hereditary Librarian** and the existing **Hereditary Trustee**; also acting **Trustee**, 1854 to the present time). 5. John Dickinson Logan, M.D. (No. 2 **Hereditary Librarian**, etc.; also acting **Co-Trustee**, 1854 to the present time).
2. The children of Charles F. Logan, of Virginia.
  1. James Logan (No. 3 **Hereditary Librarian**, etc.). 2. Sarah Robeson Logan (afterwards Sarah Newbold). 3. Charles Logan (died infant).

## 3. The children of John J. Smith.

1. George Roberts Smith (**No. 4 Hereditary Librarian, etc.**). 2. Alexander H. Smith (**No. 5 Hereditary Librarian, etc.**). 3. Newbold Smith (died unmarried). 4. Harry Smith (**No. 6 Hereditary Librarian, etc.**). 5. Mary C. Smith (afterwards Mary Lewis).

## 4. The children of James Logan Smith.

1. Katharine Smith. 2. Anne Smith. 3. Esther Smith. 4. Ellen Logan Smith.

## 5. The children of Richard M. Smith.

1. (G.) Maria Smith (afterwards Maria Reeve). 2. Rachel C. Smith (afterwards Rachel S. Howland). 3. Dillwyn Smith (**No. 7 Hereditary Librarian, etc.**).

## 6. The children of John Jay Smith.

1. Lloyd Pearsall Smith (**No. 8 Hereditary Librarian, etc.**, also acting Librarian, 1851 to the present time; and Treasurer, 1856 to the present time). 2. Albanus Smith (died unmarried.) 3. Elizabeth Pearsall Smith. 4. Robert Pearsall Smith (**No. 9 Hereditary Librarian, etc.**). 5. Gulielma Maria Smith (died young). 6. Horace John Smith (**No. 10 Hereditary Librarian, etc.**). 7. Margaret Hill Smith (died young).

## 7. The children of Morris Smith.

1. Richard Morris Smith (**No. 11 Hereditary Librarian, etc.**). 2. Morris Smith (died young). 3. Elizabeth Bacon Smith (died young).

"JANY. 10, '73.

"DEAR JOHN JAY:

"I consider it cause for thankfulness that both of us have been spared until the completion of this, your real literary monument. It is no doubt a greater work than either of us contemplated when begun, but I do not see that any part of it can be wisely omitted. Some of your descendants will be certain to appreciate it as it deserves. And, hereafter, what an undying topic its existence will be in the families of your blood. How it will be talked of and appealed to, and how others outside these family circles, with tastes akin to your own, will plead to examine it. Every page will be read, and much of it will, in time, be copied. All this future is inevitable. Herein will be your principal reward.

"Faithfully yours,

"E. MORRIS."

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*Note from my Cousin E. Morris, who was interred the day I sailed for Europe, May, 1874.*

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"DEAR J.:

"BURL'N, Aug. 25, '73.

"Your most interesting letter came to-day. Now for a week past I have had it on my mind to write, but what was I to say? What *could* I? Just as I supposed, your correspondence has suddenly grow unmanageable, hence one reason why I was silent. But silence is far from importing indifference, much less forgetfulness. I have prayed for you and dear Lizzie, and shall pray on. Only one word now, but will reply in full. Bear up, remember the promises, and that every one of them is *sure*. He who has afflicted you will assuredly give strength to bear it. But what a blessed thing it is there is such a refuge as *prayer*. He who *loves* much, *prays* well."

On parent knees a naked, new-born child,  
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled;  
So live that, sinking in thy last, long sleep,  
Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep.

*From the Persian.*

The varied scenes thus chronicled are, for the present at least, closed. I wished you, my descendants, to know somewhat of your predecessors, and was willing to expose even myself to your gaze. In concluding, I recommend to my children's perusal, should you open this manuscript, the following recommendations of your great-great-grandfather, Richard Smith, who is previously commemorated in these pages. They were so placed as to be read with his will, and the paper containing them *was* read to listening and attentive ears. Its teachings were carefully followed by his religious children. Let them sink into your own hearts and memories. The document I found in the family chest before alluded to, where it was long preserved before it came into my hands.\*

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\* Our first known Smith ancestor was William Smith. His name was found by R. Morris Smith in the crypt or "muniment chest" in Bramham Church.—E. P. S., 1892.

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*Copy of an Address to his Children by Richard Smith, No. 4,  
the Great-grandfather of the Writer.*

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“DEAR CHILDREN :

“BURLINGTON, 26th of 10th Mo., 1750.

“Inclosed you have my Will, which I hope you will all be satisfied with. I have made it in the best and equallest manner I was capable of doing it at this time, and in the circumstances my affairs are in at present ; nevertheless, if any differences should arise or happen between you concerning the matters contained in it, or any other occasion or thing, my advice is, that he, she, or they concerned more especially, then retire before the Lord, humbly beseeching him for a reconciliation, considering as reasonable creatures, and as I have on such occasions often done, that the great Lord at whose disposal are the cattle of a thousand hills, and that he can give to whom he pleaseth ; He, I say, consider in the dispensations of his Providence with your honest endeavors, can give a blessing upon it, which may soon make up, or more than compensate what you suffer in interest for peace sake, and the imprudence of it would be to entertain a root of bitterness producing strife, hatred, or (at least) ill will one towards another, to the grieving of the Holy Spirit and wounding your own souls, and thereby justly incur the displeasure of him, whose blessing is absolutely necessary, and without which a great deal more would do you no good.

“I have nothing to add on temporal affairs. You have known my mind as to spirituals ; I shall only add that I rely on the mercy and goodness of Almighty God, that he will through the mediation of his dear son Jesus, blot out and forgive my trespasses against him, and humbly implore his help, that for the time that is still to come, I may, through his grace, be preserved from offending against him, and that I may thus be watchful, looking to my Helper, until the time of my dissolution shall come, that then he may be graciously pleased to receive my soul into eternal bliss.

“Finally, dear children, live in peace one with another, and with all men as much as in you lieth ; so may the God of

Peace grant you his peace and the assistance of his Holy Spirit while you remain in this world of temptations and troubles, that you through the help thereof may be able to look up unto him, and surmount them all, and at last be accounted worthy of His mercy, and a mansion in His house, where the wicked cease troubling and the weary are at rest. So fervently prayeth your affectionate father,

“RICHARD SMITH, JR.”

He died at Amboy, November 9, 1751. His character is given in Smith's History of New Jersey, page 436, as follows:

“The 9th of November died, in the fifty-third year of his age, Richard Smith. He represented Burlington in Assembly near twenty years, through a great variety of difficult business. He maintained a fair reputation, was instrumental in procuring considerable provincial benefits, and hence acquired the love of many who had no opportunities of knowing him but in a public character. He was cool and even in his temper, impartial and conscientious in the discharge of his duty, kind and careful in every paternal relation, and generous in both sentiment and conduct.”

His character is further developed in an obituary of the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, November 21, 1751, thus:

“Last week died Richard Smith, Esq., of Burlington, West New Jersey, and was buried in Friends' burial-ground in that city, in whom the character of a generous, good-natured, hospitable man, of a true patriot, and a good Christian were so truly blended, that he lived beloved and esteemed by all that knew him, and his death is lamented as a public loss by the people of that province.”

The character of your ancestor I copy for your example and emulation.

To the above I will add the annexed remarks of Sir Mathew Hale in his book of wisdom, and will thus affectionately close my attempt to interest you. He says:

“The truth is, did we consider this world as becomes us, even as wise men, we might easily find that this world below



neither was intended for, nor indeed can be, a place of rest, but only a laboratory to fit and prepare the souls of the children of men for a better and more abiding state; a school to exercise and train us in habits of practice and obedience, till we are fitted for another station; a little narrow nursery, wherein we may be dressed and pruned, till transplanted into a better paradise.

“The continued troubles and discomposures, sicknesses and calamities, that attend our lives; the shortness and continued vexations occurring in them, the common examples of death and mortality of all ages, sexes, and conditions of mankind, are a sufficient instruction to convince reasonable men, who have the seriousness and patience to consider and observe, that we have no abiding city here. And on the other side, if we will give ourselves leisure to consider the great wisdom of Almighty God, who orders everything in the world to ends suitable and proportionable; the excellence of the soul and mind of man; the great advances and improvements his nature is capable of; the admirable means which the merciful and wise God hath afforded mankind, by his works of nature and providence, by his word and instruments, to qualify him for a nobler life than this world below can yield, we shall readily confess that there is another state, another city to come, which it becomes every good, and wise, considerate man to look after, and fit himself for. And yet if we look upon the generality of mankind with a due consideration, they will appear to be like a company of distempered people. The greater part of them make it their whole business to provide for a rest and happiness in this world; they make these vain acquisitions of wealth and honor, and the preferments and pleasures of this world their great, if not their only business and happiness; and, which is a greater height of frenzy, they esteem this the only wisdom, and judge the careful provision for eternity, the folly of a few weak, melancholy, fanciful men; whereas it is a truth, and in due time it will evidently appear that those men who are most solicitous for the attaining of their everlasting rest are the only true wise men, and so shall be acknowledged by

those that now despise them. 'We fools accounted his life madness, and his end to be without honour. How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the Saints.'"

FOR THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF  
JOHN JAY AND RACHEL P. SMITH.

1821.

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4 mo. 12, 1871.

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1871.

"Few are the hearts in marriage bound,  
When youthful charms unfold,  
For whom united years roll round,  
And bring the Age of Gold.

And you whose lives so early met,  
And joined in days of old,  
Can scarce believe that time has yet  
Brought on the Age of Gold.

So softly has he winged his flight—  
So few his shadows cold,—  
What rosy rays of morning light  
Blend with the Age of Gold.

And we who fill your hall to-night,  
By faith and love made bold,  
To Heav'n in heartfelt prayer unite,  
To bless your Age of Gold :

Till gates of Pearl and throne of Light  
Your happy eyes behold,  
And joyful hymns of glory bright  
Attune your harps of Gold."

M. R. H.

## CHAPTER VII.

Post-Scriptum—The Death of my Wife—My only Daughter's Account of the Illness of Her Mother—Sweet Memories of and Loving Testimonials of Rachel Pearsall Smith.

“Dear to my heart, yea,  
As it were to my heart.”  
“We speak of friends and their fortunes,  
And of what they did and said,  
Till the dead alone seem living,  
And the living alone seem dead.  
And at last we hardly distinguish  
Between the ghosts and the guests,  
And a mist and a shadow of sadness  
Steal over the merriest jests.”—LONGFELLOW.

“Even the ornament of a quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.”

AND now I am left alone. A quiet remark at our golden wedding that it seemed to be a last mile-stone was realized August 2, 1873, when the spirit of my dear, and admired, and beloved partner winged its happy flight to Christ. She had gone with our daughter to Atlantic City to remain two weeks, thinking to conquer a chronic complaint, but it grew more painful, so they returned in seven days. Another week, and she was prostrated with gastro-meningitis. She prayed to be released, but the disease progressed till hope was abandoned.

When told she would meet her children gone before in heaven, she raised her hands and said, eagerly and reverently, “Franky will be the first to meet me.” Elizabeth said, “Yes, and Brother Albanus and Aunt Rebecca Morton,” when she replied, “It is not that I want, but the open arms of my Saviour.”

Words would be vain to paint our anguish. A reliance on her sure foundation is our only consolation. She is with Jesus, forever adoring God and the Son. Submission is our duty, and we must now aim by every means to join her in eternal rest!

Sarah Coleridge, in her pleasing memoranda, says on the death of her mother, the wife of the poet, "I always looked forward to nursing her through a long illness. I know not how it was. I could never help looking forward to it with a sort of satisfaction. I day-dreamed about it—according to the usual way of my mind—and cut it out in fancy all in my own way. She was to waste away gradually, without much suffering, and to become more and more placid in spirit, and filled with the anticipations of heavenly things. I thought, too, that this would help to prepare me for my change. Now I seem as if a long-cherished prospect had been snatched away from me. I thank God I was thus suddenly snatched away from Henry" (her husband).

I confess to just such anticipations. There was to be the luxurious chair, the window in her chamber expanded into a conservatory for choice plants brought from the greenhouse; the soft cushion for her limbs, and oh! the loving, faithful smile that was oft to welcome my presence on arrival! It had scarcely entered into my believings that *I* was to be left, having been the sick one of the two for fifty years.

The wrench is consequently great, the sting severe, broken at times by the thought that *she* has not to bear a separation so keenly felt, but still more that she was prepared and desirous of release. I have now been months a widower, but the sting, the grief, the tears are only more felt, more frequent.

"Kind Heaven, upon her head  
Do thou in dove-like guise thy spirit pour."

She had a sustained, even almost unerring good sense, not only of thought, but of feeling. One instance I remember, and its meaning is now more apparent than I then felt. If a bereaved widow was sitting alone in our oft-cheerful parlor, she would allude to her lonely state, and suggest that I would be interested and converse with her especially.

We sometimes employ the epithet *manly* to express admiration. She was most eminently *womanly*.

The annexed short passages were written down by our

daughter Elizabeth, during the illness; they show the state of her mind, resigned, prepared, ready to join the everlasting choir.

*My only Daughter's Account of the Illness of her Mother, written for her Brothers and their Children only:*

When a school-girl, my teacher heard me lament, "I had no sister." After school she called me to her side, to request me never to say so again, because in my mother I had both a dear mother and sister. From that day I accepted both relationships in the one most precious one. As my father is now my especial companion, and we are mutually dependent upon each other, so before were this dear mother and myself.

At Clifton Springs, last fall, mother said to me, "We seem like Siamese twins;" "thee thinks of everything in the night and in the day before I know what I want, and so I do for thee." Sweet words these were at that time, but now something to comfort, when I cannot touch or reach my own one, the sweetest mother daughter could have.

I will give my recollections of her last sickness, which was a wondrous and beautiful scene,—when loving husband, children, and grandchildren, nieces and nephews unitedly hovered around "the dear mother of all," each one striving, if it was in his or her power, to save the life so necessary to our happiness. Two weeks only were we allowed to wait and nurse, and this we did with one heart and one mind. The following detailed account will tell the fatal sequel.

FIRST SICKNESS.

In the middle of the night of Seventh day, July 18, 1873, my precious mother came to my room, and said, "Lizzie, come to me." I hastened to her side in the dressing-room and room adjoining, to find her disturbed with severe sick stomach. I now regret not sending to ask our physician to come in the night, but, with the exception of the sick stomach, I had often seen mother apparently more sick. She did not consent to my sending, and said, "Wait until morning."

Two nights previous, as we went up-stairs, mamma said,

"Come undress me, the end is very near now," but this discouraged tone was no uncommon one of late; I only tried as usual to cheer her, and, as heretofore, relief came when undressed and in bed. One great cause of discomfort was a nervous affection of the heart, and long-continued difficulty of breathing.

The next day Dr. Rhoads spent a part of the morning with mother in the parlor, and in the evening of the same day our friend James Whitall spent with us, with his son and nephew; they left and we went up-stairs together. Sweet mother undressed herself easily, and moved about energetically, but never came down-stairs after this Sixth day evening.

VII. Mo. 19th. Seventh day morning the doctor came, but did not seem alarmed; only thought he would come in again, saying the case needed watching. Shortly I became uneasy, and asked father if I might send again. Thomas Hendricks brought the doctor; still he was not alarmed until I told him "mother's color had changed." He at once sent for various remedies; used hartshorn to smell to restore life, for it suddenly seemed ebbing away; gave brandy, a teaspoonful at a time with fine ice, until the action of the heart was restored.

The doctor remained all day, applying with me mustard poultices to stomach, wrists, and feet; they made little impression; indeed, scarcely burned, even when made of pure mustard. By his assiduity and restoratives, the danger from heart-disease passed off, but dear father and I were thoroughly alarmed. Father asked the dear one, "Has thee any message for Bobby?" for in this extremity we felt my brother Robert's distance from us. The reply was merely, "Give my love to him if you are writing; are you writing?"

On this morning, even before the doctor came, mother asked her maid Nancy if he had come, saying, "Annie, I don't expect ever to leave this bed. I know that Lizzie would miss me, and all my trouble and care is for Mr. Smith and Lizzie. Nancy. I want to go; I am ready and willing to go."

"Why are you so anxious for death, Mrs. Smith? Poor Mr. Smith and Miss Smith, what will they do without you?"

"He will soon follow me, and my daughter will care for him. Yes, I am sick, and very sick."

Before noon we sent for Horace and Margaret. Lloyd was in Virginia, sister Hannah J. at Atlantic City, Robert in Europe.

My dear brother Horace felt, when we sent for him, that he was likely to part with his mother, and suffered a paroxysm of grief before leaving his own home.

Aunt Mary came at once to her only remaining sister, and staid with us.

Before any one arrived, in the fear of the bare possibility that we had to part, I said, wanting once more the assurance of her love, "Mother, does thee love me?" "Unspeakably, especially of latter years; it is not my way to shed tears." Father asked a similar question, and she used the strong word "supremely." "How much does thee love me?" "*All*," was the comprehensive, comforting, weak reply to her only daughter.

Presently she said, "Comfort father; be tender to him, with few words, but with tender acts." With many tears I said, "Mother, thee may be sure I will try to do that," yet feeling my inability acceptably to comfort my own beloved father.

Although so very ill, she thought of Hannah W., and said, "Tell her the tie between us is very strong, very tender and strong."

After this fearful day I sat up all night with mother, Horace and the physician in the house, but not called.

*First day.*—My dear sister Margaret Longstreth Smith and I nursed alone all this day. She came daily for a long while, and went to her babe Margaret at night. As I had been two days and two nights without sleep, I was afraid to trust myself to sit up, so had a nurse, "Abby."

I told mother it was "hard to leave her dear side, even for an hour in the night." Mother sweetly said, "My dear, thee would be culpable not to; there is nothing now to do but what is mechanical, and I may need thee a great while."

Sweet mother! our heart's desire! how often we kissed thy cheek and blessed thee softly.

VII. 21. *Second day.*—"Abby" sprained her ankle and

could not return to us, but cousin Gulielma came, and sister H. was telegraphed to come from Atlantic City. This dear niece and daughter watched this night. Doctor says, "condition grave, but not without hope." When I went to mother she said, "Hannah was just as steady at the end of her watch as at the beginning;" dear faithful cousin and sister!

VII. 22. *Third day.*—I was hourly at mother's side, but Mrs. Lovelage took the night, coming eleven nights in all. (Because she was so agreeable to the dear patient, Mary E. Morton, my steady companion, calls her "Mrs. Lovely.") At 4 o'clock in this night, four days from her first seizure, mother said, "Oh! Lizzie dear, the time may be longer or shorter, but nothing but a miracle could save my life." I replied, "If we are either of us to be taken from the other, the only spiritual comfort we can have will be the recollection of the sweet religious communion we have had." We agreed that we had helped one another, and mother told me to tell Samuel Morris she "recognized his gift."

Later in the night, when I tenderly went to her, she very slowly said, "Lizzie, a voice—yes, a VOICE, it seemed, came to me an hour ago, and said, 'Cheer up, it won't be long!'" This alarmed me afresh, and I said, "Mother, is there anything I have done for which I ought to ask thee to forgive me?" "Forgive thee! no, my precious child, and if there was it is removed as far as the East is from the West, 'everything.'" This illimitable distance of removal is a solace to her sorrowing E.

Presently these sweet words were uttered, "I seem to have nothing to pray for, only to praise."

There was no word of unworthiness; Christ's righteousness was the covering; her acceptance was a settled fact. This agreed with the testimony of Dr. Rhoads, who said, "She was not filled with humility, but saturated with it." We debated to-day whether to telegraph to Lloyd.

VII. 23. *Fourth day.*—10 o'clock P.M., symptoms improved; doctor hopeful; no need we thought of dear cousin G., who in every emergency has been our sure reliance.



VII. 24. *Fifth day.*—I think this day dear H. W. S. and the children came ; all the dear sisters here. The doctor forbade them seeing their mother, but Nancy revealed the secret of their being in the house. I had resolved that Hannah, who had come so far, must see mother, who now insisted on seeing the daughter with whom she was just then in peculiar sympathy. So Hannah lay by her side, and could, when unable to come again, picture everything in this great scene of our lives. The visit was a mutual comfort and satisfaction, and we continued to communicate daily, sometimes twice a day.

I had at this time continual hope ; of course the possibility that we had to part was presented, and the gloriousness of laying down the earthly, yet no strength to part, to be separated from this blessed one, was ever given in advance. We telegraphed for Lloyd to-day.

VII. 25. *Sixth day.*—He arrived this afternoon, to the joy of his mother and of us all. Lloyd sees a great change ; she is calm and very quiet, without pain and resigned. Her own postal card, sent to Aunt Margaret Hilles, says in it, "Mary Morton is here a ministering spirit." From the first day of the illness, dear Aunt Margaret was constantly spoken of in strains like this : "Tell sister Margaret my powers of mind are in full vigor, and I believe I shall have her in my thoughts to the very last. Tell her not to regret that she cannot sit by me ; tell her I am so miserable she would have very little satisfaction in being at my side."

Again, "I have laid my heart bare to her ; I would not like her to see me suffer ; it would be no special comfort."

About this time mother asked, "Has any one told Rachel Grellet ? I think a great deal is due to her ; give her my tender love."

The word *commit* seemed an acceptable one to the dear patient. Father and I were sitting, one on each side alone, when I said, "Mother, thee has often committed all of us, father and thy children, to the Lord, and now we do tenderly commend and commit thee to Him." "'COMMIT,' that is the word," was the only response, except a most solemn, tender look.

VII. 26. *Seventh day.*—One week to-day since the severe illness of my mother began.

Dear cousin Gulielma M. Howland and Mary E. Morton stay close by me every day and night. Dear father and the doctor faithfully trying everything they know how to do. After father left her side to give room to the nursing, mother sweetly said, "His tenderness is inexpressible. I have so many and so unusual blessings." And again she said to sister H. E. J. Smith, "that she had arrived at the summit, the pinnacle of human happiness, and yet was willing to leave it all."

Her messages to Robert Pearsall Smith, the namesake of her tenderly beloved father, I have forwarded to him. Here is one: "Tell him my mind is vigorous, and full of vigor. Tell him I have overflowings of heart for him, which I would fail to express." Feeling very weak, mother looked rather imploringly at me, and said, "He will understand *overflowings*, won't he?" and added, solemnly, "I want him to keep on the solid and steady foundation."

VII. 27. *First day.*—This night the dear grand-daughter, Mary Whitall Smith, cried, and had risen from her bed to pray. When questioned she said, "the wind troubled her," but her mother, not easy, went up-stairs to her again. Dear Mariechen said, "Does thee think grandma Smith will die, because, mother, I don't want her to die; does thee think she wants to very much? She is so very kind."

VII. 28. *Second day.*—I told the beloved grandmother this and other particulars about the distress of her dear grandchild, when she touchingly replied, "I am hardly able to thank her for her sweet remembrances, and I feel afraid of more, lest I cannot properly reply to the dear child."

This evidence of weakness was agony to me.

Mother asked Lloyd to close her English correspondence with Mrs. G. B. Lloyd, Sarah Backhouse, and Anna Stephenson.

As Albanus L. Smith, now her eldest grandson, came in and out, he was noticed affectionately, and mother was generally conscious of his leaving the room. He was born in the room

where she was, the only birth in the house,\* and she was to be the first to lay down life where he had taken it up.† As he once left her she said, "I do cherish that boy; cheer him up in his life;" and immediately petitioned, "O God, go this night through the valley of the shadow of death with me!"

Once I was quietly holding her dear hand, with my face shaded; she looked up to say, strongly, "Lizzie, thee is not praying for my life, is thee, *is thee?*" I replied, "I would not dare to do that, but I hope thee will live." "Do NOT DO IT!" was the fearful reply. This proves her confidence in prayer.

VII. 29. *Third day*.—This is the anniversary of the birth of my oldest niece, "Nelly," Gulielma, and it is also my birthday; a mournful one to me, and I cannot even tell mother it is her only daughter's birthday, for there seems no improvement. Mother is more ill!

Poor father does try to give her up. Feeling thus, a letter comes from H. W. S., speaking of "good news of mother's convalescence." She says "the children are all happy, and thinking grandma loves us all well enough to be willing to live," but Hannah, appreciating dear mother's disappointment, says she "shall long doubly to see her since she has been so near the Heavenly home." Ah! her thankfulness on her own and our account was without foundation, for sweet mother is *no* better.

We had a wonderful answer to prayer to-day. Dear *devoted* sister H. E. J. S. came early to let me go to breakfast, and said, "Well, mother dear, how is thee this morning?" "Oh! Hannah, I *want patience*, I *want patience*," was the touching reply, meaning patience to wait the Lord's time to release her. Sister was touched to the quick, and prayed that mother might have patience to submit to the sweet will of God, as to the time of

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\* Even till now, 1892.—E. P. S.

† Albanus L. Smith's birth and her death, and subsequently father's, are the only events of birth and death that have occurred in that house up to this year 1892, with the exception of Mrs. J. Dickinson Logan, who occupied it while Horace and family were away. She was very lovely, and beautified the home. She died of pneumonia.—E. P. S.

her departure. The room was silent as the Holy Spirit descended upon them; Lloyd came in in a few minutes and said, "Mother, how is thee this morning?" "Oh! Lloyd," with great cheerfulness, "I have more patience!" were startling words to sister, who felt she had an early answer to her prayer. Presently, when sister began to sing gently, the only hymn that previously mother had much cared for, viz., "To Jesus, the crown of my life, my soul is in haste to be gone," Mother said, "Stop, not that! I am done with that hymn; that has been a hymn of impatience with me; now I want a hymn of patience," and dear sister sang, "Jesus, lover of my soul."

On one of the last nights E. was in a dilemma, and consulted Lloyd, saying she never could obey her in a request to go to father's bedside and pray her mother might be released. In a few minutes mother called us both to her, asking that we would do as she said, and unitedly make this request. Lloyd said, "Mother, we could not do that, but we will pray for patience for thee to wait." The doctor asked that she would try to wait the Almighty's time. To him she begged, "Oh, let me go." "That is not my province, Mrs. Smith, we have to wait the Almighty's time." This physician was attentive and considerate of the dear patient and her family.

VII. 30. *Fourth day.*—Unbroken peace and calm; not sinking now; just a pause; we hardly dare hope; the patient took and retained a powerful preparation of opium. The weather warm; it is necessary to break ice all day and night long for drinks, medicine, and continual ice for the dear, beautiful forehead. Two fans in motion.

VII. 31. *Fifth day.*—Strength receding; doctors applied a large blister over the stomach. Takes little nourishment. Father wrote to some one to-day, "Not in entire despair." As he and I sat alone by mother, she said, most impressively, "Unless we suffer with Him, we cannot reign with Him, we cannot rise with Him."

Father and I took, at mother's urgent request, a drive at twilight. What have I not passed through since two weeks ago, when I breathed the open air?

To Lloyd and Elizabeth mother used many endearing epithets of father. These are some: "Father is a delightful, faithful, persevering, attractive friend and husband to me. With all his varying temperament, he has had deep intuitive judgment." Then raising her clasped hands towards Heaven, she said, "And *now*, Almighty God, I believe on Thee and in the redemption which comes through Thy Son Jesus Christ, who is my only hope; I trust that my quiet way may be acceptable as well as the more enthusiastic joys of some."

On the same occasion when we were alone with her, she said:

"He that draweth nigh unto Me, I will draw nigh unto him."

"But Lloyd, dear, whoso confesseth me before men, him will I confess before my Father and the Holy Angels."

"He that turneth to the Father, the Father stretcheth forth to receive him."

"O gracious Heavenly Father, take me out of their loving arms to Thyself."

Looking at E., she said, "I cannot feel a care for thee; thee will be cared for."

"How, mother?" "Thee has a Saviour and three faithful brothers."

"I have tried to come between you and perturbation."

"Yes," said Lloyd, "Mother, we know that, and can never repay thee."

At another time, when all were at dinner except Lloyd and Hannah, Lloyd repeated the text, "Into Thy hands I commit my spirit," when she said, eagerly, "Oh! yes, that is it," and repeated, "Into Thy hands I commit my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of Truth." Mother then repeated, after Lloyd, the following verses: "Out of the depth have I cried unto thee. Lord, hear my voice. The Lord hear me in the day of trouble, the name of the God of Jacob protect me, send me help from the Holy place, and defend me out of Zion;" also, the Lord's prayer.

On one occasion she asked every one to leave the room, and have Lizzie alone, and said, "I charge thee not to repeat what I say or write it,—will thee promise me?—except a

few\* judicious words thee will think proper. Too much is written about us, and nothing should be repeated. Lloyd does not value such things."

VIII. 1. *Sixth day*.—Slowly, steadily fading away! Her suffering is from intense exhaustion, rather than pain; no nourishment, which seems fearful; entirely conscious, although too weak to say much; great restlessness of body, but great peace of mind. A large opium-plaster over the blister-spot. The doctor said our dear mother was sinking.

Who can forget our blessed one's frequent piteous appeal, "OH! MY CHILDREN, OH! MY CHILDREN," repeated over and over again,—to Christ we only could appeal,—to redeem the promise that He is the abolisher of death. On this last night dear cousin G. M. Howland, from her room, heard the blessed aunt say, "Oh! I do ache so." She sprang from her bed to kneel by mother's side, and pray for her release, "that the thread might be cut." All but her daughter said "amen," I believe, to this petition,—strange request for one so dearly beloved. Mystical union to enable us to do this. Rev. iii. 21; Rev. ii. 17; Rev. iii. 12; Ps. xvii. 15; Rev. xxii. 20; xxi. 3, 5; xiv. 1-3; Ps. xxxvii. 18.

VIII. 2, 1873. This Sixth day night proved the very last one of the dear wife and mother, who, during these two weeks' sickness, had proved how true was the foundation which made her a perfect woman, the grace, and strength, and light of her home, when trustfulness, peace, love, and perfect Christian union pervaded her sick-room. Towards Seventh day, at day-break, bodily strength waned, but she still said, "*Oh! my children*" repeatedly, and often impressively added, "Now shut the door, turn down the gas, and let us be quiet." Helplessly and more helplessly she breathed, and in perfect stillness we, her immediate family, two beloved nephews and nieces, received her last breath at 5.30 o'clock A.M.

Days before she asked her E. "to call no one when she was

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\* These "few" words I venture to preserve for the descendants who have not known her.—E. P. S.

passing away;" "not to send for the doctor," which was attended to; "to let it be very still," *not* to call the servants. Kate McNeil and the nurses, however, were present. If that was disobeyed, mother, forgive me. No one was called, to my knowledge.

Father was the only one who felt a definite, last look of love was bestowed on him.

On the last night mother asked for her "Lizzie" to come to her and sing a child's lullaby, and three different times asked her to repeat for her Dr. H. Hartshorne's sonnet, beginning,—

"I have been wandering near the gates of death."

The kind ministering relatives and friends, William S. Hilles, Charles Mortimer Morton, Mary E. Morton, Rev. Algernon Morton, Dr. James C. Thomas, Rev. John E. Cookman, and James Whitall were *most acceptably* with us, when, on the 5th of August, 1873, husband, children, seven grandchildren, and dear friends tenderly and reverently laid to rest their dear beloved one.

The Laurel Hill men were all drawn up to pay their last feeling tribute of respect to their true friend.

On returning, dear father had a sense that he had laid her *to rest*, and merged then his loss in the gain for her. To his children the comfort of seeing him thus submissive was very great, although "the sound of the turtle dove" was slow in reaching his only daughter.

"Lord, a little, tired child  
Comes to thee this day for rest.  
Take it—fold it in thy arms,  
Soothe its head upon thy breast.

"Through a night of wind and storm,  
O'er a dark and lonely sea,  
Beaten back by breakers strong,  
Hath its pathway seemed to be.

“Weary, breathless, battered, bruised,  
Lo ! it leans on thee for rest ;  
Take it—fold it in thine arms,  
Soothe its head upon thy breast.

“Whisper, as it sleepeth there,  
Tenderest, sweetest lullabies,  
Till it smiles as infants do,  
Dreaming of the happy skies.

“Then, dear Lord, thus comforted,  
Rested, with thy perfect rest,  
It shall sing to other hearts  
What it learned upon thy breast.”\*

Oh, woman true ! oh, faithful friend ! oh, lady loved and lost,  
Thou hast escaped in summer-time, before life's wintry frost !  
God saw the *grain was ready*, all golden at its prime ;  
'Twas ripened for His garner, might He not know the time ?

(*For Friends' Review.*)

“Let us pass over to the other side.”†—MARK iv. 35.

“Let us pass over !” we were far astray ;  
Between us and our home the sea was wide ;  
When He who is Himself the blessed Way  
Bade us cross over and with Him abide.  
Faith wavered, and temptation lured us on ;  
Too fair this world for mortal to withstand ;  
Yet came His voice, though from Him we had gone,  
“Let us pass over to a better land.”

Again our hearts were torn with grief and pain,  
Our eyes tear-blinded, life seemed only loss ;  
When, calling us to His pierced side, again  
Christ showed to us the *crown* beyond the cross.

\* These appropriate words were repeated over and over to the poor daughter E. by her lovely faithful first cousin Mary E. Morton.

† Suggested by words uttered by Rev. John E. Cookman, at Laurel Hill, Eighth mo. 5th, 1873.



And now life wanes ; we stand by the dark river,  
With none besides, save Him, the crucified ;  
Gently He calls, whose love is joy forever,  
“ *Let us pass over to the other side.*”

*Dr. Henry Hartshorne.*

A friend at Clifton Springs, to which place and to Niagara we went last fall, writes, “In thinking of her, my appreciation always expresses itself in the word *exquisite*. No other word so nearly describes her character. So refined in spirit, and so accomplished in person, she won me and held me a most admiring friend. Such worth and loveliness cannot be lost. I present thy dear father and thee to One who knows how to comfort, and who is able to cause every sorrow to bear fruit to His glory.”

Another friend, Mary Rhoads Haines, writes, “I am glad I ever knew her ; my life has been richer for her friendship, and I owe much to the influence of her Christian spirit, her cultivated mind, discriminating taste, and sound judgment.”

The following letter but expresses a sentiment of esteem and admiration that was common to many relatives and friends, and I am witness that the commendations are true. The writer is an experienced Christian ; one whose love our dear one warmly esteemed for her consistency and truthfulness, and whose presence always gave us pleasure.

*Letter from Mary Anna Longstreth to Elizabeth P. Smith, who, like the recipient, is a grand-daughter of Isaac and Rachel Collins :*

“NEWPORT, 8 Mo. 6th, 1873.

“MY MUCH LOVED COUSIN :

“It has been a real trial to me to be so far away from thee during the past week, for although I know not that my presence would have afforded thee any comfort, it would have been a comfort to myself to mingle my tears with yours. Very dear to me was thy precious mother. She had the next place in my warm love to the immediate members of our family, and honor and reverence were so mingled with *that love* that I

regarded her as a motherly aunt, rather than a cousin. All the noble traits of her admirable character, her unselfishness, her thoughtfulness, her desire to acknowledge others' merits and excuse their defects, her truthfulness and impartiality, her sound discretion and good judgment, the loveliness of her temper, and the warmth of her affection, the Christian spirit which pervaded her words and actions, formed a *tout ensemble* that we rarely meet. Her *superior* I have never seen, and her loss to me is irreparable. But how selfish it is to think of my loss, when to you every day and every hour will bring the sense of bereavement; you will miss her in innumerable ways, and as for thy dear father, the charm and brightness of his life are gone.

"But she is happy, supremely happy, re-united to her loved ones gone before, and awaiting the coming of those she leaves, in the perfect assurance that through the merits and mercy of your Redeemer you will meet again to part no more. You are indissolubly bound together in Christ; the bond is not severed, only loosened for a little while.

"He who has taken to Himself your precious treasure will be constantly near you, and supply every need. You will be able at times to look away from your loss, great and irreparable as it is, to her inconceivable gain. Our eyes have not seen, nor our hearts formed any conception of such blessedness. Mary Cope Whitall, who sympathizes tenderly with you, has kindly read to me her husband's letters, which give a most interesting account of the last hours of thy precious mother. The desire to depart and be with her Saviour must have helped you to be willing to resign her. And the firm trust that you would all meet again around the throne lessened, no doubt, the pain *she* felt in leaving you.

"Do not distress thyself, dear E., by anticipation; live one day at a time; when perplexities and trials arise, carry them to Jesus; He will keep thee from sinking down; He will be strength and wisdom, the Friend that 'sticketh closer than a brother;' more than this, for He hath promised, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.'

"Dear cousin Robert! my thoughts are much with him, far from you all; but his Saviour will be very near to him and supply his need.

"With tender sympathy,

"I am thy loving cousin,

"MARY ANNA.

"P. S.—8mo. 8th.

"I feel much for you in the added trial of losing thy dear uncle Samuel Hilles, at this time thy dear father and his only sister being separated, when each was passing through deep affliction. But they can meet in soul communion and prayer for each other, and are supported by the same Almighty Father and Friend."\*

"SMITH.—On Seventh day, 2d inst., Rachel Pearsall, wife of Jno. Jay Smith.

"Her relatives are invited to attend the funeral from her husband's residence, Shoemaker's Lane, Germantown, on Third day morning, 5th inst., at 10 o'clock. Her friends from the city and those of the family are requested to meet at the Chapel at North Laurel Hill, at 11.30 o'clock."

*From Friends' Review :*

"SMITH.—Fell asleep in Jesus, on the 2d of Eighth month, 1873, Rachel Pearsall Smith, wife of John Jay Smith, an esteemed member of Frankford Monthly Meeting.

"'Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.' Her end was perfect peace. Not a cloud seemed to come between her soul and its Redeemer; not a fear shadowed the brightness of her heavenly prospects. The calmness in the near and certain prospect of eternity arose not from any confidence in her own righteousness, for humility and self-distrust were peculiarly the crowning graces of her deeply religious character. Her confidence was only and altogether in the redemption of the Lord Jesus Christ, and

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\* Aunt M. H. Hilles came and staid with us directly after the funeral of dear uncle Samuel Hilles.

her hope was steadfast, because it was anchored 'within the veil' whither she realized that He had entered for her. Her faith manifested itself, as she would often remark, 'in a quiet way rather than with the enthusiastic joys of some,' but produced most blessed results in daily life and walk." E. P. S.

"TO THE FAMILY OF MRS. J. J. SMITH :

"I have been appointed by the managers of the Infant School to express their sympathy to the family of Mrs. J. J. Smith, for the recent loss they have sustained by the death of their excellent friend, Mrs. Smith, who, by the inscrutable will of Divine Providence, has passed from time to eternity. Her quiet kindness of manner and good judgment will long be remembered by all who have had the privilege of meeting her in council; we feel that her loss will make a void never to be filled, but that the change for her to immortality is a blessed one.

"SARAH L. WISTER,

"SEPT. 27, 1873."

"*Secretary pro tem.*

Found in the handwriting of Rachel P. Smith:

"INTERLAKEN, HOTEL ZUR JUNGFRAU,

"Aug. 15th, 1856.

"Before me lies the turf flat upon which this village is built, the finely modelled green hills forming two halves of an amphitheatre, which just in the centre draw back to constitute a frame from the Jungfrau, which in the purest splendor rises in front.

"Oh! that you were here, with your ever warm heart for the magnificence of creation, your keenly discerning eye and artist-like hand, and I with you as my Priestess, to gaze into the Sanctuary!"—*Bunsen to his wife.*

Extract from a torn letter from my aunt Rachel Smith, who afterwards married George Stewardson, descriptive of my mother, who was then spending the summer at Green Hill, the home of Richard M. Smith, my father's brother. My mother







RACHEL PEARSALL SMITH.





was then under the care of her aunt Rebecca Grellet. Aunt Rachel little supposed the one she described would, in future years, become her sister-in-law :

“ Rachel C. Pearsall had been with cousins several days previously to my visit, and so much delighted them that they pronounced her to be one of the finest children of the age. My cousin, Susan Emlen, whose guest she often has been, says, ‘ I never before saw a child of her age possessed of such excellent habits. Her mother has certainly educated her very judiciously ; she has chosen the right method.’ Such an encomium from such a woman is no trifle.

“ RACHEL SMITH.”

Sister Margaret L. Smith writes me, “ I am very much pleased that the first great-grandchild should be named for mother. Few of us are worthy of such words of praise as Susan Emlen gave to our dear mother, and she deserved it all.”—*Copied by Elizabeth P. Smith.*

## CHAPTER VIII.

My Wife's Ancestry—The Pearsalls of Long Island—Thomas Dobson—Isaac Collins—Reminiscences of a Residence in New York when Pearl Street was a Fashionable Neighborhood—Navigation and Locomotion before the Application of Steam—Our Departed Children, Gulielma, Margaret Hill, and Albanus.

THE following memoranda respecting her ancestors and family were written by Rachel P. Smith, shortly before her decease, at the earnest request of her sons and myself.

They are truthful and modest. She never attached great importance to such matters, though a good and prayerful ancestry she valued and esteemed.

*A few Notes of my Family, which may be Valued by my Children.*

I have found it easy to restore from my memory times and events that are long past ; but when I wish to recall heart-

records of my beloved parents, and revive all that I owe them, and of your dear father, and of all that truth will warrant me in saying of the love of our youth, and of his faithful constancy in our maturer years, and even to age and hoary hairs, I am embarrassed, and feel my powers quite inadequate to what I would fain convey.

Before my marriage, in one of my letters to him, I remember saying, "To my parents I owe all for which I am esteemed," which I now do most fully endorse; for their virtues live before me in magnifying proportions. If we are permitted to know each other in another world, surely it will be a joy that their love and my veneration may be recognized.

Of my dear husband's forbearing constancy and love to me, I need not speak to you; but fifty years have not dimmed its glow, although it may have subdued its tone. May we tread together the remainder of our pilgrimage, now extended years beyond the prescribed threescore and ten, walking, as I trust we both do, in bonds of Christian union and faith in that Saviour whose promises are yea and amen forever.

First Mo. 3d, 1872.

Not having my husband's facility for painting with my pen the vivid pictures of my early life and childhood, which I sometimes amuse him by describing, I have declined attempting to record scenes and events he thinks our children and grandchildren might like to know; but on second thought I will attempt some simple annals of what, now in advanced years, I dwell upon with a calm, serene remembrance that can be shared in by only a very, very few.

I was born and lived, till my marriage, in New York. My own personal knowledge recalls my grandparents, both Pearsall and Collins (see printed memoirs of Isaac and Rachel Collins), and my great-grandfather Thomas Dobson, father of Hannah, wife of Lindley Murray, of York, England, and Elizabeth Pearsall, my grandmother.

Thomas Dobson died at the age of ninety-three, when I was about ten or twelve years old, and I often steadied his faltering

steps by my arm, when it was his pleasure to walk over the short turf that surrounded the Flushing homestead.

My first recollection recalls my grandfather Pearsall in our parlor, New York (almost the only time I ever saw him there), presenting to my parents a silver tankard, now in the possession of Robert P. Morton, with my parents' initials beautifully engraved on it; *my* prettiest silver inheritance being a beautiful quart mug, elegantly marked "I. R. C.," which my grandfather Collins had, filled with cold water, placed at his breakfast plate daily. I have also a silver pint mug that was in constant use by my own dear father.

My Pearsall ancestors came from England, and appear to have first settled at Hempstead, Long Island. Our branch became Friends and manumitted their slaves, which greatly impaired their fortunes. Nathaniel, my great-grandfather, had children, Joseph, Thomas, Mary, Jane, Sally, Embree, and Robert, who was greatly beloved by my grandfather, but who died near his majority, and *his* name has descended as the family name of the last five generations, William Pearsall's son being the youngest.

Joseph was Margaret Robinson's grandfather. He married Hannah Bowne, who was a distinguished woman, and long at the head of the New York Yearly Meeting, her brother George sitting beside her on the men's side of the house.

When I was four and a half years old, in 1805, my grandmother Collins, from whom I was named, died of yellow fever, at the house of Allan Clapp, ten miles from New York, whither they had retired from the pestilence.

My father took his family to his father's, at Flushing, and when my father and mother were crossing Long Island Sound, to be at my grandmother's bedside, they encountered an awful thunder-storm, which, however, nothing daunted my mother with her infant babe (Rebecca) in her arms, held in safety; for the love and admiration that large family had for their mother was of an unusual kind. The account of this storm excited my young imagination extremely, blended as it was with the knowledge of the tender love felt for my grandmother, so very ill.

My uncle S. Grellet was, at the time, travelling on a religious visit in the Southern States, but a sudden stop in his mind led him to turn his steps homeward, where he was most necessary at the side of his very delicate and loving wife, and most acceptable to the family.

In 1808 my grandfather Collins removed to Burlington, and in about eighteen months married Deborah Smith, thus making three connections between the Morris and Collins families, and my marriage with your father was the fourth. Isaac Collins's thirteen children were all living when the youngest attained his fiftieth year; eight of them lived to be more than eighty, and I think only one died before the age of seventy, and Susan R. Smith lived to beyond ninety.

I was early acquainted with all the branches of my husband's family, for I had spent a winter at grandfather Collins's, and at another time a summer at Green Hill, with my aunt Rebecca Grellet, her little daughter Rachel, and her nurse and companion, Mary Roscoe, afterwards Hinsdale.

In S. Grellet's memoir is related her interviews with Tom Paine on his death-bed. Thus I spent many months under the guardianship of this precious aunt, her husband being at this time on one of his blessed missions in Europe.

My dear uncle (afterwards brother) Richard M. Smith's house was more than once my aunt's delightful retreat in her husband's absences.

On one of my uncle's absences he wrote from the Crimea that he would like his Burlington friends to collect stones and seeds of their best fruits, to send to some of his dear friends there, which was amply done; and during the Crimean War, when I read in the papers of the lovely fruits and grapes found in the gardens of the locality where my uncle had been, I thought they were perhaps the results of the Burlington collections.

Being the only young person in that lovely circle, I was favored to be a frequent guest, even at Samuel Emlen's, and can thus share largely in my husband's cherished recollections of the charming people who were his early friends. I was young enough to be rather a pet among them.

To return to my father's family. In the days when *steamboats* were not, my road to school was by the house where lived Fulton. We girls passed his door with awe, for we had heard that there lived a genius, who shut himself up night and day, inventing some wonderful thing, and who would not be interrupted, even to go to his meals, but had a plate, now and then, set inside the room, without a word being spoken; but there is no one now to verify this story, which possibly may be sixty years old.

In these days a row- or small sail-boat, such as took us, mother and children, of a summer's afternoon, to Brooklyn, to a strawberry tea, at a friend's house, or, when older, a sunrise party to climb the Brooklyn Heights, to come home to breakfast, was called a "periogue,"—I suppose an Indian name. And to these enjoyments of my youth must be added our charming early morning or evening walks on the Battery.

My father, at that time, lived at the corner of Beekman Slip, now Fulton Street and Pearl, where all his sisters and himself and his own children were born; on my father's marriage my grandfather moving to Flushing. Thus we were within hearing of the sailors at the wharf all the time. Far from that neighborhood being at that time only devoted to business, a wholesale store or counting-room was in every house. The merchant who lived opposite drove a coach and four horses, and was so high-toned in his views that he never allowed the subject of trade to be introduced into his parlor.

While in that locality we wanted to get rid of a troublesome cat, and sent it down to the wharf to be disposed of. A vessel was just leaving for the West Indies, and the animal was thrown aboard. After months the poor thing ran into our breakfast-room, thin, rough, and tarred, and was most affectionately received by us children.

Long Island was the day-dream of my early happiness. At Flushing were the old oak-trees that George Fox preached under, and at the old but well-preserved mansion near by still live the descendants of the Bowne family, who were at that time its occupants.

When very young, as much for my health as my learning, I was at a boarding-school in the family of Fry Willes, a pupil to their son Thomas Willes's wife. That primitive house and family were beyond my powers to describe. The grandparents were nature's noble people in understanding, bearing, and influence. Thomas Willes maintained great supremacy in the Yearly Meeting of New York, till quite a recent time valuable for his large and liberal mind as well as geniality,—tall, erect as a pillar, and pre-eminently a man of truth. His old father told me he had never told an untruth to his knowledge but once, and then he denied to the Revolutionary soldiers that his father was concealed in the cellar to avoid being pressed into the army and service of his country. At that primitive home were still the bars and bolts on the dairy, to keep out the soldiers who were quartered on the family; and another entrance and ladder, leading from the chamber for the family use, which was surreptitiously conjured up into great romance by our childish imagination.

The house was on a beautiful knoll, from which we could almost throw a stone into one of the peculiar formations of that latitude,—a round pond,—some of which were said to be bottomless. At the side of it was the well for the family; on its shore all around were numberless frogs, and swimming on its surface ducks and geese, not to mention the miniature boats of our childish play.

This place was Jericho, and near by lived Elias Hicks, many years after so famous for his unsoundness (of doctrine). As a man he was grand-looking, and in his family all benignity. He was never there opposed.

These Friends lived on sanded floors, and more than Dutch scouring and polishing was the order of the housekeeping. How I would love, by repeating to you their names, to open to your acquaintance the many people who made this period of life happy, but it may not be.

At my grandfather's death, my father went for the summer to his home at Flushing, L. I., where I and our family were invited to spend the season with him; and there my dear





PARLOR OF ELIZABETH P. SMITH, WITH FURNITURE OF HISTORICAL INTEREST.







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daughter Elizabeth was born. The farm having been at one time owned by a wealthy Irish gentleman, and profusely stocked with the best fruits, was called "Ireland," and very near by lived my father's eldest sister Elizabeth Byrd, equally near a widowed sister Hannah Bowne, and the summer we spent at the old place; my father's only remaining sister Sarah, a single woman, died at my uncle James Byrd's; my father had no brother.

When my daughter was about eighteen, she was quite reproved for saying to one of our maids, "You needn't mind being called Irish. I was born in Ireland." The girl took it for her own *ould* country, and chose a very private opportunity to advise,—“Miss Lizzie, I think you had better not tell everybody you were born in Ireland; your mother might not like it!”

My marriage took place in 1821. My precious father's health failed in 1825, and in 1826, after mature deliberation, it was his judgment that, as our only brother Robert had also married in Philadelphia, the family, then consisting of my mother and my three sisters, Mary, Rebecca, and Elizabeth, should follow us to Philadelphia. In 1825 my most beloved father's health further declined, and in 1826 we were called upon to resign him to the rest prepared for the righteous, the pure, and the meek, and I fully believe he is now one of the throng surrounding the Throne on High.

Before passing on to my maturer years, I would like more fully to introduce my dear Pearsall grandparents to you. My grandfather Dobson was very much of a gentleman, dressed in the old-style drab, silver knee- and shoe-buckles, white hair, and animated. Grandfather Pearsall was a bluff, corpulent man, telling stories of the people of his early times, and in his old age repeating them too often (but they always had a good point); and his daughters were so reverential, his wife having died many years before him, that in the greatest press of family or other duties they patiently seated themselves to hear the story out, without betraying they had perhaps heard it before that very day.

Among my recollections of him was his serene enjoyment of nature. Having donned his hat and coat, staff in hand, he would quietly go to the piazza, and sit to gaze upon the wintry scene; and if I, as I often did, pressed myself under his large arm, he would point out to me and name the stars, or expatiate upon the size of the enormous oak-tree before the door, which in the deeds, more than a hundred years old, was called "the Old Oak," or call my attention to the reflection of the moon on the waters of Flushing Bay, which expanded into Long Island Sound, across the salt-meadows, perhaps miles away.

His habit of coming in several times in the day from his walks, drawing up his little stand, and taking his Bible from the top of the clock, seating himself at the western window, and then devoutly reading a chapter aloud, even when he was alone, is a beautiful reminiscence to me of his placid, reverent mind striving to keep under Divine guidance. He was a man who seldom spoke of himself, his life testifying to what was passing within. I feel it a loss now, that the reticence encouraged and practised at that time prevented our having a more intimate spiritual interchange of our thoughts and feelings, for I am sure an instructive and most happy encouragement to each other would have been the result.

My grandmother was a tender, frail little woman, always following her husband with her eye, to detect any want or comfort he might need. The earliest morning duty was to take to her bedside a fresh egg, beaten with a little wine and sugar; and in the afternoon, when all had risen from their siesta, and she was dressed, a tiny cup and tea-pot, with a morsel of cake and cracker, was placed before her that she might not be exhausted before tea-time. It is rather foolish to record these trifles, but they make the picture to me so life-like, I cannot resist allowing the brush to give these few touches. Farewell, dear Flushing!

There are four others whom I cannot close this little narrative without naming, who are now in mansions in the skies. They have been part of my own life, as nearly as different bodies can be bound up in one.

I had a sister Elizabeth, born in 1812; she was wafted to heavenly rest before she attained her seventeenth year, about a year after the departure of our dear father. Grief for his loss was one of the immediate causes of an incipient consumption fixing its deadly sting upon her. She was graceful, pure, and altogether lovely.

Of my sweet little Gulielma you all but Horace have some recollection; but oh! you cannot know the charm she was to me. She was lent to us five years, seven months, and sixteen days, and was a perfect sunbeam, never needed correction, till I sometimes said to her admiring father, I wished she would do something that would call for prompt correction, to give a more positive tone of firmness to her character. Her familiar name was "Lady Bird." Margaret Robinson in my album wrote some sweet lines about her.

Of my last-born child, Margaret, I can only say she was a great joy to me the short two months she was given to my caressing arms. At that period life had much weariness to me, and in all anticipations of the future and of old age, for she was eight years younger than Horace, this child was particularly intertwined, because she was my Benjamin, and I began to feel that in the course of nature and its changes I might be parted from the others. No pang could be greater than that which wrung my heart when the hope that her little life inspired was cut short.

It was not the grief which crushed me when my gifted Albanus was taken from my companionship and admiring love, but the bitter disappointment that the beautiful little being who was sent me so long after my youngest son was born, and who I believed would be at my side till womanhood—that she should be taken from my maternal breast and arms was a keen sorrow.

Your precious brother Albanus was the next to be taken from my love, which was mingled with so much admiration, and almost reverence, that I will not attempt a record of a character which you must gather from your own remembrances and other sources, and from your own memories.

My dear and only brother you knew well; but I must give

expression to the true-heartedness with which he was ever my faithful friend. As a proof of our early devotedness to each other, I remember our saying, when we were yet quite children, we had such rights in each other we would never express our thanks for kindness done. But on my heart is engraved the perfect confidence and trust in which I could always turn to him to share in my pleasures, to sympathize in my disappointments, and without reproach to help me in my failures. He was to me a true brother.

My dear, lovely, beautiful sister Rebecca you knew too well for me to attempt to portray her character. It is shown most truly in an account she drew up, and to be found among my papers, of her son, our precious George, who died a year before his father, Dr. Samuel George Morton.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### FOURTH VISIT TO EUROPE.

THIS personal history, committed to paper, as before stated, at the earnest solicitation of my children and cousin Edmund Morris, was transcribed by him, and the copying was just concluded, as the great sorrow of my life fell upon me. The memories of true happiness in the unbounded confidence of my *well*-beloved wife are all that are now left to me of her. Soon after my wife's decease my good cousin began to fail in health, but he never wavered in his belief in the unfailing goodness of God, and died in full faith in the Redeemer. On the day of his funeral, May —, 1874, by advice of my old physician, I sailed with my only daughter and my grandson Albanus L. Smith, then in his fourteenth year, for England, weighted with the sadness which our loss had occasioned. The religious teachings of my son Robert Pearsall Smith and Hannah W. Smith, who had preceded us several months, had deeply interested a large class of the English public, and many members of the best circles crowded around them. The great-

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est kindness from distinguished persons was extended to them, and while we made sure not to intrude upon them, we also were the recipients of their confidence, and in one or two instances accepted their urgent hospitality.

We also saw much of private society, and I was happy to enjoy the friendship of many intelligent people whom I had known or who knew of me in my former visit to England. Amongst these I especially record the visits—of no very short continuance—to Dillwyn Simms, at Ipswich; to James H. Tuke, who was my fellow-passenger on the voyage home in 1845; and to Henry Ford Barclay. I reminded the wife of the latter—the youngest daughter\* of Samuel Gurney and aunt of Sir Fowell Buxton—that I had waited upon her in to dinner in 1845, before she was married. In the homes of each of these we were made welcome guests.

In Mr. Tuke I found a congenial friend in all respects, and by his invitation took a few days' phaeton excursion through the most interesting portions of England. He drove the finest horse I ever rode behind, and was supplied with a capital servant to wait on us and to give the horse a regular Turkish bath morning and evening.

We availed ourselves of my invitation from Lady Sherbrook, the daughter of Earl Howe, to visit their mansion at Amer-sham. We were not disappointed to find in the house many Penn portraits, and their church contains many monumental brasses of the Penns; none of them, however, have much interest for admirers of William Penn. Earl Howe is descended from a brother of Admiral Penn, but there was apparently no desire to connect themselves with the Penns, as they evidently did not consider themselves ennobled by that connection. The only daughter and heir of Earl Howe married for love Captain Sherbrook, of the Navy, and died soon after we left. The title thus lapses, and Lady Howe could not be reconciled to the prospective loss of their aristocratic position. (See my

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\* This dear friend and correspondent of mine has passed away, and now her excellent husband, Henry Ford Barclay, Esq., has died this year, 1892.—E. P. S.

account of the Penn Family, and, bound with it, P. S. P. Conner's pamphlet on Sir William Penn.) All our family were very kindly received by the Hanburys, of Stoke Newington, a courtesy we were glad to reciprocate by nursing at our house in May, 1876, Mr. Fred Hanbury, who had come to attend the International Exhibition, when sick of scarlet fever. We stopped at the Isle of Wight, on the way to Paris; while in the latter city we were delightfully received by Madame André, and during a day spent with her she sent her servants to take the children in the carriages to Versailles. On our return to England we visited many kind friends, among whom were Sarah B. and Elizabeth Backhouse, living in Lindley Murray's house at York. The Fernery of their nephew is worthy of an emperor. Proceeding to Liverpool we spent ten days in the excellent boarding-house of good Miss Williams, where I had so often staid before.

While in England we were invited to visit the descendants of my uncle James Smith,—viz., Mrs. Hughes and her twin sister, Martha Allinson, at their elegant place, "The Priory;" a daughter of Mrs. H.,—one of many,—Mrs. Egger, living at Liverpool, in great indulgence, presented us with a huge basket of grapes from her hot-houses, as we started on our return voyage. Mrs. Hetty Hughes, of the Priory, Walthamstowe, near London, is the daughter of Samuel and Susan Allinson, and the granddaughter of my uncle James Smith.

Returning to our home at Ivy Lodge, we found the house a little and but little the worse for its tenants; having left Albanus in Liverpool to await the arrival of his mother, Margaret L. Smith, these two made a tour through the Continent with their friends, going as far east as Vienna, and wintering in Rome.

The religious labors of my son R. P. S. and his wife are extensively chronicled in the religious papers of the day and in the accounts of the Oxford and Brighton Conferences. Nor should I omit a mention of the "Happy Record" of the life of my grandson, Franklin W. Smith, written by his mother, which has been translated into so many languages, and which has been so much blessed.



## APPENDIX.

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### AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

EVERYBODY has recently been reading Mr. Mill's Autobiography. The book, whatever else we may think of it, suggests one general remark. We may, that is, say of autobiographies what can be said of no other form of literature—namely, that they are almost invariably worth reading. The causes are obvious. The first conditions of good writing are that a man should be keenly interested in his subject, and that he should know more about it than other people. Everybody is, of course, interested in himself; and if, in one sense of the words, we are very apt to be more mistaken about our own characters than our neighbors, yet we are certainly in the possession of an amount of information upon the subject which enables us to speak as men having authority. Moreover, in this particular case we have the singular felicity of communicating more than we know. Scarcely any autobiography, however carefully the author may have kept in mind the fact that he was writing for a posthumous audience, is entirely free from some form of insincerity. But the veil which he may have drawn over his own character does not blind the reader, although it may be quite impenetrable to the writer. In telling us what he thinks of himself, he can hardly avoid letting us know what we ought to think of him. The interest which every one takes in his own life is an equally important condition of success. We may learn to know a man's character from other sources besides his direct statements. A collection of letters, for example, may form a kind of unintentional autobiography, which has the merit of being less consciously directed to produce a given impression. But then a man need not, and generally does not, put any large part of himself into his letters. He writes many of them wearily, and against the grain; a large part of them consists of mere barren facts; and it is only on special occasions that he allows his deepest emotions really to overflow into his correspondence. Now the very fact of sitting down to write about himself to his posterity, the solemn feeling that he will have passed from this world before his letter reaches its address, moves the strongest springs of character in any but the most frivolous of men. Confessions addressed to a priest are apt, as we may venture to assume without actual experience, to be of a mechanical and perfunctory nature; but we can hardly imagine any one who has put himself in presence of that mysterious confessor, the unborn reader of a coming generation, not to speak for once from the heart. That he may lie or exaggerate is un-

fortunately not improbable; but it is something to know what are the lies which a man likes to tell about himself under very impressive circumstances.

Indeed it may be said, in some sense, that the autobiographical element in all literature is that which is the most permanently interesting. We see Shakespeare behind Hamlet, and even Milton behind Satan. The figure of the creator, dimly refracted through the artistic symbols, is what really interests though its precise features may baffle us. Every great poet, however unconscious of the process, is really drawing his own portrait in his writings; and a sympathetic reader is always trying to reconstruct the worker from his works. But the more direct and conscious autobiographical purpose goes for a good deal in most powerful writing. It would be easy to illustrate this truth from the most impressive novels in the language. In many cases, of course, we are only left to conjecture. But we have recently learnt how much of Dickens's best writing was simply autobiography superficially disguised. Miss Brontë's novels were all but pure autobiography; and we need not point out how often Tom Jones was the representative of Fielding, or Roderick Random of Smollett. We must admit, however, that the argument is not strictly fair. Autobiography of the indirect kind is deficient in one of the main elements which give special interest to the undisguised variety. The writer does not feel that he is voluntarily placing himself on his trial; and he is, of course, at liberty to arrange, select, and modify as may seem good to him. He probably hopes that his personal interest in the matter will escape detection; and it may be urged, with some truth, that we are using the word autobiographical in a sense which makes it nearly identical with all expression of a man's most intimate emotions.

To descend, therefore, to the most genuine autobiographies, we may maintain that, even when written by men of no remarkable power, they have a value altogether disproportionate to their literary excellence. To take, for example, a familiar period, one may learn more of the true spirit of the eighteenth century in England from half-a-dozen autobiographies than from the most elaborate histories written by unimaginative people. If you wish to know what was the kind of animal generated by the political corruption of the period when "all men," or "all those men" (whichever be the correct version of the phrase), had their price, their most intimate peculiarities are laid bare in Bubb Dodington's Diary. No humorist could have drawn such a picture without being charged with gross exaggeration, and yet we instinctively recognize its entire, because unconscious, truthfulness. The utter want of any semblance of political principle, the total incapacity to recognize genius or virtue when he accidentally comes across it, the servile crawling before the contemporary distributors of patronage, coupled with an amusing indignation against the inferior wretches who try to curry favor by similar acts with himself—and all this

covered by a decorous veil of unctuous sentiment, and an obviously genuine conviction that he is really one of the most deserving and least appreciated of mankind—compose altogether the portrait of a snob of the purest water by the side of which even Thackeray's keenest satire seems to be wanting in vividness. One can hardly avoid a feeling of gratitude to the writer who is so quietly probing his own weaknesses for our benefit, and placing himself in a museum of morbid anatomy, when he fancies himself to be claiming a niche in the temple of fame. Or, to take a less extreme case, a very interesting portrait of the ecclesiastic of the period is given by Bishop Newton. If not so consummate a snob as Dodington, he yet shows a general complacency in commemorating the great men to whose favor he owed his elevation, and the lady by whose services he even succeeded in obtaining the notice of Royalty, which is in its way almost as touching. His most characteristic touch is the record of the episcopal achievements upon which he specially prided himself. He succeeded in demolishing a tenement occupied by a chimney-sweep in the immediate neighborhood of the Deanery of St. Paul's, and managed to substitute for a certain fixed post which obstructed one of the approaches a post with a hinge fastened by a padlock. He obviously hopes that his posterity will feel a warm emotion of gratitude to the dignitary who rendered such services to the Church, and values himself more upon his activity in that direction than upon the confutation of the Deists, which, with the help of Lord Bath's interest, smoothed his path to preferment. Newton's name suggests another admirable specimen of the worldly bishops who ornamented the period. Watson of Llandaff was a man of real power, though scarcely formed on the Evangelical model. He tells us, with the most charming frankness, how he became a professor of chemistry, though he knew nothing of the science; how he dropped his chemistry as soon as it had served his purpose to become professor of divinity, in equal ignorance of the study; how—of course from the highest motives—he resolved to limit his further theological studies to the Bible; and how, equally from the highest motives, he felt it to be his imperative duty, when at once bishop and professor, to live at a distance from his diocese and his university, in a charming residence on the banks of Windermere, and there to devote himself to agriculture and to providing for his children. He takes great credit for not abandoning himself to field sports or social dissipation, and is evidently convinced that he is a pattern prelate. It would, of course, be absurd to take such men as fair representatives of an epoch which was not devoid of many noble characters who did not happen to write their lives. But the worldly side of the dignitaries of that time, the utter want of any sense of responsibility or of any lofty ideal of life in many of the most conspicuous men of the day, could not be more forcibly portrayed by any amount of descriptive writing. A complementary picture might be added from

Gibbon's admirable Autobiography. The celebrated account of his love-affair, when he "sighed as a lover" and "obeyed as a son," distances in a few sentences the art of the most skilful novelists. Nowhere can we find a more effective description of the genuine student temperament, which prefers the pleasures of a library to all the excitements of social and active life; of the strong but limited intellect, supreme in accumulating and arranging facts, but utterly blind to their spiritual significance; and of the cynical conservatism which rejects all the faiths upon which society reposes, but shrinks with selfish indolence, instead of generous sympathy, from any proposal to follow up scepticism by destruction. None but the most powerful of imaginations could have conceived or described so forcible an illustration of a certain type of character and intellect; but Gibbon performs the task for himself quite unconsciously, and with absolute perfection.

When we contemplate such a group of characters we recognize the weakness of all external portraiture. A gallery of great or even of small men, painted by themselves, is more interesting than all the imaginary progeny of novelists. Perhaps it is a general condition of such writing that the authors must belong rather to the secondary class. To write an autobiography usually implies an estimate of your own importance which, if it is not irreconcilable with greatness, is more commonly indicative of weakness. A diseased vanity like that of Rousseau generally prompts the writer, though of course there are many conspicuous exceptions, to take posterity into his confidence. When we think of the autobiographies that have been written, we cannot fail to regret the absence of those that might have been written. If Shakespeare had condescended to let us into a few of the details which have puzzled generations of biographers, we could have afforded to sacrifice a good many of his inferior plays. Even when a man of first-rate eminence, like Goethe, condescends to give us some of his early recollections, he is apt rather to stimulate than to satisfy our curiosity. It is for the most part only the little or the eccentric writer who can tell us all about himself in a few pages, or who can fancy that the world would care to read, or has a right to exact, his confessions. And yet we must acknowledge the truth of the often-quoted remark that anybody who would give us a genuine record even of the most insignificant life would contribute something of real value to our knowledge of human nature. Perhaps it would be as well if scruples could be quieted by a general understanding that everybody who has passed a certain period of life should compose his autobiography. It should be regarded as a duty, not as a voluntary sacrifice to vanity, for every human being to tell us as well as he could how he came to be such as he was, and in what spirit he discharged his duty and looked upon the universe generally. Of course we do not mean to imply that all such records should be published. Nobody who regards with awe, and something like dismay, the vast





*Mr. Jay Smith*







torrent of literature that is being constantly discharged upon the world would rashly make any proposal for increasing its volume. "The rain it raineth every day," and every day, too, brings its burden of stupidity, vanity, and folly with which somebody has thought fit to spoil a certain quantity of paper. Such records as we have suggested should, as a general rule, be preserved in the family of the writer; they would in most cases have a certain interest for his immediate descendants; and at the end of a generation those documents which appeared to be simply valueless might be committed to the flames, whilst a small minority might possibly be deserving of communication to the world. If, as we must fear would be inevitable, considerable masses of pure rubbish would thus be accumulated, there would also be certain grains of genuine and permanent value which on our present system are now lost to the world. One great incidental benefit would be that which was contemplated by Mr. Mill,—namely, that the trade of the ordinary biographer, the person who panders to the appetite of the many-headed beast, would be to a great extent spoilt; as more authentic materials would destroy the necessity for those vast accumulations of useless details which often do duty for the lives of remarkable men.—*Saturday Review*, 1873.

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#### EDITORIAL NOTES OF THOMAS MEEHAN.

JOHN JAY SMITH.—By the death of John Jay Smith, the *Gardener's Monthly and Horticulturist* mourns one of its own family. A. J. Downing, who, in connection with Luther Tucker, of Albany, projected the *Horticulturist*, edited it till 1852, when, in his efforts to save his fellow passengers at the burning of the "Henry Clay" on the Hudson River, he lost his own life. The magazine was then sold to Mr. Vick, and edited by Mr. Barry, and from them purchased and edited by John Jay Smith. It went after this to New York, where it was edited successively by Messrs. Mead, Woodward, and Williams, till it finally became merged in the present publication. No periodical ever excited a greater love for rural pursuits than the *Horticulturist*; and, in its earlier years, hundreds dated their love of country life from their perusal of its pages. It was in this particular field that Mr. Smith excelled in editorial ability. Delegating to others more familiar with every-day gardening—as for instance Mr. Wm. Saunders, the present able chief of the experimental grounds at Washington—the more practical details, he reserved for himself the task of throwing around horticulture those intellectual charms which in all ages have commended it to the love of the good and the great.

But the important influence which he exerted on American horticulture was by no means confined to his editorial career. Long before the *Horticulturist* was conceived, down through over half a century to the last

production of his pen, written on his death-bed, gardening was his constant theme. His knowledge of trees and plants, of garden art and rural taste, was singularly acute, and many of the most beautiful grounds, not only about Philadelphia, but in many distant parts of the country, were made more lovely by the suggestions freely thrown out by his fertile mind. The grounds around his beautiful residence in Germantown are a remarkable piece of successful landscape gardening. They are so arranged that one might wander about the place for an hour and still continue to find objects of interest, and scarcely realize the fact when ultimately told that this charming spot with its beautiful lawn, belts of shrubbery, numerous rare trees and shrubs, fruit garden, vegetable garden, green-house, stable, etc., are all on a small city lot of less than two acres. "Ivy Lodge" is a singular triumph of garden art.

The love of gardening which he exhibited in almost every thought expressed, was evidently an inherited one. His ancestors, Smith and Logan, who were associated with William Penn in founding the great commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and in doing which they stamped on the whole country the great principles of civil and religious liberty which have made it the admiration of the world, were also famous for their love of rural life. Perhaps in no respect does Mr. Smith's love of gardening more entitle his memory to a grateful remembrance than in the establishment of rural cemeteries. The city graveyard had become an abomination. The writer of this has seen several hundred weight of bones—skulls and limbs of those who have loved and been loved—gathered into obscure corners till sold to fertilizing companies by the digger of the new graves in the old grounds. All this he has seen close to the last resting-place of the authoress of that touching work, the "*Dairyman's Daughter*," whose bones, for aught any one knows, may have been so used ere this. Mr. Smith had also had his sensibilities often touched by similar scenes. The burial of a loved one in such a place fixed his determination for reform. Not a flower bloomed in that barren, sectarian graveyard. No bird sang its innocent chant; no tree, no sign of any living thing appeared in this old-time desert of the dead, but the few blades of grass which persistently struggled to enforce a protest against this awful desecration of nature's love for us even after we are gone. But the sound from that grave, as the little coffin splashed into its muddy bed, was the knell of the whole system. Laurel Hill Cemetery was the result of that day's work, and it was opened for burials in October of 1836, and garden cemeteries in some form or another have become an essential part of American civilized communities. Few things gave Mr. Smith more pleasure than to dwell on this great victory over past folly. It was a severe struggle. The notion of the Middle Ages that a special sanctity could be given by ecclesiastical rites to a church graveyard had not wholly passed away. True, few believed, as in the olden time, that evil spirits would trouble dead

bodies any more in "unconsecrated" than in "consecrated" ground. But though the old thoughts had passed away, the old habits which those thoughts engendered yet remained, and it was irreligious to think of burial elsewhere. Mr. Smith was resolved. He issued a call for a meeting. It would have been a dampener to many to find but three persons respond to the call. But, nothing daunted, the meeting was organized. There was enough for a president, a secretary, and some one to vote on the resolutions; and the "unanimous" result of that meeting's work was duly reported in the city papers, and the nascent rural cemetery idea was presented to the public. High ecclesiastical dignitaries, who ardently opposed the project, are now among the tenants of this flowery land!

We have to confine our sketch to horticultural matters, or we would fill a whole number of our magazine with extremely interesting illustrations of his very useful life. His literary labors have been enormous. On our shelves the beautiful English translation from the French of Michaux's "Forest Trees in America," and an edition of McMahon's "American Gardener," bear his name as editor on their title-pages.

The remarkable activity of Mr. Smith's mind seems to have been in a measure inherited. His grandfather, John Smith, who married Chief Justice Logan's daughter, established the first insurance company in America. The first line of packet-ships which made regular trips to England was also his work. He called the first meeting which resulted in the famous Pennsylvania Hospital, and was its secretary for many years. His grandson, John Jay Smith, was of precisely the same mould. He was the secretary of the company which introduced the famous line of daily Conestoga wagons from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, and was among the early originators of the Academy of Natural Sciences. Logan, the founder of the famous Loganian Library, of Philadelphia, willed it to the city, conditional that any of his descendants educated in the classics should always have the preference for the office of Librarian. Mr. Smith filled this *quasi*-hereditary office for many years, to the entire satisfaction of the community. The meeting which resulted in forming the Girard Life Insurance Company was called by him, and the Germantown Horticultural Society grew out of his active brain and generous energy.

But it would be impossible to name, in a short notice like this, a tithe of good works now successfully accomplished, or still working on in a useful way, which originated with him. During the last few years of his life he earnestly endeavored to promote the introduction of trees and plants of commercial value—notably the cork oak and the mushroom. One of the last letters which the editor of the *Gardener's Monthly* received from him was overflowing with enthusiasm at the success of some one whom he had encouraged to try the artificial culture of the delicious esculent mentioned, on a large scale.

It is almost inconceivable that a man whose life of eighty-three years was one of such eminent activity and usefulness, should have passed at least forty years in physical pain and suffering. On one occasion his life was only saved by a surgical operation of a heroic sort. Truly the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong! The man who lives the longest is the one who loves best the work he was sent into the world to do. Even though the active man die young in years, his work is his life. In this light John Jay Smith's has gone beyond Methuselah's. A full detailed account of his life would be admirable reading for young men. In this connection it may not be out of place to note that his own descendants seem proud to walk in the horticultural traditions of the family. Albanus L. Smith, grandson of John Jay Smith, has assumed the task of carrying out the plans of his grandfather in reference to the new West Laurel Hill Cemetery.—*Gardener's Monthly and Horticulturist*, December, 1881.

John Jay Smith, of Germantown, president of the board of trustees of Laurel Hill Cemetery, librarian of the Philadelphia Library, and one of the hereditary trustees of the Loganian Library, was by birth a Jerseyman, his Quaker ancestors having settled in Burlington County in 1678. In the "Concessions of West Jersey" (1676) the signature of Richard Smith (of Bramham, in Yorkshire) appears as one of the proprietaries of the province, along with that of William Penn and numerous others. The descendants of Richard Smith continued to reside, as they still do, near Burlington, one of them having been the author of the well-known "History of New Jersey, 1675," and another, a member of the Continental Congress.

John Jay Smith was born June 27, 1798, at Green Hill, Burlington County, N. J., whence he removed, at an early age, to Philadelphia, and entered business as a druggist. His fondness for literature soon led him to the use of his pen, and he was editor, successively, of Walsh's *National Gazette*, Waldie's *Select Circulating Library*, Smith's *Weekly Volume*, Downing's *Horticulturist*, and several other periodicals. In 1829 he was appointed librarian of the Philadelphia Library, a post which he held till 1851, when he was succeeded by his son, the present librarian. In the time of the former the library was open only in the afternoon, and Mr. Smith's mornings were devoted for more than forty years to the planting and superintendency of the celebrated cemeteries, Laurel Hill and West Laurel Hill, of both of which he was the founder. It was in these labors that he acquired that extensive knowledge of trees and landscape gardening which he afterwards employed in editing Michaux's "North American Sylva" and McMahon's "American Gardener's Calendar."

The Germantown Horticultural Society, which "grew out of his active

brain and generous energy," was not the only association founded by one who seemed to realize that the highest motive is the public good. In early life he was secretary of the company which started the famous line of daily Conestoga wagons from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, and also one of the earliest members of the Academy of Natural Sciences. He called the meeting which resulted in forming the Girard Life Insurance Company, and was one of the originators as well as the treasurer of the Athenian Institute, an association of men of letters, for the delivery of annual courses of lectures in Philadelphia. His first visit to Europe was naturally a great relief from his confining duties at the library, and resulted in the publication, in two volumes, of "A Summer's Jaunt across the Water" (Phila., 1846). His literary activity, no less than his turn for family history, is further shown by the production of his "American Historical and Literary Curiosities" (Phila., 1847); his "Letter to Horace Binney, Esq., respecting John Smith, the Founder of the Philadelphia Contributionship" (Phila., 1852); "The Hill Family" (privately printed, Phila., 1854); "A Brief Memoir of one of New Jersey's Respected Sons" (Phila., 1860); and "The Penn Family" (Phila., 1870). The same taste made him gather autographs, and his important collections of papers relating to the history of Pennsylvania and New Jersey are now happily preserved in the manuscript department of the Philadelphia Library. He was a steady, miscellaneous reader. His wide range of information and brilliant conversational powers will long be remembered by Philadelphians, few of whom were aware that he passed at least forty years of his life in physical pain and suffering. Although on one occasion his life was only saved by a surgical operation of a heroic sort, yet his later years were passed in comparative ease, and his mental activity continued unimpaired down to the close of his long and useful life. He died September 25, 1881. *Requiescat a laboribus suis: opera enim ejus sequuntur illum.*—From Scharf and Westcott's *History of Philadelphia*, vol. ii.

#### LETTER TO THE ELDEST SON.

WRITTEN DURING HIS ILLNESS, WHICH TERMINATED FATALLY IN LESS THAN TWO MONTHS.

LIBRARY CO. OF PHILA.,  
N. W. COR. LOCUST AND JUNIPER STS.,  
PHILADELPHIA, May 8, 1886.

LLOYD P. SMITH, ESQ., Germantown:

SIR,—I am instructed to convey to you the feeling of sympathy felt for you in your illness, by the Board of Directors of the Library Company, as expressed in the adoption of the following resolution, presented by Wm. Henry Rawle, Esq., at a meeting held May 6th, 1886, the Hon. J. I. Clark Hare in the chair.

"*Resolved*, That the Board have heard with extreme regret of the continued indisposition of their Treasurer and Librarian, and upon the occasion of his unanimous re-election to office desire to express their unfeigned sympathy at its continuance and their sincere hope that he may be soon again among them."

I am, with great respect,

Very truly yours,

GEO. MAURICE ABBOT,

Acting Secretary.

#### A SACRED LETTER.

Robert P. and Elizabeth P. Smith were in London at the time of the death of their brother Lloyd P. Smith. This letter followed the awful cable message. It was so very considerate in our brother Horace to write this, which was all he could do for us, that I prefer to place it in this Appendix.—E. P. S.

"GERMANTOWN, July, 1886.

"DEAR SISTER ELIZABETH,—

"As we sat in solemn silence near the remains of our handsome brother, though I had paid, as I thought, my last farewell, I felt so deeply thy absence and that of Robert, that I could not restrain my desire to take even yet another long, lingering look in your behalf as well as mine. I felt to give him thy benediction, and for thee and in thy name to imprint on his noble brow thy kiss of love.

"It was, dear sister, thy benison,—and Robert's, and mine,—for I saluted him thrice, once in behalf of each of us. I gazed long and steadfastly, that thee might, when thee looks in my eyes again, feel, if thee may not see, that the image of his noble person is imprinted. Thus, dear sister, that which thee could not do by reason of thy absence was as effectually accomplished through me.

"I knew the Christian feelings which would prompt thee to do everything; and more, I know thy love and admiration for the eldest born of our mother. I felt, and I want thee to feel, and all of us to feel, that this vicarious act of mine stood, and will stand, for the act of each one of us four children. Accept, then, this comforting assurance, to the everlasting peace and comfort of thy soul. It so happened, most appropriately, that I was the last thus to gaze in tenderest affection upon all that was mortal of our grand and honored brother.

"Let us renew, in our diminished company, the chain of affection which binds the surviving children of our parents together.

"With love and sincerity,

"THY HORRY."

A LETTER OF THE SON OF MORRIS SMITH TO LORD DERBY,  
ASKING PERMISSION TO DEDICATE TO HIM HIS WORK  
"THE BURLINGTON SMITHS."

TO THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF DERBY:

MY LORD,—I trust the liberty I take, as a stranger, of addressing you, will be excused when you have read this note. I am related though distantly by blood to your house, and should like to have your permission to inscribe to you a work of family history I am about to print. My ancestor, Thomas Lloyd, first Governor of Pennsylvania under the British Crown, was son of Charles Lloyd, of Dolobran, and his wife, Elizabeth Stanley, daughter of Thomas Stanley, Esq., of Knuckyn, who was directly descended from the first Earl of Derby. My ancestors of the name of Smith held for three generations successively, by mandamus from the King, the office of Councillor to the Royal Governors of New Jersey. They were of a good Yorkshire family, whose arms show a connexion with the ancestors of Lord Gort, in Ireland, and others of the name. Large extracts from my little work have appeared in advance in sundry literary papers, it being of interest as throwing light on American Colonial History. It will also, I trust, contain items of interest to yourself personally, and I shall do myself the pleasure to send you a copy. Should you be willing to concede me the pleasure of inscribing it simply "To the Earl of Derby," or in any case, I should be happy to receive a line from you at Alexandra Hotel, Saltburn-by-the-Sea, where I stay for a week.

With great respect, your Lordship's obedient servant,

R. MORRIS SMITH,  
of Stanley, near Derby, Phila. County, Penna.

23 ST. JAMES SQUARE,  
Aug. 13, '74.

SIR,—I am honored by your letter received yesterday afternoon, and will with pleasure accept the proposed dedication of your forthcoming work of family history.

I remain, your obedient servant,  
DERBY.

R. MORRIS SMITH, ESQ.

## FRANKLIN WHITALL SMITH :

## HIS LIFE, DEATH, AND RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

This in the original manuscript was chapter I. of Part IV. A separate Life having been written of the dear boy, it was omitted. Now I cannot be satisfied to leave out of this book his grandfather's account of him; therefore I place it in the Appendix.

E. P. S.

THE Bishop of Argyle well says, "How soon do men in this dying world find themselves solitary survivors of an extinct circle of society!"

If the loss of friends is a source of regret, I may in sadness begin this fourth portion of an almost new life. Accustomed from youth to associate with persons my elders, it may be well believed that at seventy-four I am almost left alone. Were it not for the great goodness of Providence in leaving my loved partner still with me, I should be hopeless of congenial society, unless, indeed, I found satisfaction, as I do, in the company of our descendants.

And with even these blessings comes the severest of trials. August 8, 1872, obliges us to part with our oldest grandson, Franklin, who was growing up a noble boy, very much the figure of my father, as I have believed, and in all respects what we could wish. Though so young, he had been the means of converting others. At Haverford and Princeton Colleges he held prayer-meetings in his own rooms and made friendships everywhere. He was my pride, my hope, and for him was much of this work written. It was he among others I had expected to interest in this family history and my own. He has gone, our house has become a house of mourning. But, with his parents, we say, he has gone to his Saviour, has escaped to his home, and is now with his Lord. We would not recall him, for, though so brief, his was a full rounded life.

At the distance of time when this will be read, I cannot expect to interest the reader as we are now interested; and yet I preserve his portrait here, and some of much printed matter respecting a young and faithful disciple. Our loss is his gain.

A privately printed memoir of this remarkable youth, by his mother, will convey a just view of his character, and it would be labor in vain to add much to it.

Suffice it to say he was our hope, our joy, and that we cannot expect ever to lose the sadness with which we shall remember him and cherish his excellence.

Happily we are so constituted that the *inevitable* becomes bearable; and after throwing aside all idea of continuing this manuscript, I have been induced again to take the pen in hand.

Frank had been ill for a week with typhoid fever, but we had not felt that he was in immediate danger, when in the night of August 8, we received the following touching letter:



"CEDARS, Aug. 8, 1872.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—

"Our precious boy sank gradually after dear sister left. At 1½ o'clock he had a struggle which was soon over. He continued breathing until my arrival, about 5¼, when he quietly slept in Jesus, whom he had trusted, loved, and openly confessed before men.

"We leave the arrangements for putting the poor body away to thy selection, only desiring them to be as inconspicuous as possible, either for plainness or style.

"We are kept in perfect peace. There is sore pain, but no bitterness in the cup. Faith takes the sting from us as well as for our darling, for whom 'to depart is *far* better.'

"Affectionately thy son,

"ROBERT PEARSALL SMITH.

"We will hope to see you when you can come, to arrange about the funeral. We think it had better be on Second day."

The melancholy duty fell on us to have his remains deposited in our lot beside his sister Nellie, and the following announcement is preserved:

"SMITH.—Fell asleep in Jesus, at 'The Cedars,' on August 8, Franklin Whitall Smith, eldest son of Robert Pearsall and Hannah Whitall Smith.

"His relatives are invited to meet at the house of his grandfather, J. Jay Smith, Penn Street, Germantown, on Monday morning, August 12, his eighteenth birthday, at 9½ o'clock. His friends generally are invited to meet at North Laurel Hill at 11 o'clock."

It seemed as if almost the entire community had been stirred by this event. The large popularity of his parents, and their extensive usefulness, brought more letters than can well be believed, and many attended at the grave who were interested in both parents and son, so as nearly to fill the chapel, where services were held and a hymn was sung.

In the pocket-book of the dear boy was found the following dedication in his own hand, which I preserve. It does not appear to have been original with him, but was new to most; and if any one of his age can be said to have adopted it fully, it surely was Frank.

"A DEDICATION.

"I take God the Father to be my God. 1 Thess. i. 9.

"I take God the Son to be my Saviour. Acts v. 31.

"I take God the Holy Spirit to be my Sanctifier. 1 Peter i. 2.

"I take the word of God to be my rule. 2 Tim. iii. 16, 17.

"I take the people of God to be my people. Ruth i. 16, 17.

"I likewise dedicate my whole self to the Lord. Rom. xiv. 7, 8.

"And I do this deliberately. Joshua xxiv. 15. Sincerely. 2 Cor. i. 12. Truly. Psalm cx. 3. And forever. Rom. viii. 35-39."

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We have received the following, from our dear brother R. P. S.

C. C.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—It has pleased God to permit the removal of my eldest son by typhoid fever. He is to be buried on his eighteenth birthday. Converted and publicly received into Christian communion at ten years of age, he has walked with God, and in a more definite sense he has for the past two years yielded himself a living sacrifice, with the accompanying distinct faith which trusts Christ for victory over the world outwardly and inwardly. At Princeton College he held up the standard modestly but firmly. Suddenly called to die, he found it easy to yield unusual temporal prospects for the 'far better' life beyond, only regretting the loss of opportunity to work more for his Lord.

"His life has been an illustration of the right effect of grace upon a true heart. For many years an only child, he had, as he expressed it, received everything he desired all his life long; and yet the constant effort to make his life in every way happy, seemed only to increase his humility and anxiety to please those who loved him. I have never known a career so free from sorrow and so full of happiness, temporal and spiritual; and it has seemed to me that his Lord has permitted a life of such unusual purity and happiness to end just as care and perhaps sorrow must necessarily have come to it, so as to have, in the company around the throne, one voice of a different tone from that of those who have come through great tribulation, to swell the grand chorus of praise.

"It must be peculiarly acceptable to our Lord to receive the grateful dedication of young hearts upon whom no chill has ever come, and it is not strange, since the work of sanctification has been so far accomplished without suffering, that he has been removed from the evil to come."—From "*Times of Refreshing*," published in Boston.

INVENTORY AND APPRAISEMENT  
OF THE  
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Do. do. do. 7 d <sup>o</sup> Quarto do.....	3	10	0	
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		101	10	0
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Tobacco Box.....		8	0	
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Scrutoir with glass doors.....	£7	0	0	
Settee cover'd w <sup>h</sup> Damask, 110s.; Oval Mahog. Table, 80s.....	9	10	0	
Large pier looking Glass, 120s.; Bellows, 2s.;				
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Mahogeny Carved Tea Table, 60s.; large Map of Eng <sup>d</sup> , 20s.....	4	0	0	

Carried Forward £26 13 0    £190 1 6

	Bro <sup>t</sup> Forward	£26	13	0	£190	1	6
2 leather bottom'd walnut arm Chairs, a 18s...		1	16	0			
12 ditto ditto chairs, 12s.....		7	4	0			
Pair Brass headed Hand Irons w <sup>h</sup> Shovell and Tongs.....		2	5	0			
					37	18	0

## IN THE ENTRY AND STAIR CASE.

Eight Day Clock in Mahogeny Case.....	£15	0	0				
Glass Lanthorn.....		2	6				
					15	2	6

## IN THE NURSERY.

Large Walnut Cloaths Press with Drawers....	£4	0	0				
Mahogeny Corner Cupboard, 20s.; Mahog: ov: Table, 40s.....		3	0	0			
Small oval table, 15s.; 1 old wro <sup>t</sup> Chair, Rush Bott d <sup>o</sup> ., 2s. 6.....			17	6			
6 Leather bottom Walnut Chairs, 10s.....	3	0	0				
Pair polished Iron Hand Irons w <sup>h</sup> brass head: Shovel & tongs.....	1	5	0				
1 green low Bedstead, Bed, Bolster and pillow, Sack <sup>g</sup> bottom, 3 Blanketts & 1 Blue Coverlid.....	8	0	0				
1 Cot Bedstead, small Bed, 1 pillow, 2 blank- etts, & brown Coverlid.....	4	10	0				
					24	12	6

## IN THE NORTH WEST CHAMBER OR BLUE ROOM.

1 Maple Chest of Drawers, 90s. ; old Dressing Table, 5s.....	£4	15	0				
Easy Chair covered with green Damask.....	4	10	0				
Close Stool Chair with a pan.....	1	5	0				
Mahog: Stand, 20s. ; 8 old Cane Chairs, 20s. ; Rush Bott. d <sup>o</sup> ., 5s.....	2	5	0				
1 Sconce Looking Glass, 30s. ; Bedside Carpet, 5s.....	1	15	0				
Pair Brass Headed Hand Irons.....		15	0				
1 Cornish, green low Sacking bottom Bed- stead, Bed, Bolster and pillows, 1 Blue Quilt and 3 Blanketts.....	9	0	0				
1 green palat Sacking bottom Bedstead.....	1	5	0				
1 Set Bird Eye Curtains, Tester and Head Cloth .....	3	0	0				
					28	10	0
Carried Forward					£296	4	6

Bro<sup>t</sup> Forward

£296 4 6

## IN THE NORTH EAST CHAMBER OR GREEN ROOM.

Vanneer'd Mahog: Chest of Drawers.....	£8	0	0
Japan'd Dressing Table, 5s.; Mahog: Stand, 20s.....	1	5	0
Sconce Looking Glass, 40s.; Swinging Dress- ing Glass, 30s.....	3	10	0
8 Walnut Damask bottom'd Chairs.....	8	0	0
Small Swinging looking Glass, 5s.; Bel- lows & Hearth brush, 5s.....		10	0
Brass pair of Dogs, Shovell, Tongs and Fender	1	15	0
Green Sacking bottom Bedstead, 4 Blanketts, Cotton Counterpane, Green Silk Quilt, Cor- nish, and Bed and Window Curtains of fine green Camblet with Feather Bed, Bolster & 2 pillows.....	25	0	0
1 large Turkey Floor Carpet and 2 Bedside ditto.....	7	10	0
			55 10 0

## IN THE SOUTHWEST OR WHITE ROOM.

Old Walnut Chest of Drawers, 25s.; Mahog- eny Stand, 20s.....	£2	5	0
Japan'd Dressing Table, 5s.; Walnut fire Skreen, 7s. 6.....		12	6
Walnut Couch with Sacking bottom, Bed and pillow.....	2	0	0
6 walnut Damask bottom Chairs, 20s.....	6	0	0
1 small Sconce Looking Glass, 20s.; 1 swing- ing do., 10s.....	1	10	0
Pair Brass Head: Hand Irons, Shovell & Tongs, 15s.; Dress: Box, 6d.....		15	6
Blue high post Bedstead, Sacking bottom Bed, Bolster & Pillows, Cotton Counter- pane, white Diaper Bed and window Curtains.....	12	0	0
			25 3 0

## IN THE SOUTH EAST, OR CALICO CHAMBER.

1 pier Looking Glass, 20s.; Mahogeny Stand, 20s.....	£2	0	0
4 walnut Damask bottom Chairs, 20s.....	4	0	0

Carried forward

£376 17 6

	Bro <sup>t</sup> Forward	£376	17	6
Walnut Dressing Table, 35s.; Spice Box, 5s...	£2 0 0			
Low green Bedstead with Sacking bottom, Callico Bed Quilt, 3 Blankets, Bed, Bolster and pillows, Cornish and Callico Bed and Window Curtains.....	14 0 0			
Pair brass Hand Irons.....	12 0			
		22	12	0

## IN THE STORE ROOM.

Apothecarie's phials and Medicine, 40s.; Cask w <sup>h</sup> wine, 20s.....	£3 0 0			
About 9 gallons Spirit and Lovage Water, 45s.;				
Trunk, 5s.....	2 10 0			
2 Cask and some sugar in one of them, 18s.;				
Spice, 10s.....	1 8 0			
		6	18	0

## IN THE FRONT CHAMBER IN THE THIRD STORY.

Walnut Chest of Drawers, 14s.; Maple Desk, 30s.....	£2 4 0			
Small pier Looking Glass, 20s.; New Eng <sup>d</sup> . Leather bott: Arm Chair, 10s.....	1 10 0			
3 Rush bott: Chairs, 6s.; 2 pair Callico wind: Curtains & Valens, 24s.....	1 10 0			
1 green Sack <sup>s</sup> bottom Bedstead, Bed and Bolster.....	5 0 0			
		10	4	0

## IN THE BACK CHAMBER IN THE THIRD STORY.

2 old Dressing tables, 2s. 6d.; Swinging looking Glass, 5s.....	£ 7 6			
2 Leather Trunks, 4s.; 1 ditto 4s.; 2 Rush bott: Chairs, 6s.....	14 0			
Pair Callico Window Curtains, 5s.; Small Feather Bed, 60s.....	3 5 0			
Blue sacking bottom Bedstead, Bed, Bolster & wool: Coverlid.....	3 0 0			
		7	6	6

## IN THE GARRETS.

High posted Corded Bedstead, 4 Blanketts, Homespun Coverlid, Bed, Bolster, pillow and Matrass.....	£4 0 0			
Rush Bott: Chair, 1s.; 3 old maps, 3s.; 2 leather Trunks, 7s.....	11 0			

Carried forward

£423 18 0

	Bro <sup>t</sup> Forward	£423	18	0
Hair Matrass, 45s.; Walnut Cradle, 7s. 6;				
old chair, 6.....	£2	13	0	
Feather Bed, Bolster and Pillows with Check				
Bed Case.....	6	0	0	
2 pair little pillows, 4s.; green painted Table,				
7s.....		11	0	
10 <sup>lb</sup> hackled flax, 15s.; 6 <sup>lb</sup> Tow, 2s.; Woollen				
yarn, 3s.....	1	0	0	
4 old Glass Casements.....		4	0	
			14	19 0

## BEDDING, &amp;C.

3 crocus Bed Cases, 18s.; about 15 yds. Hes-				
sens & Ozenb <sup>gs</sup> , 16s.....	£1	14	0	
About 16 yds. damaged Rus: Linen.....		8	0	
2 Cotton and Nankeen old Coverlids, 9s.; 1				
lin: d <sup>o</sup> ., 15s.; 2 do., 15s.....	1	19	0	
1 red homespun coverlid, 25s.; 1 blue and				
white do., 45s.....	3	10	0	
1 brown mix'd do., 20s.; 1 blue and w <sup>t</sup> barr'd				
d <sup>o</sup> ., 30s.....	2	10	0	
1 large Cotton Counterpane, 50s.; Pair Stitch'd				
Curtains, 6s.....	2	16	0	
2 pr. old Callico Window Curtains, 3s.; 3 pil-				
lows, 6s.....		9	0	
1 pair large Rose Blanketts, 40s.; 1 p <sup>r</sup> home-				
spun d <sup>o</sup> ., 25s.....	3	5	0	
1 old blankett, 10s.; 3 do., 18s.; 1 do., 4s.....	1	12	0	
			18	3 0

LINEN, &C<sup>a</sup>.

1 doz: small Damask Napkins, 36s.; 1 doz:				
larger do., 24s.....	£3	00	0	
1 doz: ditto, 24s.; 1 doz: Diaper Napkins, 6s....	1	10	0	
14 odd ditto of different kinds, 14s.; 6 Diaper				
Towels, 3s.....		17	0	
9 p <sup>r</sup> fine pillowbers, 22s. 6; 7 pr. coarser				
ditto, 14s.....	1	16	6	
3 large Damask Table Cloths, 48s.; 3 large				
Diap <sup>r</sup> . d <sup>o</sup> ., 42s.....	4	10	0	

Carried Forward

£457 0 0

	Bro <sup>t</sup> Forward	£457	0	0
1 small Diaper Table Cloth, 2s.; 11 diff. sized ditto: 51s.....	£2 13 0			
2 p <sup>a</sup> . small pillowbers, 2s.; 5 bolster cases of diff. kinds, 20s.....	1 2 0			
12 Holland Sheets, diff <sup>t</sup> kinds, a 20s.....	12 0 0			
6 White Rusia do., 45s.; 7 old sheets, 21s.; 7 do., 21s.....	4 7 0			
6 much worn d <sup>a</sup> ., 18s.; 7 brown Rusia Sheets, 52s. 6.....	3 10 6			
4 fine Lin: Sheets, 30s.; 4 Coarse tow Sheets, 17s. 4.....	2 7 4			
5 doz. Breakfast Cloths, Table Kitchen Cloths & other Com: Linen.....	3 0 0			
		40	13	4

## IN THE KITCHEN CHAMBER.

11 $\frac{2}{3}$ doz: empty black bottles, 35s.; Strip of Hair Cloth, 4s.....	£1 19 0			
old painted floor Cloth, 10s.; old Spin: wheel, 4s.; Bottle case, 2s. 6.....	16 6			
Trussells, 1s.; Lignum Vitæ pestle and Mortar, 15s.; Sad: Bags, 12s.....	1 8 0			
Walnut Tray, 2s. 6; Cow Bell and strap, 2s. 6; 2 old Trunks, 1s.....	6 0			
15 Earthen and Stone Jars and other Crockery, 7s. 6; Phials, 4s.....	11 6			
2 Box Irons, 10s.; 9 doz: pattipans and 6 tin plates, 12s .....	1 2 0			
3 Roasting Spits, 6s.; 3 Brass and Iron Chaffing Dishes, 2s.....	8 0			
2 brass 1 Iron Candlestick, 3s.; Broken Bell Mett: Skillet, 1s.....	4 0			
5 Iron window Cases, 5s.; p <sup>r</sup> Wool Cards, 2s. 6; Dutch Basketts, 3s.....	10 0			
3 large Basketts, 4s.; Wooden Ware, 2s.; W. wash Brush, 1s.....	7 0			
Copper Fish Kettle, 60s.; Dutch oven, 25s.; Copper stew pan, 10s.....	4 15 0			
Brass preserving pan w <sup>h</sup> Cover, 15s.; 7 Iron Curtain Rods, 7s.....	1 2 0			
		13	9	0
Carried Forward		£511	2	4



Bro<sup>t</sup> Forward

£511 2 4

## IN THE KITCHEN.

Painted blue pine table, 5s.; Square pine d <sup>o</sup> , 2s. 6; oval d <sup>o</sup> , 2s. 6.....	£	10	0
1 large pine Table, 5s.; 3 Wooden Chairs, 3s.; 2 rush: bott: d <sup>o</sup> , 4s.....		12	0
Ironing Board, 5s.; Iron Oven peel, 4s. 6; Dripping Pan, 4s.....		13	6
Large Iron Dogs with Shovell and Tongs, 20s.; Iron potts, 25s.....	2	5	0
Roasting Jack, pullies and Weights, 80s.; Iron Dish Kettle, 6s.....	4	6	0
Small brass Kettle, 3s.; Iron Skillett, 2s. 6; Bell Mett: Kettle, 10s.....		15	6
Copper Sauce pan, 2s.; Bak <sup>s</sup> Iron and Lasy Back, 8s.....		10	0
2 p <sup>r</sup> pot hooks, 2s.; Frying Pan, 5s.; Grid Iron 1s.; Iron Chaff: Dish, 4s.....		12	0
Bellows Cleaver Skimmer flesh Hook and Ladle.....		6	0
Hook w <sup>h</sup> Skevers and Bread toaster, 2s.; 2 Trammells 2 Hooks, 3s.....		5	0
10 flat Irons and 3 Stands, 21s. 6; Iron Tea Kettle, 10s.; Hammer, 6 <sup>d</sup> .....	1	12	0
Large Copper Tea Kettle, 16s.; smaller d <sup>o</sup> , 14s.; Steel Snuffers & Stand, 4s.....	1	14	0
4 large pol: Steel Candlesticks, 15s.; 2 smaller d <sup>o</sup> , 4s.....		19	0
2 Iron brass nobd ditto & 1 Iron d <sup>o</sup> , 1s. 6; 2 tin flat do. & Exting <sup>r</sup> , 2s. 6.....		4	0
2 p <sup>r</sup> . old snuffers, 1s.; warming pan, 12s.; Scales & w <sup>ts</sup> , 6s. 6.....		19	6
1 mixt Mett: Candlestick, 2s. 6; Marb: Mortar w <sup>h</sup> LV [Lignum Vitæ.—E.P.S.] pestle, 3s		5	6
Chopping Block and Knife.....		2	6
Tin Candle Box, 2s.; Cullender, 6 <sup>d</sup> .; Funnell, Pep. box & Drudge, 9 <sup>d</sup> .....		3	3
Cheese Toaster, 3 pudding Pans and 3 Dish covers.....		7	6
5 large and small canisters.....		4	0

Carried Forward £17 6 3 £511 2 4

	Bro <sup>t</sup> Forward		£511	2	4
In the Kitchen.....	Bro <sup>t</sup> forward	£17	6	3	
7 Knives 7 forks, 7s.; Knife Basket, 3s.;					
Tray & 2 Bowls, 1s.....		11	0		
3 Cedar Buckets, 2s.; Ced: piggin, 6 Tubs, 1					
starch d <sup>o</sup> , 14s.....		16	0		
9 Earthen Bowls, 8 Dishes, 9 Basons.....		6	3		
2 Stone fish Dishes, 2 round d <sup>o</sup> , and 15					
plates.....		10	0		
2 Stone Wash Basons, 2s.; 4 Fire Bucketts,					
20s.....	1	2	0		
2 Sand Sives, Dust pan and Sweep: Brush.....		4	0		
Dust Brush, Scrubbing d <sup>o</sup> . & Hearth d <sup>o</sup> ,					
1s. 6; 1 Iron 28 w <sup>t</sup> . 7s.....		8	6		
11 New England Russet Leather bottom					
chairs, @ 4s.....	2	4	0		
				23	8 0

## PEWTER AND HARD METTAL.

9 <sup>lb</sup> Candle Moulds ab <sup>t</sup> 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ .....		£	10	0	
4 Basons, 1 Mug, Tea pot and					
Sugar Dish.....	13 <sup>lb</sup>	@ 18 <sup>d</sup>	19	6	
10 plates, 8 small and large					
Dishes.....	31 <sup>lb</sup>	15 <sup>d</sup>	1	18	9
21 best Mett: }					
Dishes and 1 }	J. S. Cypher 92				
Drainer, }	44 $\frac{1}{4}$	136 $\frac{1}{4}$	20 <sup>d</sup>	11	7 1
35 ditto plates.. }					
4 old water plates, J. L. Cyp <sup>r</sup> ... 10 $\frac{3}{4}$	@ 12 <sup>d</sup>		10	9	
10 old plates.....	11	1s.	11	0	
5 dishes, 30 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; Cheese Stand, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 1s.....	36,	20 <sup>d</sup>	3	0	0
Tureen with cover ab <sup>t</sup> 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ <sup>lb</sup> , 15s.; Bed pan,					
10s.; 4 Ch: potts, 17s. ....			2	2	0
				20	19 1

## CHINA.

4 large B & W Bowls, 8s.; 4 smaller d <sup>o</sup> , 8s.;					
1 d <sup>o</sup> , 5s.; 1 d <sup>o</sup> , 3s.....	£1	4	0		
2 Enam <sup>d</sup> Bowls, 10s.; 7 small d <sup>o</sup> . diff <sup>t</sup> . sorts,					
10s.; 4 half pint B & W d <sup>o</sup> , 2s.....	1	2	0		
Large B & W Soup Dish 15s.; 12 Dishes of					
diff <sup>t</sup> Sorts, 30s.....	2	5	0		
18 blue and W Soup plates diff. Sorts, 27s.; 30					
ditto, 45s.....	3	12	0		

Carried Forward

£555 9 5

	Bro <sup>t</sup> Forward	£555	9	5
3 B & W Teapotts, 7s. 6; 11 ditto Tea Cups & 9 saucers, 7s. 6.....	£ 15 0			
11 d <sup>o</sup> . Tea Cups and 12 Saucers, 7s.; 9 Choc: Cups w <sup>h</sup> handles 7s.....	14 0			
8 Choc: Cups 7 Saucers of diff <sup>t</sup> Sorts, 7s. 6; 3 B & W Sug: Dishes, 5s.....	12 6			
12 Red and W <sup>t</sup> Coffee Cups and 9 Saucers, 12s.; Blue & W <sup>t</sup> Cho: Jug, 7s. 6.....	19 6			
Blue & W <sup>t</sup> Tea pott Tray & ditto Spoon Tray, 1s. 6; ditto slop bowl, 1s. 6.....	3 0			
White sauce boat & ditto Cream pott, 5s.; 6 Cups & 16 Saucers dif sorts, 5s.....	10 0			
21 Cups & 4 saucers of dif: Sorts, 12s.; 5 B & W Cups & 6 Saucers (Coffee, 7s.....	19 0			
2 red & w <sup>t</sup> tea Cups, 2s.; blue China plate, 5s.; 2 small enam <sup>d</sup> Bowls, 5s.....	12 0			
2 large enam: Bowls, 50s.; 1 large ditto, 35s.; Large best Dish, 60s.....	7 5 0			
1 Set: Enamell'd Tea Table China Comp <sup>t</sup> except 1 Tea Cup.....	15 0 0			
1 doz: Enam: plates, 60s., and 3 Dishes of a Set, 45s.....	5 5 0			
		40	18	0

## GLASS AND DELF WARE.

1 Cut flint decanter, 2s.; 6 ditto dif. Sorts, 4s.; 9 Beer Glasses, 9s.....	£ 15 0			
16 Wine Glasses, 10s.; 11 Syllabub Glasses, 5s.; 24 Jelly Glasses, 12s.....	1 7 0			
1 stand, 2s.; Marm: Glass, 5 Tumblers and Glass Dog, 6s.....	8 0			
2 Sweet Meat Glasses, 2s.; Delf Dish & 6 plates, 2s. 6; Q <sup>ns</sup> Ware Teapott, 2s.....	6 6			
		2	16	6
1 Shagreen Case with 7 knives and 12 forks..		15	0	
2 Bundles Tow and flaxen Thread.....		7	6	
Tin spice box, 9 <sup>d</sup> ; Stone Jar and Earthen pott, 2 small Brushes, 1s. 9.....			2	6
About 40 <sup>lb</sup> Candles.....@ 9 <sup>d</sup>		1	10	0

## IN THE CELLAR.

15 bottles port Wine, 37s. 6; 16 bottles 6 <sup>d</sup> . Beer, 8s.....	£2 5 6
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Carried Forward

£601 18 11

	Bro <sup>t</sup> Forward	£601	18	11
41 Bottles with Liquor of diff <sup>t</sup> Kinds, 13s. 8; 60 emp: Bottles, 15s.....	£1 8 8			
1 Ten Gallon Keg w <sup>h</sup> Cur <sup>t</sup> Wine, 15s.; 2 Five gallon d <sup>o</sup> ., with d <sup>o</sup> ., 28s.....	2 3 0			
1 Three Gall: Keg Grape Wine, 10s.; 1 Ten. gall. d <sup>o</sup> . spoilt d <sup>o</sup> ., 2s.....	12 0			
old Case and 10 gallon Keg, 2s. 6; 3 Tierces, 2 barrells, 3 Kegs, 7s. 6.....	10 0			
Vinegar Cask, 2s.; 2 ten gall: Kegs, 1 five gall: d <sup>o</sup> ., 5s.; 3 powd: Cask, 6s.....	13 0			
1 barrel best pork, 80s.; 1 powder: Tub with some pork, 30s.....	5 10 0			
1 old and 1 New Lee Tub, 15s.; 1 Soap: Tub, 6s.; 2 Cedar Coolers, 5s.....	1 6 0			
1 Wooden Candle Mould with 4 doz: Rods, 5s.....	5 0			
1 Canvas Safe and Wash <sup>g</sup> Bench, 7s. 6; 4 wooden Trays and Box, 2s.....	9 6			
Large Copper Wash: Kettle, 70s.; Brass ditto, 40s.....	5 10 0			
		20	12	8

## IN THE LARDER.

Earth: pott, w <sup>h</sup> ab <sup>t</sup> 20 <sup>lb</sup> Lard, 8s.; 2 emp: d <sup>o</sup> ., 1s. 6; 5 Jars w <sup>h</sup> pickles, 5s.....	£ 14 6			
Cheese Vat and 2 wood: Bowls, 2s. 6; Ab <sup>t</sup> 20 <sup>lb</sup> Tallow, 10s.....	12 6			
8 Earth: Milkpans, 5s.; 1 Churn, 2s. 6; 2 Milkpails, 1s. 6.....	9 0			
1 three gal: wicker Bottle, 8s.; 2 half gal: d <sup>o</sup> ., 2s. 6; 5 Qu <sup>t</sup> d <sup>o</sup> ., 3s. 6.....	14 0			
Flour Barrel and Bag.....	2 6			
		2	12	6
Some hung Meat, 10s.; 7 small Gam. 2 Jaws and p <sup>a</sup> . Flitch Bacon, 20s.....		1	10	0

## IN THE OLD HOUSE.

Lumber in the East Lower Room, &c.....	£2 0 0			
ditto in the West ditto, &c.....	1 15 0			

Carried Forward

£626 14 1

APPENDIX.

413

	Bro <sup>t</sup> Forward	£626	14	1
ditto upstairs. 3 old Casements, 5s., other				
lumber, 5s.....	£ 10 0			
French hoe, Com. d°. Spade, 2 wedges, Iron				
Rake, ax & Hatchett.....	15 0			
Wheel Barrow .....	6 0			
		5	6	0
3 barrels soft Soap.....		1	10	0

IN THE BARN AND YARD.

4 doub: red Cedar posts.....	£ 10 0			
Small Cart and Geers, 40s. ; 2 saddles and 2				
bridles, 44s.....	4 4 0			
Light Waggon .....	20 0 0			
Harness for 2 horses compleat.....	7 10 0			
Trunk, barrell, Keg, Dung Fork, Curry Comb,				
Riddle, Brushes and halters.....	4 0			
old Ladder, pitch fork, Wooden box and Keg.	6 0			
Hay in the Barn.....	6 0 0			
		38	14	0

LIVE STOCK.

1 Cow, 90s. ; 1 ditto, 70s.....	£8 0 0			
1 Bay Horse .....	12 0 0			
1 ditto.....	5 0 0			
1 small Bay Mare.....	1 0 0			
		26	0	0
Frame with a filtering Stone and large				
Earthen Jar.....		1	0	0

IN THE BOOK ROOM.

1 Case w <sup>h</sup> fishing lines and Reels, 2s. 6; 1				
d°. w <sup>h</sup> Ink pott, 2s. 6.....	£ 5 0			
Steel Tobacco Box, 1s.; Ivory Folder and				
Sandbox, 1s.....	2 0			
Cedar Case with Drawers & Shells in them	1 10 0			
Box with old Money Scales and Weights.....	2 6			
Large d°. with ditto and Nest of Weights.....	1 0 0			
3 small Maps, 3s. ; Lead: Tobacco Box, 1s. 6;				
Burn: Glass, 1s. 6.....	6 0			
Perspec: View Penn <sup>a</sup> : Hospital framed and				
Glazed.....	5 0			
Bag with 30 <sup>lb</sup> red Clover Seed.....@ 12 <sup>d</sup>	1 10 0			
Box with 4 doz: long and broken Pipes...@ 6 <sup>d</sup>	2 0			

Carried Forward

£699 4 1

Bro <sup>t</sup> Forward		£699	4	1
2 Jars w <sup>b</sup> Tobacco, 2s.; 8 Table Matts, 2s.;				
2 pr. brass Sconces, 6s.....	£	10	0	
1 Silk wro <sup>t</sup> pock: Book, 7s. 6; Worsted d <sup>o</sup> , 4s.; Leath <sup>r</sup> d <sup>o</sup> , 1s.....		12	6	
2 Silk purses, 2s.; 2 wro <sup>t</sup> Cushions, 5s.;				
Leath: pap: Case, 1s. 6.....		8	6	
Large Walnut Chest, 12s.; Pine Writing Desk, 15s.; Red Trunk, 5s.....	1	12	0	
2 N. Eng: Leath: hott: Chairs, 4s.; 1 ditto walnut frame, 2s.....		6	0	
Walnut oval Table, 20s.; Hand Irons, Shovell and Tongs, 5s.....	1	5	0	
			9	16 6

## WROUGHT SILVER PLATE.

Teapott .....	oz: 18	12 dwt.
Coffee pott.....	24	
Quart Tankard.....	21	13
2 Pint Cans, 13 oz: each.....	26	
Half pint cup.....	8	18
A pair Sauce boats.....	20	
Single small d <sup>o</sup> .....	4	4
Large Salver.....	22	3
Smaller d <sup>o</sup> .....	8	3
Smaller d <sup>o</sup> .....	7	14
Pair porringers.....	14	15
Single old d <sup>o</sup> .....	7	6
Pair ditto.....	15	3
Crane .....	4	16
Soup Ladle.....	5	6
2 small plates.....	7	12
Chaffing Dish.....	21	
Punch Strainer.....	1	16
Cream pott.....	4	4
Pair 8 s <sup>qr</sup> Castors, 6. 14 & 6. 2	12	16
Pair round ditto, 7 8 & 6 8	13	16
Single sugar d <sup>o</sup> .....	9	17
ditto small d <sup>o</sup> .....	3	8
ditto ditto pepper d <sup>o</sup> . ....	2	12
Pair Salts .....	6	4

Carried Forward

£709 0 7

Bro <sup>t</sup> Forward			£709	0	7
1 Dozen Table Spoons.....	oz: 23	12 dwt.			
3 doz: ditto.....	5	7			
3 doz: ditto.....	5	11			
1 old ditto.....	1	8			
1 doz: Custard Spoons.....	11	10			
Pap Spoon, 21 <sup>dwt.</sup> , Bottle					
Nipple, 12 <sup>dwt.</sup> .....	1	13			
10 Tea Spoons w <sup>b</sup> shell	} .....	7 13			
10 ditto plain					
1 ditto					
Spring Tea Tongs, 12 <sup>dwt.</sup>					
Com: ditto, 24 <sup>dwt.</sup> .....	1	16			
Wine Cock.....	8	13			
22 vest Buttons.....	1	11			
Forks, 5 <sup>dwt.</sup> ; p <sup>r</sup> Clasps, Chain					
& Button, 6 dw <sup>t</sup> .....	11				
oz: 360 13 @ 9s. 6 <sup>p</sup> ounce			171	6	2
Gold Watch, Chain Seal and Key.....	£40	0 0			
Box * Contain <sup>g</sup> perspective Glasses & 50 Col <sup>d</sup>					
prints .....	5	0 0			
Pair Silver Shoe Buckles	} .....	£1 10 0	45	0	0
d°. Knee Buckles					
d°. Gold Sleeve Buttons, ab <sup>t</sup> 3 dwt					
Silver Watch with Steel Chain and Key.....	4	0 0			
Gold Stock Buckle, ab <sup>t</sup> 13 dwt.....			5	10	0
Gold Locket.....d°, 2 dw <sup>t</sup> . 18 gr.....	£	17 0	4	5	0
4 d°. Sleeve Buttons, d°. 3 dw <sup>t</sup> . 16 gr.....	1	3 0			
1 Silver mounted fork, 1s. 6; 1 d°. w <sup>th</sup> Agate					
handle, 1s. 6.....		3 0			
1 pair old Silver Knee Buckles.....		3 0			
1 Cocoa Nut Cup and Handle tipt with Silver		5 0			
Carried Forward			£935	1	9

\* This box, with its history inscribed within it, written by E. P. Smith and signed by her father, was given by him to his beloved grandson Albanus L. Smith, now the eldest living grandson. This note is made October 2nd, 1881, the very day we find the above inventory.

J. Jay Smith died 9mo. 23rd, 1881.

E. P. SMITH.

	Bro <sup>t</sup> Forward	£935	1	9
Tinder box Steele and Glue, 1s.; Mahog:				
Waiter, 1s. 6; Jap <sup>n</sup> : d <sup>o</sup> ., 3s. 6.....	£	6	0	
5 Basketts in the Green Room, 4s.; 7 ditto				
below stairs, 7s. 6.....		11	6	
5½ <sup>lb</sup> Bees Wax.....@ 18 <sup>d</sup>		8	3	
Some Tea.....		8	0	
		£4	4	9
		£939	6	6

Edward Cathrall and John Hoskins the Appraisers of the above and within Inventory, being of the people called Quakers and duly Affirmed according to Law, do deecclare and say, that the Goods Chattels and Credits in the said Inventory set down and Specified were by them appraised according to their just and true respective Rates and Values after the best of their Judgment and Understanding and that they appraised all things that were brought to their View for appraisement.

EDWARD CATHRALL,  
JOHN HOSKINS.

Affirmed the 18<sup>th</sup> of Octo<sup>r</sup>. 1771.  
Before ROB<sup>t</sup> BURCHAN *Surrogate*.

NOTE.—In printing the above inventory the original has been followed *verbatim et literatim*, except that, the printed pages being smaller than those of the manuscript, the amounts here carried forward from page to page are those of the printed pages instead of those in the manuscript, which give, however, the same total as the original.









